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Notes from a Diary

1896 TO JANUARY 23, 1901

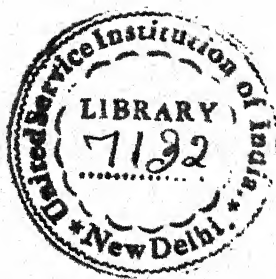
BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I., F.R.S. * * *

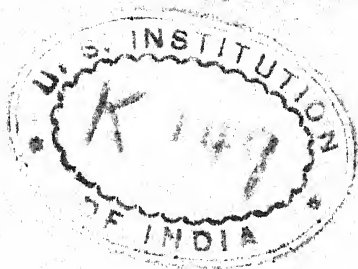
"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime.
L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce
qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à
travers la vie."—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

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ADVERTISEMENT

WITH these two volumes, the thirteenth and fourteenth of the series, I bring to a close the *Notes*, which I began to select from my Diary in 1896. They extend from New Year's Day in 1851, when, having just taken my degree at Oxford, I had reached Avignon, on my way to pay my first visit to Rome, and end, fifty years later, with the 23rd January 1901, when the Privy Council took the oaths to King Edward VII.

I have, for reasons stated in the Preface to the first two volumes, carefully avoided the chief interests of my life, politics and administration. Of these I have said what I had to say in many books and speeches. In most lives, however, there are whole tracts of interests, lying outside the boundaries of the chief ones, and it is with such that these fourteen volumes are mainly concerned.

The late Mr. R. H. Hutton, an admirable critic, as well as one of the best of men, blamed me for not bringing into prominence what I disliked as well as what I liked, but I do not think he was right. Most people have an abundance of dislikes of their own, and do not want to be troubled with the dislikes of others.

Books of this kind very seldom survive in their entirety, except in a few of the largest libraries; but the compilation of these *Notes* has afforded me much pleasure, and I venture to hope that I have preserved some interesting and amusing things which would otherwise have soon disappeared.

1896

January

6. RETURNED to York House from High Elms, whither we went on the 4th. The play was played with the part of Hamlet left out, for Sir Thomas Sanderson, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whom it would have been most interesting to meet at this moment, was prevented coming down.¹ We had amongst others Francis Darwin, the botanist, who wrote his father's life. He told us that the famous combat between Bishop Wilberforce and Huxley, at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, was the result of a pure accident. Huxley was leaving for the country, when he met Robert Chambers in the High Street. The author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, dismayed to hear that so good an ally was going, told him there was to be a battle royal, and prevailed on him to stay.

13. I ran down to Eastbourne on the 11th and returned

¹ In the middle of the Venezuela imbroglio.

to-day. Nearly all yesterday and some of this morning went in having a great part of Mrs. Ward's novel,¹ now nearly completed in its main outlines, read aloud to me; and I have not often enjoyed anything of the kind as much. Most of the time not already accounted for went in a perfect debauch of interesting talk, except so much as was devoted to a paper by Ward, which his wife read to me, in which he has put together a number of recollections of Tennyson. I note a few of the new things which most struck me in our conversations. We talked of Mrs. Crawshay, *née* Leslie. Some one said to her at dinner, when an elaborate group of horses in ice was sent up: "I suppose that is the cook's *cheval de bataille*." "No," she replied, "his *chevaux de frise*!"

Ward quoted a very happy phrase of Huxley's about Tennyson's conversation. "If you hear only a little of it, you are apt to say: 'Ah! yes, he wrote the *Northern Farmer*.' If you hear a good deal of it you become impressed with its Doric beauty."

The poet came one day to see the Wards, accompanied by Mrs. Cameron. Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, was standing in front of the fire, and Mrs. Cameron exclaimed: "Oh, Alfred, I have found a face for Lancelot!" "I want," said Tennyson in his deep voice, "a face furrowed with evil passions."

¹ *One Poor Scruple.*

Ward progresses with his *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, and showed me a chapter of it, which contains some very curious things; *inter alia*, an extract from a speech by Lord John Russell made in 1845, in which the man, who was to write the Durham Letter, treated the question of Catholic Bishops and Archbishops taking territorial titles in this country, exactly as any man not an idiot would treat it now. In 1847 there was a plot of the most desperate kind organised in Rome by the Revolutionary section, which stood to Mazzini and his group as the Invincibles did to the members of the Irish Parliamentary party. The Papal authorities had in their hands a number of letters in cipher, which contained, they were sure, the most important information about this plot, but they had not the key. They knew that the moment when the plans of the conspirators were to be put into execution was close at hand, when one of them took once more the letters to his chief. They could make nothing of them, but, as the former was returning to his own rooms, a line of Dante came into his head, he could not think why or how. That line, however, contained the key to the cipher, and the leaders of the conspiracy were that night arrested in their beds.

My host showed me a curious book, by one Beste, of an autobiographical character, giving an account of

a sermon upon priestly absolution, preached by him before the University of Oxford in 1793, which contained incidentally the curious statement that there was alive in 1798 a very aged priest of the name of Lawson. This priest had heard his uncle state that as a boy he had walked with Henry Jenkins, who is said to have lived 162 years. Jenkins declared that in early life he had been servant to Lord Conyers, and had gone more than once to Fountain's Abbey while it was still inhabited by the monks. Let the credit rest with the relator!¹

16. The Empress Frederick writes :

"But even this most sad episode between our two countries has not shaken my faith in our old opinions that there are many, many higher interests in common, why we should get on together and be of use to each other in helping on civilization and progress. I trust that a good understanding will outlive hatred and jealousy."

And again :

"When I think of my father and of all his friends and of our friends, it appears to me almost ludicrous that Germany and England should be enemies."

17. —, who is still a very beautiful woman, although, as she said, it is a mere accident that she has not been

¹ I am afraid the extreme age of Henry Jenkins rests only on his own statement. See the notice of him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

long a great-grandmother, has been reading Mrs. Craven's life, and has come entirely "*sous le charme*." I thought that very interesting; because she and hers have always been pillars of the Scotch Free Kirk, not alien to the ideas of the Puritan religious rigorists—Protestant equivalents of the Jansenist priest, who said to Cardinal Wiseman when, as he passed through France, he mentioned in his confession that he was rector of a college in Rome, "Rector of a college! and absent from your post! I tremble for you!"

18. George Boyle writes about Vol. V. of the Diary from which these Notes are taken:

"I seem to have realized now fully what you left when you went to Madras, when I know how you appreciated all that was still enjoyable on your return. The stay in the Holy Land, too, has given me a feeling of reality about the country I did not even gain from Stanley's letters and his book."

And again:

"I am going to inflict on you a little bit of Landor, I hope not known to you. Is it not sweet?

"Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend
And all refuse to stay.
I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass;

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back—'twere vain :
In this or in some other spot
I know they'll shine again."

My brother, who arrived recently in London from Delgaty, came down to lunch. He mentioned in the course of talk that the slang word "twig" is the regular term for "to understand" in Gaelic. He told a story of an Englishman who, when stopping at a well-known junction in the midst of my old constituency, called out to his companion on the platform: "Isn't this invigorating?" "Na," said a railway porter who was passing, "it's Inveramsay."

Who was it who declared here the other day that a German, in despair at the difficulties of English pronunciation, said that we write "*caoutchouc*" and read it "*gutta percha*"? He was not driven to such desperation as one of his countrymen, who gave up the study of the language on being told that the *Mikado* was pronounced "a decided success."

19. In a recent letter Lady Arthur Russell recommended to me a novelette, by an American writer, called *The Princess Aline*. It is very brightly written, and all the more interesting to me because the closing scene takes place in the verandah of the rooms we occupied during the last few weeks of our stay at Athens in 1894.

22. To call on Mrs. Andrews (see these Notes for February 1887), finding with her Madame de Türkheim and Dr. Gerald Harper, who went to America with Arthur Stanley, of whom we talked a good deal. He mentioned that an undergraduate at Oxford, in reply to some question about the Life of Christ, wrote: "These facts are not recorded in the Gospels, and there is no allusion to them in the Fathers, but they are fully detailed by Dr. Farrar."

23. I have had read to me a large part of *Miss Edgeworth's Life and Letters*. It is not a good book for that purpose; the interesting things being much too far apart. There are, however, a good many of them, as, for instance, the visit of the authoress to Paris during the Peace of Amiens, her stay at Abbotsford, the death of the Duchess of Wellington, and the journey in Connemara, a barbarous, not to say savage country even as late as 1834. She mentions that when Madame D'Arblay landed at Portsmouth, apparently in 1813, seeing on a plate the head of Lord Nelson and the name of Trafalgar, she asked what Trafalgar meant: so recluse had been her life, and such care had been taken to keep the English victories, as far as possible, a secret from the French people. At page 267 is a happy phrase of Madame de Staël's: "On dépose fleur à fleur la couronne de la vie." Very amusing was the interview between

that lady and Mr. Bowles, the sonnet writer, at Bowood. When she complimented him on having come to see her, although he had sprained his shoulder, he said: "Oh! ma'am, *say* no more; for I would have *done* a great deal more to see so great a *curiosity*!" Miss Edgeworth cites with warm approval the words of a Protestant curé at Geneva to the new Catholic Bishop: "Monseigneur, vous êtes dans un pays où la moitié du peuple vous ouvre leur cœur, et l'autre moitié vous tende les bras." There is an excellent story *à propos* of the King of Denmark at the end of last century, who was not over wise. After he had visited and left Paris, a Frenchman who was in company with the Danish Ambassador, but did not know him, began to ridicule the King. "Ma foi, il a une tête—une tête——" "couronnée," interposed the Ambassador.

Miss Edgeworth was good, wise, and gifted—certainly one of the most delightful people of her time; but in her, as in Miss Austen, there is something wanting. Is it what has been called the "nostalgie de l'Infini"? Very curious is a touch near the end of the second volume, page 319, in a letter written on 21st August 1844:

"We read *Ellen Middleton*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, grand-daughter of the famous Duchess Beauty of Devonshire, and whatever faults that Duchess had, she certainly had

genius. Do you recollect her lines on 'William Tell'? or do you know Coleridge's lines to her, beginning with—

“‘O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learned you that heroic measure?’”

Look for them, and get *Ellen Middleton*, it is well worth your reading. Lady Georgiana certainly inherits her grandmother's genius, and there is a high-toned morality and religious principle through the book (where got she 'that heroic measure'?) without any cant or ostentation."

I have been examining lately Barthélemy St. Hilaire's elaborate Introduction to Aristotle's *Politics* in the edition of 1848. It is curious to observe that on page xxxvi. he distinctly advocates persecution in the interests of Theism. His principles would equally justify Calvin and St. Dominic, for they, too, considered that their opinions were: "Grandes et indispensables croyances qu'il faut cultiver dans les enfants, que le législateur, s'il est sage, inspirera par tous les moyens dont il dispose, douceur, violence même!" St. Hilaire's *indispensables croyances* were only three, the existence of God, His Providence and His inflexible equity; but where to draw the line?

Here is a curious passage on the precedence to be given to political over social reforms: "C'est beaucoup pour la France de n'avoir plus à combattre que l'ignorance et la misère. Ce sont deux ennemis qu'il est plus facile

de vaincre, tout redoutables qu'ils sont, que les préjugés et les passions des hommes."

26. Amongst those with us to-day were Susan, Lady Malmesbury, and Sir John Ardagh, whom I met at Cairo in 1887, and who is now engaged to her. I had as much talk with him about the military aspect of the present position of affairs as I had with Mackenzie Wallace last week about the diplomatic situation. I gather, from all he told me, that the arrangements for the defence of our own shores by the army are very far advanced. We could now throw in a week a hundred thousand regular troops into the country between the chalk escarpment and the sea, and a much larger force of Volunteers, in a shorter time, upon the chalk escarpment itself, an extremely strong position, well furnished with appliances that would be required to make it stronger. All the stations of the Volunteers round the coast seem to have been marked out, and the arrangements for concentrating each body at its own proper station are quite ready.

February

1. I was sufficiently interested by my glance at Mr. Beste's book alluded to under date of 13th January to try to obtain a copy of it, and Mr. Bain has now picked up one for me. Very amusing it is; one laughs a good deal with, and a good deal at the author, who was educated at the Grammar School of Lincoln, became a Demy of Magdalen, and later a Fellow of that college. Gibbon was still remembered, when he went into residence, as a young Gentleman Commoner who seldom or never associated with other young men, always dressed in black, and always came into hall too late for dinner. Mr. Beste was a Tractarian before the Tracts, and went over to Rome in 1798. Exceedingly funny is the *Creed of a True Protestant*, pages 47-50. I did not know Voltaire's saying: "L'Eglise Catholique est infaillible, et l'Eglise Anglicane n'a jamais tort."

There are some interesting notices of Mr. Beste's early relations with Henry of Exeter, and some instructive remarks about confession, pages 128 *et seq.* Well worth reading, too, are the pages 217 *et seq.* which detail the story of Mr. Beste's reception into the Catholic Church, showing the extreme unwillingness of its authorities, at that time, to receive English converts.

2. Amongst others with us to-day were Sir George and Lady Dallas. He is a descendant of the famous Indian *sabreur*, has been for some time at the head of the Western Department in the Foreign Office, but has just succeeded Mr. Hervey as chief clerk. She is a niece of Lord Welby and of his brother of feline fame. She has some of the charm of the latter's delightful manner, and a great deal of her own. In the course of a walk I happened to mention to her my visit to St. Peter's in the Docks, and found that she was intimately acquainted with it, spending some hours amongst the people in the neighbourhood every week.

Henry James came down in the afternoon, and remained to dine, as did Dr. Maclean. I congratulated the former on his brother's admirable letter against the Jingo craze in America, and he said that, judging by an undergraduates' publication which he had recently received, his brother's wise sentiments prevailed even amongst the youth of the University of Harvard.

8. —, writing of the recently published *Life of Manning*, which is the great scandal of the hour, says :

"I remember when Conington spoke to Newman of the pleasure he had in reading Manning's earlier sermons, the latter said : 'I know some people shared your feeling.'"

10. To see Lady Aberdare, with whom I found the little white dog Patou, who, as she reminded me, had,

since we last met, found, through Mat. Arnold's Letters, a niche in English literature. Then I went on to Westminster Abbey. The service was over but the organ was being played very beautifully, and I sat thinking the thoughts which the anniversary naturally brings back, till I looked up and observed that I was at the foot of Palmerston's statue, which carried my mind off in a very different direction. Next I went to pilot Mr. Walter Baring, Lord Cromer's brother, and our Minister at Montevideo, into the Athenæum, a legacy from Sir Louis Mallet, who was his first proposer.

Dined at the Albion with the XV. Club. When I received the official invitation to dine with that body I had never heard of it, and was sorely puzzled as to what it might be. Guessing, however, that it was something Catholic from the fact of Lord Clifford having written to me in the capacity of its secretary, I communicated with Wilfrid Ward and found that it derives its name from consisting of fifteen persons—eight peers and seven commoners—representing for the most part the old Catholic families. We had a particularly agreeable evening, but the gathering was small—Lord Braye, who is president, his son, who like myself was a guest, Wilfrid Ward, Lord Clifford, and Lord Herries. The last-named mentioned that he once got into a railway carriage in Yorkshire and found in it Cardinal Manning. "Well!"

said the latter, "I think you and I are the only two Home Rulers left in England." "You must leave me out," was the reply.

I fell in with Lord Braye in 1872 upon the Danube, when passing from Pesth to Constantinople. His name was then Wyatt Edgell; but the abeyance of the barony having been terminated in favour of his mother, by her becoming the survivor of several sisters, it passed to him on her death; and matters have been further complicated by his having reverted to the old family name of Verney Cave, which his son above-mentioned now bears.

14. Went up to London to lunch with the Knutsfords, meeting Sir Archibald Alison, Lady George Hamilton, the Havelocks, and Mr. Wilson, who is Chamberlain's private secretary. The last-mentioned said with good reason: "I wonder that no one speaking of Armenia has quoted Palmerston's remark that if the British Fleet is to go to Ararat we must arrange to reproduce the flood."

I went on to the Athenæum, where I presided as trustee at the meeting of the committee, proposing and carrying the election of Mr. Prothero under Rule 2. Amongst people who took part in the proceedings, whom I had not seen before, was Sir Joseph Lister, the great surgeon, Sir J. Russell Reynolds, the President of the College of Physicians, and Mr. Briton Rivière. I had some talk before I left the Club with my old acquaintance Hornby,

now Provost of Eton, whom I rarely see, about our Balliol days. One used at that time always to couple him with his friend Patteson, whose career was destined to be so much shorter, but who was a most attractive as well as admirable person.

15. Went up for the first Grillion breakfast of the year, which was largely attended. I had Lord Morley on my right, beyond whom was Hicks-Beach, now Chancellor of the Exchequer. On my left was Lord Clinton, who talked of De Tabley, with whom he was at Christchurch. I walked away with Lord Norton, now eighty-two, but still delighting in and dependent on his daily ride. He fell to talking of Drayton, whither he took Gladstone lately before he started for Biarritz. "I saw on that occasion," he added, "a curiosity which I had never seen before, intimately as I knew the house, the pair of pistols which Peel bought when he was going to fight O'Connell." He then went on to tell a story of an old Irish politician, who was everlastingly fighting duels, and fighting them, as the custom then was in Dublin, in the grey of the morning. When he was eighty, his physicians interfered not with his fighting duels, but with his fighting them at the accustomed hour. "I cannot bear," said the old man "to inconvenience my friends." His medical advisers were however inexorable, and he yielded at last, saying: "If it must be so, God's will be done."

That reminds me of a story which Stephen told of some aged fanatic of the evangelical persuasion whom he had known, and who said in his presence: "I never was in the habit of fighting duels; but on one occasion I heard a man say something disrespectful of the ineffable mystery of the Sacro-Sanct and ever blessed Trinity, and I challenged him immediately!"

Father English dined with us, and the conversation turned to Mr. W. G. Ward. "When I was a boy at St. Edmunds," he said, "some of his ways sadly upset the gravity of us younger ones. He had a very large *prie-dieu*, which he used to balance, tilting it so that at every moment it seemed about to go over. Miss Vaughan, sister of the present Cardinal, who beheld this spectacle from the gallery, made a sketch of it, with the inscription: 'Doctor Ward praying to be dissolved and to be with Christ.'"

16. Alfred Bailey came down to lunch, and I reminded him that it would be half a century next November since we stood together on the banks of the Cherwell, and heard the clocks of Oxford strike 10 P.M. I make no doubt I thought, as we did so, of Faber's lines:

"I joy for the signs of war and trouble
And for England's awakening night,
For the voices deep that are sounding double
Like the striking of clocks at night."

He gave an amusing account of a sermon, which he

had himself actually heard preached by old Dean Gaisford, in which, after enumerating the various passages in which he conceived the Biblical writers to be confirmed by Greek and Roman authors, he appealed to his hearers to give such passages of the Bible as had not that advantage their "fauvorable considerashion."

The name of Mr. Hodgkin, the historian, led to Mr. Clayton, the devotee of the Roman Wall mentioned in Arthur Stanley's correspondence. He was immensely rich, and some one having come to ask him for help for a purpose of which he approved, he handed him a cheque, but observing a shade of disappointment on the countenance of the applicant he asked whether that met his views. "Well," said the man, "we are much obliged, but, if I may say so, we expected a rather larger amount. Your nephew Nathaniel has given such and such a sum." "Ah," rejoined the old gentleman, "there is a difference, Nathaniel has expectations." Nathaniel was his heir.

I had no idea that the name of the great Bishop of St. David's was connected with the same district, but the Thirlwalls were, it appears, a family who lived on the southern side of the great Roman barrier, and made raids into Scotland.

Miss Palmer sent me this morning some specimens of the extremely rare *Leucojum vernum*, gathered upon a

hedge bank between Wootton and Charmouth in South Devon two days ago. It has a very faint but delightful perfume. Bentham does not include it in his list. H. Watson does, but treats it as an alien or denizen, while he considers *aestivum* to be a denizen.

17. Mrs. St. Loe Strachey told us that when one of the daughters of Horace Smith was going to be christened, the clergyman asked the name of the child. "Rosalind," said the father. "Rosalind, Rosalind, Rosalind!" was the reply, "I never heard such a name, how do you spell it?" "Oh!" was the rejoinder, "As you like it"!

Mr. and Mrs. Strachey had paid a visit to Lille for the purpose of seeing the famous bust in wax which has been attributed to Raphael. He says that it is very much more beautiful than any of the copies he has seen (the one I know belongs to Mrs. Barrington), and that the prevalent opinion now seems to be that it is really Greek.

We talked of the "unearned increment," and he asked me, with reference to the mischief that has been done by that phrase, whether I knew South's Sermon on "Plainness of Speech" with his remarks on "The magic of words."

We spoke of Mr. Raleigh of All Souls, and he mentioned a very quick reply of his. There had been a talk at Magdalen about throwing a notorious person into the

river. Some one protested against such a proceeding as quite illegal: "Yes," said Mr. Raleigh, "distinctly illegal under the Rivers Pollution Act."

18. Went up to London for the wedding of Susan, Lady Malmesbury, at Holy Trinity Church, which was, when I last saw it, very ugly indeed, and is now, as far as the interior is concerned, very beautiful. The Dean of Westminster performed the service, assisted by Canon Wilberforce, who, robed in scarlet, was really a grand ecclesiastical figure. There was a great concourse of friends, India and the Army being of course very largely represented, amongst others by Lord and Lady Crosse, the Lansdownes, the Wolseleys, and Lord William Beresford. I gave the bride away; and the best man was a son of Anak, in the splendid uniform of the 9th Bengal Lancers.

Dined with The Club, its first meeting for 1896. Balfour was in the chair, with Courthope and Flower on his right and Sir James Paget on his left. Hooker was on my right, and Wolseley on my left. The conversation turned to Macaulay. I said that I thought his epitaph on a Jacobite was the best thing he had ever written. Balfour agreed, but by some strange chance Courthope, the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and certainly one of the men best read in English poetry, had never seen it, neither had Wolseley, and I repeated it accordingly.

Flower gave an account of a visit to Farringford with the Duke of Argyll, during which Tennyson read his poem on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, and at the words—

“Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power,”

interjected, “As I am afraid Gladstone is doing now.”

Our Chairman said that Acton's lectures had a very great success at Cambridge. That led to talk about his style, which has become excessively difficult. I think it is very difficult even in his inaugural lecture, which I have had read to me twice over. I maintained that he could write sometimes in a much clearer way, and instanced his remarkable address to his Bridgnorth constituents about the Mexican tragedy.

Flower mentioned that being then an Assistant-Surgeon, he had formed part of the force which landed in the Crimea. That led Wolseley to speak of his recent return to it; and he said that what had struck him most was the smallness of everything. “That,” I said, “interests me very much; because only yesterday we had a letter from my second son, dated Sevastopol. He makes precisely the same remark, but I thought that might be merely the impression of a civilian.”

We talked about Bulwer's novels, and Balfour con-

fessed to a great admiration not only for *Kenelm Chillingley*, but also for *Pelham*, a very early work of its author's. Wolseley agreed, and my own recollection is equally favourable.

I have had a good deal of pressure put upon me to accept the Vice-Chancellorship of the University of London, just vacated by the death of poor Julian Goldsmid; but I cannot see how to fit it in with other work which I have got, and I have finally declined.

20. Delivered at the annual general meeting of the Royal Historical Society my fifth presidential address, this one being on the *Politics of Aristotle*, to which I have during the last few months given a great deal of attention, with the help of Eaton, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Congreve, Jowett, W. L. Newman, and others.

22. Up to London to attend the first meeting of the Breakfast Club for 1896. It met at Reay's, and we had Sir Donald Wallace, F. Leveson-Gower, Herschell, Robert Herbert, Trevelyan, Lyall, and Courtney. Herschell told us that Léon Say, speaking to him of a well-known French statesman, had remarked: "——— est un très-honnête homme—mais malheureusement il est menteur."

Reay mentioned, as current in Paris, a story to the effect that just before M. Faure's election, when it was thought by some that Brisson was likely to be successful, a gentleman called at the French Embassy in Berlin,

and asked to see M. Herbette. The servant replied that the Ambassador was engaged and could not possibly see him. "I must see him," said the stranger, opening as he spoke the front of his greatcoat. The servant, who had a quick eye, saw from the uniform and decorations he wore, that it could be no other than the Emperor, and introduced him. When he saw the Ambassador, he said: "I hear a rumour that M. Brisson is likely to be the new President, and I just wished to mention that, if he is, I will mobilize immediately."

We talked of letters, and Herbert put Arthur Stanley's lately published very high. Lyall dissented; and on my asking him whose letters he most admired, was inclined, I thought, to put Byron's, Shelley's, and Walpole's about the highest. He said, and I think truly, that the common test of spontaneity is not a good one. Walpole's letters were, for example, composed obviously with great care. "Undoubtedly," said Trevelyan; "Harcourt told me recently that Lady Waldegrave had in her possession great numbers of his rough copies."

After the party broke up I asked Trevelyan, *à propos* of a conversation which was going on, as to the circumstances under which exact truthfulness might be dispensed with, if he knew a story of his uncle which I have recorded somewhere in these pages, declaring that he had told the Bishop of Oxford a deliberate

falsehood, and claiming, with good reason, to have done quite right. The story was new to him, and he told me one in return which was new to me. Somebody mentioned, many years ago, that Henry Wilberforce had gone over to Rome. "Well," said one of the party, "that is strange; I could understand Sam with his tastes and inclinations doing so, but that Henry Wilberforce should believe in a winking Virgin is to me very hard to understand." "I think," said Macaulay, "that if Sam Wilberforce were to give up all his prospects in the Church of England, and become a Catholic, the Virgin might well wink."

23. As we walked together, Tyrrell, who is staying with us, read to Hutton part of a letter from Miss Morier, which, when we got home, he showed to me. It contained her impressions of the view of Society in St. Petersburg about the Armenians, which came to this: That nothing could be more unpopular in Russia than any armed interference in their favour.

"Russians," she says, "are still smarting under the terrible sacrifices of their last Turkish War—sacrifices in which they consider they played the part of the cat, while England and Austria secured the chestnuts. The Government too is influenced very powerfully by the fact that it finds it hard enough to keep the peace between Christian and Mussulman in the Caucasus, without taking upon its shoulders another much heavier burden of the same kind further South."

Tyrrell told me that when the Irish Cardinal Logue came to London, the Scott Murrays gave a Catholic party in his honour. All the blue-blood of the Howards, etc., etc., was there. The Prince of the Church, looking round the room, said to some one: "Are all these Catholics?" "All," was the reply. "Ah! then," he rejoined, "Catholicism in England is not confined to the servant class!"

26. I have been corresponding with Lady Edmond Fitz-Maurice about some notes on the Flora of New Zealand, which are to appear in her brother's forthcoming book. I should much like to see the plant described in the following extract:

"Of all the flowers in the Southern Alps of New Zealand, *facile princeps* is the great *Ranunculus Lyalli* or 'Shepherd's lily.' This noble species produces great, firm, white flowers, 4 inches in diameter, on stout, erect peduncles, with thick, leathery leaves from 10 to 15 inches in diameter, orbicular, and so concave as to be almost permanently filled with water, actually affording a refreshing draught to the traveller."

27. Dined with Mrs. Williams-Freeman. I had on my other side Miss Ethel Arnold, whom I had only seen once before, for a moment, at the house of her sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and with whom I had a good deal of talk. We spoke of the tiresome habit which now prevails of writing a man's life by the simple process of throwing his letters at your head, instead of by trying to give a picture of

him, as Carlyle, for example, has done in his *Life of Sterling*. She said that she never could see why people praised so much Arthur Stanley's biography of her grandfather, never having been able to form from that book any definite idea of what he was like.

28. A very graceful notice of Lady Clare Feilding by Mdle. von Hügel, daughter of the Austrian Ambassador at Brussels in 1865 (see these Notes for that year), was re-read to me this morning, as well as a paper by Lady Clare herself on the duties of a Child of Mary in the world, both in the *Catholic Magazine* for September 1895. The first begins with the words which strike the keynote of the whole:

"A friend writing of Clare Feilding since her death, says: 'No words are delicate enough to describe her . . . she was so sweet, so clever, and so happy already, that it is difficult to rejoice as one should in her certain perfect happiness now; she was one of these people who make the world better by making people believe in goodness as a natural thing. She was like a sample from elsewhere, to show how all were meant to be and might be.'"

It contains part of the poem on the Terrace of the House of Commons, alluded to in these Notes for 1890.

The following passage from Lady Clare's own paper is very characteristic of her:

"But this is not all. It is not enough to sympathise with the sorrows of others, a Child of Mary living in the world

must know how to share their joys as well. Is it not time that people learnt that in order to be good it is not absolutely necessary to be a bore, and is it not often the fault of the good souls who make piety so terribly unattractive that more people do not follow in their footsteps? 'Rejoice in the Lord always,' says St. Paul, 'again I say rejoice.'"

29. I have had the *Memories of Father Healy* read to me. Books of jokes are proverbially dull; but in this one the jokes are so execrably set that it is one of the worst of its class. Many of them, however, which I had heard before, are good in themselves, as well as some which are new to me; as, for instance, Father Healy's remark when Canon Farrell said to him: "I hear your Scotch whisky has a great reputation." "Go," he said, pushing the bottle across the table, "seek the bubble reputation at the Canon's mouth!"

March

2. Drove up to dine at the Bristol with the Literary Society, whither the French Ambassador came as a guest. The party was too large for the room; but I, who had all but lost my voice from a cold, at least did little to increase the hubbub. M. de Courcel talked to me about Mrs. Craven's letters, which he had been reading. Walpole said that Napier was entirely wrong when he

stated that Mr. Perceval did not support the Duke in the Peninsula. As a matter of fact, one of the best features in Mr. Perceval's policy was the firm support he gave to the Duke, and which the latter always acknowledged.

Among people whom I had not seen for a long time was Lord Strafford. We talked of the many nights we had spent together when I showed that, as Bright put it, I possessed "the first qualification for a Minister: the power, that is, of sleeping on the Treasury Bench"; while he, to his sorrow, hardly ever closed his eyes.

3. Dined with The Club; Lord Davey in the chair, with Herbert and Walpole on the right and left, Mackenzie Wallace being next to me. Conversation turned at first upon the terrible defeat which the Italians have sustained in Abyssinia, the news of which came to-day to London, but passed on to other matters. Our chairman told us that when Coleridge and Jessel were respectively Attorney- and Solicitor-General, the former said to his subordinate, "Did you ever doubt?" "No," was the reply, "I have been sometimes wrong, but I never doubted." He repeated, too, a story of Bowen's to the effect that when the Athenæum first began to exchange hospitalities with the United Service Club, and we were on a visit to the warriors, an old general, who had lost his umbrella, was heard to exclaim: "Oh! Yes, I knew how it would be when we admitted those d——d Bishops!"

5. Mrs. W. Ward sends me a paper by her husband, read at the first informal meeting of the Synthetic Society—a sort of revival, with considerable modifications, of the old Metaphysical, composed of people differing from each other in theological opinion, but yet equally desirous of union in the effort to find a philosophical basis for religious belief. She tells me that James Martineau, now ninety-one, spoke on the occasion; and that the Balfour brothers, with Haldane and Bryce, were present. Mr. Arthur Balfour is to read the first regular paper on 25th March.

7. The Breakfast Club met under the presidency of Mackenzie Wallace. Almost every one was in good spirits, and Carlingford, as we went away together, said: "This is the noisiest meeting I have ever attended." Lord Wolseley told us that at a Masonic dinner in Dublin he had sat next a man who possessed the records of the Masonic Lodge at Trim; in which were recorded the fines incurred, in his early days, for non-attendance, by the Duke of Wellington, who at that time signed his name as Arthur Wesley. Carlingford mentioned that a relation of his—I think he said his grandfather—had put down the name of the Duke, then the most unpopular young man in Dublin, for the crack club of the place; but had been obliged to withdraw it before the day of election.

F. Leveson-Gower said that the Duke of Leeds has a most curious unpublished correspondence between the

Duke of Wellington and his elder brother, who was beside himself with vexation because the task of forming a Ministry had been entrusted to the former and not to himself.

Later I went down to Bickley in Kent, and spent all the afternoon with Lady Mary Feilding. We talked first, as was natural, of Lady Clare, and then of a great many other subjects. She repeated, *inter alia*, an excellent observation of the Bishop of ———, not particularly remarkable for memorable utterances: "The chief business of the Church of England is to say 'I don't know.'"

Stanley's letters came up in the course of conversation, and she mentioned that Miss Stanley had also a good deal of the same kind of power as her brother, reading, in illustration of her remark, a very vivid letter which she had received from her in 1863, describing the ceremony in St. George's at the marriage of the Prince of Wales, during which the future Emperor of Germany employed himself, characteristically enough, in biting his uncles.

Who was it told me the description of him in Platt-Deutsch, attributed to his wife? "Wilhelm ist jut—aber a bissel plötzlich."

9. Dined at the American Embassy, now transferred to 83 Eaton Square. I took down Lady Esher, and had Mrs. Beaumont on my left. I admired a magnificent

diamond necklace which Mrs. Beaumont was wearing, and she said: "You are more amiable than a friend who told me the other day that I looked like a glass chandelier. I have felt myself to be one ever since." Mrs. Wodehouse told me that when she was passing the Royal Court Theatre the other day a black and white cat came up to her. Arching his back and waving his tail he trotted on in front towards her own house, 21 Sloane Gardens. When they got to No. 9 the creature stopped, laid hold of her dress with his teeth so as to stop her, then ran upstairs and tried to reach the bell. She rang it for him, the door was opened, and he returned to his family.

Birrell told me that his father-in-law's memoirs are on the point of appearing. Was it he who, as we went upstairs, quoted to me a pretty saying of M. de Courcel's about our dinner of the 3rd at the Literary Society: "Its defect was that I wanted to be sitting next every man in the company."

We went on to the Tyrrells', where we found Lady Malmesbury, Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, Mrs. Hugh Bell, the Stracheys, Major Ross of Bladensburg, and a variety of other people, amongst them Lady Arthur Russell, whom I specially wanted to see, because I was left this morning in a state of bewilderment by the astonishing statements made by Mr. Purcell in his *Life of Cardinal Manning*, with which I am at present occupied, as to the line taken

by Odo at the time of the Vatican Council. I felt sure that there was some extraordinary mistake, and she entirely confirmed my belief, promising to put into my hands the letters he wrote to Arthur at that critical period.

10. Took Victoria to Lady Arthur Russell's, where there was a large and very pleasant gathering. I talked long with Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, about Manning's Life. She said, I thought very wisely: "How fortunate it is that Mrs. Craven did not live to read it!"

11. George Boyle, writing of Vol. VI. of the Diary from which these Notes are taken, says :

"It is most interesting in the full record of so many illustrious people, and yet, when we think of A. Russell, Mallet, Coleridge, and Bowen, one cannot escape sadness. In reading Lady Eastlake's brief record of two or three times when I was of the party, I felt very strongly that one would give a good deal to be able to feel what Mat. Arnold called 'the transport' of being for the first time in the presence of some notable people again. You are happy in being able to do what M. Milnes ascribes to the Miss Berrys in his very pleasant lines :

"As generations onward came
They loved from all to win
Revival of the sacred flame
That glowed their hearts within.
While others in Time's greedy mesh
The faded garlands flung,
Their hearts went out and gathered fresh
Affections from the young."

And again :

"I ought to tell you, what you have probably guessed at, that

your friend, the Vescova of Adelaide, has taken everybody captive by her charm and good sense and abundant kindness. This I hear from my niece, Mrs. Kennion, now reigning at Wells."

I had to transact to-day in less than four hours three curiously different pieces of business. First I presided at a meeting of the shareholders of the United States Debenture Corporation, of which I became chairman two years ago; then I took the place of Lord Crewe (who, when his name last appeared in these Notes was Lord Houghton) at the annual general meeting of the Literary Fund: and lastly I was chairman of a committee called to consider the possibility of effecting an amalgamation of the Royal Historical and the Camden Societies, whither came, amongst others, on the part of the latter, Professor Gardiner and Mr. James Gairdner.

After our conversation came to an end I went with Mr. Hall upstairs, and saw, in the not yet quite completed museum attached to the Record Office, a piece of holograph writing of Richard III., as crooked as his reputation; the signature of Richard II.; the log of the *Victory*, containing the account of the Battle of Trafalgar; and close by, though of course in another case, the original marriage treaty between Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile.

I walked away with Frederic Harrison, who called my attention to a Gothic building on the Embankment,

the next house to the West of the Temple Gardens, saying at the same time: "I must really find out what that is." He walked across the street as he spoke, and put the question to some people who were standing at the gate. It turned out to be the estate office of Mr. Astor, the American millionaire—a strange sign of the times.

15. Lady Edmond Fitz-Maurice, her brother, who has been mountaineering in New Zealand, Mrs. Sellar, and others with us at York House.

The last-named gave me an amusing account of Henry James's struggles to escape from taking Fanny Kemble to see the *Lady of Lyons*. "You won't like it," he said; "you must not dream of going." "I will go," she said; "you must and shall take me." They went, and after about a quarter of an hour she turned furiously upon her companion, and said: "Take me away instantly. What can have induced you to bring me here?"

Have I ever noted the answer made by an American to Houghton, when he asked him if he knew Mr. Butler? "Oh! Yes," he said, "Piers Butler, the gentle gentleman married to the Moor;" or the fact that Houghton once when at dinner here called out to Augustus Craven (Mrs. Craven not being present): "I say, Craven, if you had married her, do you think you could have lived with her?" The fates and the destinies were too kind to give him the curse of granted prayers, and somebody

told me the other day that she was as glad, in after-life, that he had not become her husband as he must have been that she was not his wife.

16. Our winter here was beyond all comparison the mildest I ever knew in England, and thus far we have had nothing to complain of in the spring. The yellow aconites were finer than I ever saw them, the snowdrops only middling; now the crocus is in full glory, the *Scilla Sibirica* is pretty plentiful, and even the daffodil is coming out. My nephew Douglas writes from Cairo on the 7th:

"As far as health and weather go, this winter has not been a success, and the oldest agrees with the youngest inhabitant in calling it the worst—since the Ptolemies."

Dined at Grillion's; Sir F. Lockwood in the chair. Sir Edward Bradford, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Fortescue, Lord Norton, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Robert Herbert, and Sir Thomas Sanderson were present. I sat between the last two. The chairman is one of the counsel who is defending Dr. Jameson's raiders at Bow Street, and the conversation turned for some time upon their chances. Sanderson told me that Frederick the Great had at infinite expense imported some Sterlet from Russia, and placed them in ponds in Silesia. Many years passed away and the ponds had to be drained, when attention was called to the Sterlet.

It was found that they had grown enormously, but that the number had not in the slightest degree increased—a gravelly bottom being, it appears, absolutely necessary if they are to breed.

17. Dined with The Club, Courthope in the chair. Sir James Paget was on his right, beyond him Lord Lansdowne, with Lecky on his left. Maunde Thompson was on my right and Sir Henry Elliot on my left, with Sir Robert Herbert beyond him. We talked of printers' blunders, and Courthope mentioned an excellent one, made, I think he said, in a manuscript of Henry Sidgwick's. He had quoted Pope's line—

“Th' enormous faith of many made for one.”

It came back in the proof—

“The Mormons' faith of many made for one.”

Lansdowne had brought with him some good photographs of the bamboos now growing at his place in Kerry, where many things, not hardy with us, do well, provided they do not require a warm summer to ripen their wood. We talked of the accelerated communications of our day, and Sir Henry Elliot mentioned that when he was as a young man in Australasia, they never expected to get an answer to a despatch within a year.

After dinner we elected Peel, who, since he was last

mentioned in these Notes, has ceased to be Speaker, and has developed into a Viscount.

19. Took the chair at the meeting of the Historical Society. An excellent paper was read by Mr. Malden on Shakespeare as an historian. I am ashamed to say I did not know that the great dramatist's idea that Henry V. had passed a very wild youth was now believed to be without foundation. Very various opinions seem to prevail as to how much or how little of Henry VIII. is really Shakespeare's; but Mr. Malden said that, to whomsoever we owe it, he felt quite sure that the view of the monarch's character presented in that play is very much nearer the truth than that which has found favour with "a more modern writer of fiction"—an allusion, of course, to one of our recent Life-Fellows. Before we broke up some remarks were made by Dr. Furnivall, who observed incidentally that he had not seen me since I assisted the Mauricians at their Working Men's College in the middle of the fifties. Mr. Hirst, too, addressed us; he had come up from Bedford to attend the meeting, and was about to return thither alone. As, just before it began, he had told me that he was born on the 10th February 1800, one might be pretty sure that no one in the audience had ever listened to a speech from a man of his age.

23. Returned to York House from Congham Hall, near

Lynn, whither I went on the 20th to stay with my nephew Julian and his wife. Their family consists of a little girl of two and a golden collie with a white ruff, the most magnificent and wisest creature of his kind I have ever met. He plays the piano when told to do so, finds a ball when it is hidden, at least as well as a professional thought-reader, brings the newspaper from another room, dies for the Princess of Wales, not for the Queen, because she prefers Dachshunds, rushes to the entrance barking loudly when asked what he would do if the German Emperor appeared, and comports himself in every possible way as the most amiable and sagacious of quadrupeds.

Miss Beatrix Elphinstone, a younger sister of my niece, a convert of Manning's, was staying in the house, and there was a great deal of coming and going, the country, thanks to the neighbourhood of Sandringham, being rather thickly peopled.

Julian told many Scotch stories to perfection, but they all depend too much on getting the accent exactly right to make it worth while writing them down. He mentioned, too, that he had heard a sailor on the Suffolk coast say: "It's a *dolce far niente* sweet-do-nothing day." The explanation was that he had been engaged in the date trade, and had picked up the Italian phrase in the Mediterranean. In the house of

one of Julian's partners at Lynn there is a picture with a curious history. It was given by Lord Nelson to a publican, to be the sign of a house which was to be called after him, but found its way into other hands, and was eventually discovered to be a Rubens. One of the local clergy told me that the word *billywicks* is used in his neighbourhood for an owl, *hulver* for a holly tree, and *maewther* for a young unmarried girl. The same or another told me of the astonishment of a school inspector who, having asked a boy how many wives it was permitted to have, was told: "Two only as generally necessary to salvation."

Florence sang delightfully amongst other things a little French song, quite unknown to me, beginning: "Qui veut ouïr qui veut savoir comment les Français aiment," and running through most of the principal nations of Europe.

She has the talent described in these Notes for the winter in 1865, with reference to the book then lately published called *Mystifications*, and, without leaving the room, transformed herself into the likeness of a half-crazy old woman. She also repeated to me an excellent French saying, used I know not of whom: "Il a le génie de la récolte, et le don de l'àpropos."

I told Miss Elphinstone about Father Gallwey's highly comic sermon, which I heard in 1887. She was in no way surprised; and mentioned that when a number of

ladies were struggling for priority round his confessional, he put out his head and said: "I can't have this disturbance. Let all those who have come to confess mortal sins come forward—I will take them first."

25. I am having re-read to me some chapters of *L'Italie est Elle la Terre des Morts*, which pleased me so much when I first came across it in the winter of 1860-61, and of which I wrote a review at that time in *Fraser's Magazine*, then edited by Froude. I had quite forgotten the very amusing sentence: "Il n'y a rien de tel que la gloire pour guérir de l'orgueil: le mot est de Dumas, et il est vrai tout de même" (page 355).

28. The *Spectator* contains an article on Tom Hughes, whose death at seventy-three was announced a day or two ago. I have known him for more than forty years, but we never were at all intimate. He was *bon comme le pain*, and belonged to a type deprived of which England would fare but badly.

Victoria re-read to me the other day Sainte-Beuve's *Causerie* about Madame Récamier. Boileau, it appears, remarked that when the conversation did not turn upon his own glory Louis XIV. became immediately bored. Sainte-Beuve says: "Tout grand poète vieillissant est un peu Louis XIV. sur ce point."

April

5. I have finished the pleasant sketch of Lord Bowen by Henry Cunningham. It does not add much to the facts which I knew already; but I had forgotten how frequent and how long were the interruptions of his work necessitated by bad health. It is sad that so very brilliant a man had to throw away most of his energy upon the contentions of the Bar, or even upon the highly honourable and important labours of a judge—labours, however, for which many men of far inferior calibre were as well equipped. Literature or politics, if he could have fully devoted himself to either or to both combined, would have given him wider and more enduring influence. There are in the book some good sayings which I had not heard; one, for example, about a little dog at Homburg, whose attendance on its royal master was not as faithful as might have been wished, and of which Bowen said that he was the only person in the place who did not run after the Prince of Wales; or this about a church, built by a publisher who was credited with driving rather hard bargains with authors—"Ah! the old story: 'Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiae!'"

A paper which I am writing about Manning and the

Catholic reaction of our century has sent me back to many a page which I had not re-read for years, amongst others to M. de Falloux's edition of the *Pensées of Madame Swetchine*, many of which I find carefully marked, among them the following :

"La plus dangereuse des flatteries, est l'infériorité de ce qui nous entoure." "Chimère pour chimère, comment la perfection n'est-elle pas celle de tous les hommes?" "La méfiance a bien aussi ses dupes." "C'est prodigieux tout ce que ne peuvent pas ceux qui peuvent tout!" "Jamais deux personnes n'ont lu le même livre, ni regardé le même tableau." "La racine de sainteté est santé. Il faut pour devenir sainte qu'une âme soit saine. On se baigne d'abord, et puis on se parfume."

7. I talked with Colonel Biddulph a good deal about India, and he told me, on the authority of Mrs. Biddulph's brother, who is still alive and was in charge of Lucknow in 1857, that six months before the siege began Sir Henry Lawrence had insisted on his provisioning the Residency most fully. This was done chiefly through the instrumentality of a native, who disappeared, probably murdered, before any reward could be conferred upon him. They had made very great stores of corn, but by some strange oversight had neglected any provision for grinding it, till this man called attention to the omission in time to enable them to seize some hundred grindstones only a day or two before the attack com-

menced. Colonel Biddulph told also a very curious story of an individual with whom he had fallen in at Kashgar, and who professed to be a Nogai Tartar. A number of small circumstances led him to suspect, first, that this person understood English, and then that he was an Englishman. He said so to him one day; whereon the man gave a cry and ran off, never returning or making any claim for the wages which were due to him. The most plausible theory Colonel Biddulph could arrive at was that he had deserted from the English army in the Crimea, and found his way in the course of years to Central Asia.

Colonel Biddulph had charge of Yakoob Khan, the son of Shere Ali, when he was brought down to India. He declared that his father had been so disgusted by the failure of his attempt to come to an understanding, or to what he described as a "Kangress," with the Russians, that, before we went to war, he was quite prepared to throw himself into our arms. Colonel Biddulph gave me also an account of the Khan of Khelat's interview, on a steamboat near Sukkur, with Lord Northbrook. While the Viceroy was addressing him, not exactly in a laudatory strain, a loud noise was heard, and he sprang to his feet with an exclamation, believing that it was the signal for his immediate death.

I asked Sir John Ardagh what arrangements had been

made for the defence of London against an enemy coming from the East. He said that there was a fortified position a little to the north of Epping Forest, and that means had been provided to throw up, in less than a week, all the necessary entrenchments from that point to Thameshaven. Since his name was mentioned in these Notes a few weeks since, Sir John has been appointed General Chapman's successor at the head of the Intelligence Department, and all matters connected with the defence of this country are under his especial charge. I asked him about the constitution of his department and its *personnel*, which he fully explained. I enquired also if our military attachés corresponded with him through the Foreign Office. He said that they write officially to the Foreign Office, but that they also keep up a constant correspondence with the head of the Section of the Intelligence Department to which the countries under their care belong.

Mrs. Biddulph mentioned that she passed recently, somewhere in the City, three men who were talking of public affairs, one of whom she heard say to the other two: "Allow me to make an observation—the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Chamberlain are different folk."

Miss Shaw amused me by an account of a sensible French Confessor who, as his young penitent turned to

go, called after her: "Surtout, Mademoiselle, point de scrupules." She repeated to me also a conversation with a statesman still alive about what young girls should do with their lives after leaving the schoolroom and before marriage. "They should," she said, "be like ships in harbour, taking in cargo." "Yes," he replied, "provided it is taken in for use, and not for sale."

She described also being carried off at sixteen by Ruskin to see Carlyle. The prophet at first would do nothing but rail at London laundresses for starching shirts so much that he broke his nails in struggling with his buttonholes. After he had gone on in this fashion for some time, Ruskin said to him: "Now this little girl has come to you to hear something interesting. Tell her something she will remember all her life." "In that case," said the seer, "I had perhaps better talk to her of my own young days;" and he proceeded to describe very vividly his father and his father's friends. One of these, a Mr. Bell, had had a very strange experience. He was riding home one night in a thunderstorm. A great flash came, and by its light he saw, not far from the path he was following, an assembly of men just lifting their hands to take the oath to the Covenant.

She described to me Mr. Watson, the poet, whom she had met recently. He thought that Keats, admirable as

was some of his work, was becoming decadent before he died, while Shelley was "crescent to the end."

Sir John Ardagh told us to-day at breakfast that he found himself at an hotel in Naples sitting next an American, who informed him that he came from Galveston in Texas. "Is there good shooting there?" asked Ardagh. "Good shooting!" was the answer, "You bet! I've seen six men shot in the Saloon in one afternoon!"¹

14. I ran through again lately at the Athenæum, with reference to my paper on Manning, Miss Merivale's article on the Princess Galitzin, in the *Cornhill* for 1871, as well as the one on Münster, in Vol. XXX. of the same magazine. The epitaph on Fürstenberg has a simple beauty:

"Hier liegt zu den Füßen der Gekreuzigten, seiner und unser aller einziger Hoffnung, der Vater des Vaterlandes und der armen Freund,

FRANZ FRIEDRICH WILHELM,

Freyherr von Fürstenberg zu Herderingen."

Dined with The Club: Lord Davey in the chair, with Mackenzie Wallace on his right and Robert Herbert on

¹ I asked an American friend about this, and he said: "I am not at all surprised. It would hardly have occurred to any one coming from that place that the question related to the kind of shooting which is so often mentioned in ordinary English talk."

his left, Acton, who sat on my right, making the fifth. He called my attention to the recently issued memoirs of the King of Roumania, which are, he says, extremely important as throwing light on the circumstances that led to the war of 1870. Davey recalled the lectures given in his young days by Halford Vaughan, and there came back to me an excellent story told me by poor J. R. Green, which I do not think I have ever written down. He had been told so much of Ruskin's lectures that he thought he should like to hear one, and went to Oxford in consequence. The subject was Sandro Botticelli. The lecturer began by a few words about that painter. Presently, however, he said: "Before I can make you understand Sandro Botticelli, you must understand Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages." Then followed a sentence or two upon Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages, but ere long he exclaimed: "Yet what is the good of talking to you about Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages? All your sons have latch-keys;" and the rest* of the discourse was devoted to that subject.

16. I had re-read to me this morning an excellent paper upon precious stones by Major Battersby. Amongst other curious things he mentions that the only diamond ever known to have been found in Europe was picked up

by an Irish peasant girl among the pebbles of a little stream at Maguire's Bridge in Fermanagh. He believes it to have come there in the crop of some migratory bird.

Took Lily to Burnham Beeches in the hope of finding banks of primroses. We might as well have gone to hunt the rhinoceros, for we did not see either the flower or the leaf. We stopped at Gray's churchyard as we passed. The turf was in much better order, and the impression left more agreeable than that which I recorded on my first visit some years ago.

17. I have been adding slightly to my collections by purchasing one or two minerals, which may be used as gems but are too soft for common use. This morning I have had returned to me a beryllonite very nicely cut, but in its faceted form indistinguishable to my eye from rock crystal, although very different in its rough state. It is a rare substance—a compound of beryllium and sodium. The specimens in the British Museum came from Stoneham in Maine. I have also bought small uncut specimens of Anatase, which is nearly pure oxide of Titanium, and of Hiddenite, which is the very rare green variety of Spodumene, — in short, a Lithia emerald.

20. St. Busbequius—so far as the white lilac is concerned. Miss Agnes Freeman finished reading through to me

the paper I have been writing on Manning and the Catholic reaction of our century.

Pember told me at the Athenæum, whither I went to look after Arthur's candidature, a delightful translation of "The Eastern Hemisphere" — "Le Demi-Monde Oriental"; and the answer made by a little girl to a Bishop's question as to the meaning of the commination: "Please, Sir, a chemise and drawers all in one piece"!

26. Lecky gave me an interesting account of the service in St. Germain des Prés at the recent centenary of the Institut, when Mass was said for the souls of the deceased members, and the Bishop of Autun, who preached, began his sermon by, as Lecky put it, "a eulogy on purgatory." 1795 and 1895! What an epigram of events! Berthelot protested against the invitations being sent out on Institut paper.

A propos of the remark that the best way to succeed was to give the world just five per cent. better than what it is accustomed to receive, Miss Shaw repeated a story of Morier's. When he was at Darmstadt he took endless trouble to get, through some private channel, the most supremely good Havana cigars. On one occasion, just when he was going to have a party, his supply failed, and he said to a friend: "What am I to do? My reputation will be ruined." "Nonsense!" was the reply, "leave everything to me." Ere long the friend re-appeared with

a number of cigars bought in the town. "Gracious Heavens!" said Morier, "I can't offer things like these. They are poison!" "Not a bit of it," rejoined the other; "all those men who are coming are unable to buy the best cigars to be got here. They can only buy the second best. These are the best." The friends came, and Morier watched the result with fear and trembling. When the entertainment was over his guests said: "You always give us admirable cigars, but this evening you have surpassed yourself."

Much depends on the point of view. Carlyle died in 1881. When the news came to ———, then conducting the greatest newspaper in the world, he exclaimed: "Thank God, he has died in time for the outer sheet!"

Is it below the dignity of history? I know not; but it was at least exceedingly amusing to be told that when young Edison was at Harrow his father's agent in this country gave a lecture there on the wonders of the Phonograph. Amongst other things they sang, for the benefit of Edison the elder in America, the famous song, "Forty Years On," in which occurs the phrase "goals for the eager." This reached the ears of the anxious parent in the form of "girls for the eager."

27. Charles Norton, writing under date of 19th April, quotes, with reference to my recent address to my old constituents, a fine sentence from Seneca, which is new

to me: "Nunquam inutilis est opera civis boni, auditu, enim, visu, vultu, nutu, obstinatione tacitâ, incessuque ipso prodest."

In the same letter he adds :

"Our generation has been too hopeful. We gave too much credit to the influence of material things in securing a better order of society, to free trade, to the increased ease and frequency of communication between nations by means of steam and electricity; and we did not take sufficiently into account the inevitable slowness of the process of civilization of the masses of men who were rising to power. The Democracy has been a disappointment in its capacity to rise morally in proportion to its rise in material welfare and in power. We ought not to have been disappointed, but there are some excuses for our lack of insight.

"We certainly have lived in the most interesting times of the world's history—far more interesting than the period into which our children were born; for we had the advantage of knowing the old things before their strength was sapped, and of sharing in the splendour of the poetic and imaginative expression of the mid-years of the century. How silent are the fields of poetry now compared with the time when we were young!"

28. Dined with The Club, Sir Henry Elliot taking the chair in room of Lord Dufferin. We had the Bishop of Peterborough,¹ Acton, Walpole, Lyall, Flower, and Poynter.

¹ Dr Creighton.

Sir Henry Elliot, who was our Minister at Naples in those days, gave a curious account of our countrymen who joined the Liberator in his Sicilian Expedition—a very scratch lot indeed, not the least queer among them being the personage who was known as “Garibaldi’s Englishman.” He overheard two of the heroes talking one day about this man, and one of them said: “And to think that I should have come out from England to serve under a mad attorney!”

Conversation turning upon confused English, the Bishop quoted a passage written by a Secretary of Samuel of Oxford: “The noble Lord’s pen accordingly recoils upon himself, instead of stamping the stigma he desired to fix.” He told also a story of the ready wit of his predecessor, my old acquaintance Magee, to whom an inn-keeper had presented an extortionate bill, at the same time hoping that he had got change and rest: “No, indeed,” was the reply, “the waiter has got the change, and you have got the rest.”

We elected Asquith and Pember.

29. Victoria and Iseult, who spent a fortnight lately at Birchington-on-Sea, brought back necklaces of small fossil sponges, which are abundant on the beach there. I took Iseult to-day to the Natural History Museum, and they turn out to belong to the genus *Porosphaera*, from the Upper Chalk,

Sat long in the North Library at the Athenæum with George Boyle, who is up for Convocation. He told me that after reading a volume of Manning's sermons in 1848 or 1849, he had said to a lady that he thought Manning would end by joining the Roman Church. She wrote this to her cousin, Hope Scott, who treated it as the wildest of dreams; but only two or three years passed before both he and Manning were received, on the same day. When some one, I forget who, told J. B. Morris that Newman had actually crossed the Rubicon, he fell off the bench on which he was sitting, literally struck down. Yet he, too, soon followed his leader.

We talked of Pater, and I regretted that his proposed article on the poetry of Anglicanism had never been finished. Boyle mentioned that the "Prayer of Humble Access," "We do not presume, etc.," which is supposed to be peculiar to the English Liturgy, is translated from the Consultatio of Hermann of Cologne.

My Hiddenite has come back, cut as a gem; and just before Adrian started, a stone, which he had sent to be similarly treated, under the impression that it was a green garnet, was pronounced at the British Museum to be a Pyroxene. It came from the Kimberley mines, and I do not remember ever hearing of any of its brethren being used for the purposes of the jeweller.

I should have noted a week or two ago a delightful

letter from the Vescova of Adelaide, in which she mentioned that her husband

"had recently a letter from a friend who had been present at the annual dinner of the Trinity College Mission. It appears that one of the missionaries alluded to a great supporter of the Mission as amongst those *who have been drunk* this evening! An instance perhaps of brevity being the soul of wit."

30. My very old friend Lady Mary Feilding died almost suddenly on the 24th. When I saw her in 1894 nothing seemed less probable than that she should outlive her niece Lady Clare, who was with her; but when we met at Bickley she seemed to have taken a new lease of life. She was one of the best of women, but her health for many years past has kept her quite out of the world, and most of those who knew her well have gone before. She will be longest remembered, I suppose, by the Working Ladies' Guild, of which she was the foundress, and which does, I am told, quite admirable work.

May

2. Breakfast at Grillion's, where we elected the Bishop of Winchester and Lord Harris.

4. Dined at Grillion's. It looked at first as if we were to be only a trio, Herschell and Norton being the two others; but ere long Curzon and Balfour came in from the House, and Evelyn Ashley also joined us. Herschell told us that an American, asked by his neighbour at dinner the name of a very *décolletée* Russian who sat opposite, replied: "Oh! don't you know? She is the Countess Chemisoff, *née* Alloff."

The same witty personage, who is still alive but resides in Italy, was asked if he knew the Vanderbilts. "No," he replied, "it is long since I left the United States. When I was there they were only Vanderbuild-ing, you know."

Norton recalled some pre-historic debate about the Jews, when an orator, whose name he forgot, rather bored the House by enumerating many of the things which we owed to their initiative. Lord Palmerston, in reply, gave a livelier turn to the discussion, by remarking: "I quite agree with the honourable gentleman. Many of us owe a great deal to the Jews."

One of the party mentioned that the same great Parliamentary authority had defined a good Whip as "a man who can say like a gentleman what no gentleman would say."

7. We returned to York House, but Victoria and I drove up again at night to dine with Susan, Lady Malmesbury. Among people I had not before met was General Clery. I sat between my hostess and Mrs. Gordon, who has lately returned from Rio, and was wearing her magnificent hyacinths. Her husband told me that the ring of chrysoberyls, which he sent me by Clara from Brazil, was not, as I supposed, a bishop's ring. All bishops in that country wear the amethyst, remembering perhaps the derivation of the word! The lawyer wears a ruby, the doctor an emerald, the engineer a sapphire. Our hostess made me laugh by the story of an Irish priest, who, leaving his sheep to become chaplain of a gaol, addressed them as follows:

"Since I came here I have learnt three things: First, that you do not love me, for you have contributed nothing to my support; secondly, that you do not love each other, for I have not celebrated a marriage since I arrived; thirdly, that the good God does not love you, for he has not taken one of you to himself—I have not had a single funeral. There is but one text of scripture which is appropriate to the occasion, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

13. On the 9th my wife and I went down to Merton, to stay with the Warden. Oxford was looking lovely, the lilac in perfection, the laburnum two or three days short of its best. My next neighbour at dinner on the first evening of our stay was Sir William Hunter, who is hard at work on his history of India. He said to me :

"How strange it is that three battles, in which we had no share, should have done so much to smooth our way in the East — Paniput, which by establishing the Mogul dynasty gave us a responsible State to treat with ; Talikot, which broke the Hindoo power of the South ; and Lepanto, which diverted the Mussulman pressure."

He also spoke of an article which he has published in the *Fortnightly*, in which he claims to have shown that so far from English Missionary work in India having first been undertaken by Nonconformists in 1792, it was started a whole century earlier, mainly through the influence of the Dean of Christchurch and Bishop of Oxford—the Dr. Fell of the well-known rhyme—a most important and masterful person in his day.

George Brodrick told me an amusing reply of Jowett's to a silly young fanatic, from whom he had enquired whether he found his work congenial. "Yes," he answered, "but I have found something else." "What

have you found?" asked the old Master. "I have found Christ." "I am very glad to hear it," was the rejoinder; "but I think the less you say about it the better!"

Graver was his answer to a very well-known lady, who asked him in an off-hand way what he thought of God. "It seems to me, Miss ———, that what I think of Him is a good deal less important than what He thinks of me."

We talked of Arthur Stanley, and Brodrick mentioned that he was one day taking exception to the habit people have of speaking of the Church as a female creature. "I shouldn't so much object," he added, "to their calling the Church *she*, if they called the State *he*." The good Dean used to describe himself as an Erastian of the Erastians.

At three o'clock on the 11th I took the chair at the annual general meeting of the Athenæum, and later dined at Grillion's, where we had a huge, and at my end of the table, an almost uproarious party, thanks chiefly to Lord Morris, who was in towering spirits. Lord Knutsford presided, and we had amongst others Lord Cranbrook, Lord Clinton, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Redvers Buller, Lecky, Lubbock, Lord Jersey, Colonel Saunderson, Lord George Hamilton, and Lord Welby. I sat between the two last mentioned,

and had a great deal of talk with the first of them about Asiatic politics, finding myself in very complete agreement with him. He told me a very unjust but highly amusing remark of an Irishman about a statesman with whom we are both acquainted, and whose complexion is rather dark: "You have only to look at his face to see that he has committed every crime—except stealing soap."

16. The Breakfast Club met at Lord Herschell's. We had Wolseley, Leveson-Gower, Courtney, Trevelyan, and Carlingford. There was much talk about the policy adopted by various Lords-Lieutenant and successive Chancellors, with reference to appointments to the bench of magistrates. Wolseley mentioned that the Gladstonians, finding no country gentleman of their way of thinking in a very important Irish county, had raised a grocer to the position of Lord-Lieutenant. Some time afterwards a nobleman who lived within his jurisdiction wrote to the Chancellor to say, that his eldest son having just come of age, he wished him to be put on the bench, but that he did not know the address of the person who filled the office of Lord-Lieutenant.

17. Mrs. Kay, Miss Drummond, and Forster Webster are spending the Sunday with us. The last-named told me that when ——, a South African millionaire, was asked whether he was connected with the Jameson

raid, he replied: "No, I wasn't in that swindle. When I go into a swindle I like to go in alone."

19. Dined with the Lovelaces, meeting the Portsmouths, the Locke Kings, the Alfred Morrisons, and others. I took down Lady Wenlock, and my wife was taken down by her husband, so we had much Madras talk. An exceedingly tall, striking-looking girl, who sat right opposite me, turned out to be Miss Judith Blunt, Byron's great-granddaughter. Her father was not present, but Lady Anne was, and gave me good accounts of her Blenheims, made very unhappy, however, by the muzzling order.

20. Dined at the India Office. On my right I had Lord Onslow, formerly Governor of New Zealand, and now the occupant of the room where I spent so much of my time from the 10th of December 1868 to the 20th of February 1874. On my left was, as usual, Sir Archibald Alison, and beyond him my old friend Sir Thomas Seccombe, now a G.C.I.E. Our host, by the way, told me an excellent story of him, belonging to the time just after I ceased to be Under-Secretary and he (Lord George) had become my successor. Seccombe came to him in great indignation one day, saying that he had been overruled by the Finance Committee, —— having cited the opinion of John Stuart Mill against him. "I knew John Stuart Mill,"

he added, "most intimately. I sat for years in the same room with him. No man wrote better; but any one who quotes him as an authority on finance richly deserves to be described as an idiot."

Sir Archibald spoke very highly of the courage of the Egyptian soldiery, even before we took them in hand. In the inner defences of Tel-el-Kebir they stood to be bayoneted, much to the annoyance of our soldiers, who were very unwilling to hurt them. It was he who, being then the head of the Intelligence Department, sketched the outline of the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, his wife writing it out from his dictation.

21. We have let York House for a year, and to-day transferred ourselves to Lady Bloomfield's, 21 Queen's Gate Gardens, which we have taken to the end of the season.

28. Who was it told me the other day an amusing answer made by old Thomson Hankey many years ago, when some of the young men employed in his business asked if there was any objection to their wearing moustaches? "Not the very least," was the reply; "provided you don't wear them in business hours."

——, writing to me lately about a very unfortunate marriage between a relation of hers and a man of genius, said: "A mortal should never marry a god, especially a rather bad god."

June

1. Sir John Ardagh told me that —— (see the second Indian volume of these Notes) was with Tewfik when Arabi came up to the carriage and addressed him in very mutinous language. He had a pistol by him, and —— said: "Shoot him;" but the Khedive did not, with the result we know. This struck me as particularly interesting, because I asked ——, when he was staying with me, whether he did not think it a pity that Arabi and some of his leading officers had not been put to death. "Blood," he replied, "is a bad cement."

After returning to London I went to the Levée, which was extremely crowded. Amongst others whom I had not seen for a long time was Godfrey Lushington, who resigned not long ago the office of Under-Secretary for the Home Department. He was presenting a very tall young officer, whom he congratulated on his height, adding: "A relation of mine was in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and was saved from death by his great stature, towering, as he did, into a relatively endurable atmosphere."

We dined with the Wentworth Beaumonts, meeting a very large party, among them the Terence Blackwoods, Lord Galway, and Miss Monk, who was full of praises of Guindy. I took down Lady Rendel, whom I do not think I had seen since before I went to India. Lord Rendel bought some years ago the Ripons' house in Carlton Gardens, and, *à propos* of the eagle mentioned in these Notes for 1884, said to me: "Ion Ghica, to whom you introduced me years ago, told me that, by a strange chance, he saw the creature make its historic flight. He happened to be landing at Boulogne when the incident occurred." Count Emo, a Venetian residing in Padua, who was also amongst our fellow-guests, told me that the Republic had devised a plan for cutting the Isthmus of Suez as far back as 1505, but had relinquished it when some one had succeeded in persuading the Government that the result would be such a fall of level in the Mediterranean as to turn Venice into a marsh.

3. Clara and Fritz had a fancy to have their little boy christened in Westminster Abbey, a favour rarely accorded. I wrote to the Dean, and he replied:

"We are very chary of *Abbey* services of the kind—you would quite appreciate the reasons if I had time to put them down. But *you*, I need not say, are fully entitled to be reckoned as a dweller in our larger and empire-wide 'precincts,

and as having a claim for your grandchild to be baptised there."

The ceremony took place to-day in Henry VII.'s Chapel, the Dean himself officiating. We asked hardly anybody: some of Fritz's connections, Susan, Lady Malmesbury, who was a godmother, Emily Creed, the oldest living hereditary friend on our side, Miss Griffiths, and Lady Reay. Clara had overdone herself, and was not able to be present. The baptism was registered in the Jerusalem Chamber.

4. Breakfasted with Lubbock—a large party. I had the American Senator Hoare on my right, and Sir James Paget on my left. The former declared that the Venezuela squall had been mainly conjured up by the newspapers, and had affected his countrymen but little. The latter talked much of the circle devoted to Natural History, in which he had grown up at Yarmouth, and of the remarkable position which the County of Norfolk held in those days in many walks of intellectual life. I asked him whether he thought that the people of that region were, as a whole, superior to those of other parts of England, giving as my reason for doing so a statement which was once made to me by Fitzjames Stephen. "I never," he said, "could perceive that common juries in the North were more intelligent than those in the South. The only juries which ever seemed to

me superior to others were those of Norwich." Paget replied that he did not know the country at large sufficiently well to give an opinion; but that there had undoubtedly been a great immigration into Norfolk of active-minded people from other parts of England and from the Continent, when the country between Norwich and the Coast was full of manufactures. He mentioned, too, a story which is going about, to the effect that when Gladstone's rigmarole letter about Anglican orders appeared in the *Times* the other day, people rushed to the Post Office, believing that a suspicion had been thrown upon orders sent through the English Post Office.

I was glad to meet Sir Edward Russell, and to thank him for the admirable article which he wrote, three years ago, in the *Liverpool Post*, about my *Renan*, very much the best article on it which I chanced to see.

——— writes from Perugia :

"You have doubtless visited this Umbrian country, and I wonder if it exercised the same fascination over you that it does over me. Out of our windows, from about the highest point of Perugia, where a good hotel has replaced the citadel, we look across the rich valley of the Tiber to a hilly country, where white towns crest many of the heights, and creep down their sides—Assisi, Spello, Foligno, Terni, Spoleto—all holding within their quiet walls some rich treasures of the past. In the distance our view is bounded by the higher Apennines, in whose blue folds still lingers here and there a patch of snow. Perugia is the most picturesque of cities,

with its great masses of building supported, where they do not rest on the rock, by solid walls—Etruscan, Roman, Mediæval Modern—all woven into each other, as the necessities of succeeding generations have dictated. These masses of building are bound together by buttresses and arches of every size and shape, and here long flights of stately steps, and there narrow alleys, sweep round them, and lead up and down and in and out, in the most curious and unexpected ways. As to works of art you are not overpowered by quantity, but there are some beautiful things. Perugino and others of his school you see at their very best, and the Tarsia work and wood-carving, for which he made many of the designs, are exquisite. Of course we have been to Assisi, and have seen all that has there grown up round the memory of St. Francis. We have had no heat yet. Indeed for several days there has been a Tramontana blowing, which made us think we had better drop from our heights into the picture galleries of Florence."

6. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's, Wolseley, Herschell, and Leveson-Gower being present.

The last-named made us laugh by telling us that many of the bishops who came to the Council of 1870 were so poor that they were obliged to ask Pio Nono again and again for pecuniary assistance, until at last he said: "Questi infallibilisti mi faranno fallire!"

7. Took the chair at the Dilettanti. It was a very large dinner. Amongst others present were Lord Welby, who is now secretary; Walpole, Sir George Errington, Mr. Lucas, Lord Amherst of Hackney, Lord Davey, Sir

Ralph Thompson, Scott Moncrieff of Egyptian fame, now Under-Secretary for Scotland and a recently elected member. Mr. Penrose reported the result of his just concluded expedition to Athens, to examine the Parthenon on behalf of the Greek Government. The earthquake, which occurred just before we went to Athens in 1894, has, it appears, not much affected the stability of the structure; but various repairs have become necessary as to which he has advised, and proper preparations are being made for giving effect to his advice.

I asked Walpole whether it was true that enquiries had been made at the Post Office about the validity of Anglican Orders. "Perfectly," he said; "the Accountant-General told me that a man had really come to investigate the question."

I have heard in these last days the secret history of the Opium Commission. Gladstone, knowing that the fanatics commanded many votes, and caring mighty little about Indian revenues, had made up his mind to assent to Pease's motion, and to speak in favour of the same. Much communication passed between him and Kimberley. Gladstone stood firm against all remonstrances. Kimberley said: "Very well then, tell him that I will resign." Gladstone said: "A pistol has been put to my head. What can I do?"—and the Commission was the compromise arrived at.

8. Dined at Grillion's, where we had Herbert, Sir Thomas Sanderson, Lord Norton, and Northbrook.

Leveson-Gower told a story of a man who, valuing himself much upon his cellar, said to a friend: "Well, how do you like my '34 port?" and received the flattering reply: "I think it quite as good as what I pay 36 for!"

9. This morning I had J. A. Froude's *Legend of St. Neot*, in the *Lives of the English Saints*, read to me. It is odd that the following passage in the introduction has not excited more attention. It throws a flood of light upon its author's trustworthiness as an historian :

"We all write Legends. Little as we may be conscious of it, we all of us continually act on the very same principle which made the lives of the Saints such as we find them, only perhaps less poetically. Who has not observed in himself, in his ordinary dealings with the facts of every-day life, with the sayings and doings of his acquaintance, in short with everything which comes before him as a *fact*, a disposition to forget the real order in which they appear, and re-arrange them according to his theory of how they ought to be? Do we hear of a generous, self-denying action, in a short time the real doer and it are forgotten; it has become the property of the noblest person we know; so a jest we relate of the wittiest person, frivolity of the most frivolous, and so on; each particular act we attribute to the person we conceive most likely to have been the author of it. And this does not arise from any wish to leave a false impression—scarcely from careless-

ness; but only because facts refuse to remain bare and isolated in our memory; they will arrange themselves under some law or other; they must illustrate something to us—some character—some principle—or else we forget them. Facts are thus perpetually, so to say, becoming unfixed and re-arranged in a more conceptional order.”

It would be difficult to put more distinctly the way in which we should *not* deal with facts.

Dined with The Club. Sir William Flower was in the chair; Acton, Lord Carlisle, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Herbert, Sir Henry Elliot, and Lecky being also present. Acton has just finished his course of lectures at Cambridge on the French Revolution. They are to be repeated next year with variations, and then is to come the sketch of Modern History for which I have been longing.

The conversation wandered to humming-birds, and our chairman told us that one species goes in the summer on the west side of America as far north as Sitka, while another, I think he said the ruby-throated one, visits Newfoundland. Lord Carlisle, who has just returned from the West Indies, says that in all, or almost all the islands, humming-birds are now protected by law. There was a good deal of talk about Mr. Gould, whom I can remember at the Athenæum, but whom I never knew. It appears that he began life as assistant to his father, who was a gardener, then took to bird-stuffing, next became a dealer, afterwards a collector, developed most

remarkable powers as a man of business, making profit out of everything connected with his costly books, even the binding, until at last he amassed a quite considerable fortune. His works, though still very expensive, do not keep up their original prices, and will, no doubt, still further decline in value. Sir Henry Elliot, who had known him in Australia or Tasmania, told us that he had once climbed a tree to find the nest of an owl, and had called down to his friends below : "Yes, here he is. I see his great eyes," at the same time putting his hand into the hole which he was contemplating. It turned out to be full of water, and it was the reflection of his own eyes which he had seen.

Herbert and I went on to a party, given by the Dean and his daughters, in the Jerusalem Chamber, which would be better suited for festal purposes if ingress and egress were not rather difficult.

10. Amongst more familiar business at the Literary Fund to-day, there was laid before us a letter from a person who desired to see the daggers which had been used by Colonel Blood and Parrot in their attempt to seize the Regalia in 1673. I had never heard of these remarkable possessions, but the Secretary produced them for our inspection, and it appears that they were left to us by the same benefactor from whom we obtained the property known as the Newton Estate.

A letter reached me a day or two ago from Mrs. Harmer, who sends me the enclosed extract from a communication received recently by his cousin at Adelaide from a young man in Western Australia:

"I thought to improve the shining hours that go waste in the dark, so I got some candles, and sent to —— (prominent Colonial booksellers) for *The Ring and the Book*. Ere long came the mail, and a missive bearing ——'s imprint, but no book. With eager haste I broke the seal of the envelope, looked—read and fainted. When I was brought to, this is what I read: 'Sir,—We do not keep works on gambling in stock, nor shall we inform you where you can get a book about betting and bookmakers. We keep only moral works, of which a catalogue herewith. Awaiting your kind favours, we are, yours, etc., etc.'"

11. Lunched with the Russells of Aden, meeting amongst others the Duchess of Albany, Princess Margaret of Waldeck, Sir Robert Collins, Mr. Verney, eldest son of Lord Willoughby de Broke, and just come into Parliament, the Lowthers, Mr. Malcolm, another young M.P. at present acting as Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury, Mr. Ulick Brown, and the Duchess of Buckingham, widow of my predecessor at Madras, but now re-married to Lord Egerton of Tatton. The Russells have taken the house which belonged to the late Sir George Campbell, and possess, I should think, an unique grievance. They have been obliged to cover

the drawing-room furniture because it has been so much scratched by the claws of a—young lion!

I sat between my hostess and the Duchess of Buckingham. With the former I talked chiefly of her uncles, the two last Strangfords. She told me that she had lately, when opening the installation of the electric light at Cheltenham, concluded her speech by hoping that the light then introduced might be an emblem of the light which it was hoped by some would illumine the world—

“When the Monarch and the Anarch alike shall pass away.

And morn shall break and man awake in the light of a fairer day.”

She told me, too, on Lord Rowton's authority, that Disraeli had once looked up at George Smythe's portrait, and said: “If that man had lived I should never have been Prime Minister.” We agreed, however, that he was wrong. George Smythe had not the requisite staying power.

12. Wilfrid Ward, his wife, the Tyrrells, and Bernard Mallet dined with us. The first-mentioned told me that the rescript had come from Rome, settling the disputed question, whether young men intended for the Catholic priesthood might be educated at Oxford or Cambridge, in favour of those who desired that it should be so.

When our guests had gone, Victoria and I went to

Miss Shaw's, where we met the Moberly Bells, Mr. Bagwell, an able militant and literary Irish proprietor, whom I have come across once or twice before, and Dr. Jameson. I suppose I had seen some fancy portrait of the last-named, for he is very unlike what I had imagined him. He would appear to be a great reader, receiving a parcel of books every week while he is in Rhodesia, devouring them, and placing them upon his shelves. A vigorous discussion went on to-night, between him and several of the people I have mentioned, with regard to various novels of which I knew nothing at all. The subject of his raid and South African affairs generally were of course carefully avoided.

On our way Victoria asked me a riddle which she had invented: "Why is a young lady like an oyster?" "Because she comes out, floats about for some time, is often devoured, but if not, usually becomes permanently attached and grows a shell." To her also I owe the remark of a German, not perfect in the English tongue: "If my wife does not lie down in the afternoon she always swindles at night."

15. Returned to London from Oxford, whither I went on Saturday alone; Victoria, who was to have been my companion, having been prevented starting at the last moment. I stayed with the President of Magdalen and Mrs. Warren.

I went to morning service yesterday in the chapel, which I had not, I think, entered since I was an undergraduate, and heard Mr. Lang preach his farewell sermon on the texts: "Quench not the Spirit," "Walk in the Spirit." That done, I went to the celebration at the new monastic church, erected on the Iffley Road by the Cowley Fathers. The ceremonial was different from any I had seen, and was, I was told, founded on the Use of Sarum. I thought of the first time I had passed the spot, just fifty-one years ago, and of the enormous change that has taken place in the interval.

In the afternoon I paid various visits, sat long in the beautiful gardens, where the white pinks ruled the hour, and attended evensong in the chapel.

The President quoted a good saying of Rogers of Bishopsgate, when incapacitated by lameness from reaching in time his allotted seat at some dinner: "I think my grace had better be processional."

Mr. Arnold Ward repeated an excellent observation made on the 13th by an orator who came down in the same train with me from London to make a political speech, and who, referring to the recent proposal of an Irish agitator that at the next election the Nationalist members should proceed to Washington instead of London, remarked: "I for one should be most delighted

"To see the great O'Brien sloping slowly to the West."

I think it was Mr. Mort, a young Australian, who told me at dinner last night a story of an American bishop, who, before going to sleep, adjured the conductor of the train in which he was travelling to call him at six o'clock, as he had to get out at Syracuse. He slept the sleep of the just, however, till he reached Buffalo, a hundred miles or so further on. He then went to look for the conductor, whom he found in very evil case, a finger broken, his head cut open, and so forth. When he remonstrated with the man on his not having called him, he received the reply: "Lor, Bishop! It wasn't you, then, that I put out at Syracuse: he did struggle a bit."

Mrs. Warren told me that she or some one else had once asked at Davos where certain furniture was made, and had received the reply: "It is all made in the landscape." The speaker meant to say that it was all made on the spot, and was thinking of the word *Landschaft*.

I mentioned to Mr. Hogarth, who has been excavating in Egypt, that Mariette once told me that a papyrus might one day be found which would revolutionise all our ideas about Egyptian history. "That is quite possible," he said, "but the thing which up to this time has been most revolutionised by our discoveries in papyri is the text of Homer, with which the Alexandrian recensionists seem to have taken extraordinary liberties."

This morning I went early to the chancel of St. Mary's, where I met Lily Sumner, and attended matins in that historic spot. Hitherto I think I had always confined my visits to the part of the building which is appropriated to the University, and the walls of which have echoed so many dissimilar theologies, that an old verger had some right to say: "I have been here for twenty years, and, in spite of it, I thank God that I still remain a Christian."

I dined at Grillion's, where there was a large party. Those within speaking distance of me were Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who was in the chair, Lord Knutsford, Lord Carlisle, Frederick Leveson-Gower, Lord Norton, and Lord Harris. With the last-named I had a great deal of conversation, chiefly about India in general, and Bombay in particular, with very general agreement.

A curious question has arisen in the cricket field, where he is a great potentate, as to whether a young Rajput, who has been distinguishing himself very much in the game, could play for England against Australia. After much debate it has been settled that only persons of pure British extraction should be allowed to do so. "Why not," I said, "make the distinction geographical?—persons born in the United Kingdom against persons born in Australia?" "Well," he said, "that would have excluded me. I was born in Trinidad."

16. Some business in the City having come to an end

sooner than I expected, I carried into effect a project which I have long had of copying in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, an epitaph with which I fell in love some forty years ago. It is on the monument of Constance Whitney, date not given, daughter of an old Herefordshire house. Her mother was one of the Lucys of Charlecote, and she lived for the last nine years of her short life with her grandmother, Lady Lucy. After a brief account of her family history, the epitaph proceeds :

"That shee excelled in all noble qualities becoming a Virgin,
Of so sweete proportion of Beauty and Harmonie of parts,
Shee had all sweetness of manners answerable :
A delightfull sharpness of Witt,
An offenseles Modesty of Conversation,
A singuler respect and pietie to her parents,
But religion even to example.
She departed this life most Christianly at seaventeene,
Dying the greife of all, but to her grandmother an
unrecoverable loss,
Save in her expectation she shall not stay long after her,
And the comfort of knowing whose she is, and where in the
resurrection to meete her."

How much surprised I should have been when I first visited this church in all its Puritanic hideousness, to know that I should live to see in it something like a shrine of the Madonna !

17. I saw a sight this morning, which surprised me as much as what I saw yesterday in St. Giles's— a pretty

and well-turned-out team of four zebras in Queen's Gate Gardens.

Dined with Mrs. Kay, meeting amongst others Lord Lingen, Mr. Hawkins, who under the name of Anthony Hope published the *Dolly Dialogues* which amused me not a little, and many other books, Professor Knight, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Ross of Bladensburg, who is writing a History of the Guards. I talked with Lord Lingen about the forthcoming Life of Jowett, and he remarked very truly that our old friend is perfectly self-painted in his College Sermons. You seem to see and hear him as you read. Mr. Andrew Lang talked of ghosts, in which he entirely believes. "I have," I said, "met only three people who thought they had seen a ghost." "Now," he said, "you have met four, for I myself have seen several."

19. I have had the last two-thirds or so of Locker Lampson's *Confidences* read to me. The warp and woof of the book are not remarkable; but they are pleasantly shot with the humour and rather deprecatory pathos which characterised the man. I knew many of the people he describes, and agree substantially with many of his judgments. Some of the quotations were new to me, as, for instance—

"Induitur—formosa est.

Exuitur—ipsa forma est."

Happy, too, and really extremely true, is the remark of some Frenchman: "Avant de se marier, il faut avoir au moins dissequé *une* femme."

I never heard the story of the Prince de Ligne remarking when he was told that some one had drowned himself in a piece of water in his grounds which he had entirely failed to make deep enough to please himself: "Ah! c'était un flatteur!"

Dined with Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, taking down Mme. Lewenhaupt, wife of the Swedish Minister, who has succeeded M. Akerman, and knew Arthur at Stockholm. Among others present were the Japanese Minister, his wife, and the Schimmelpennincks. A good many people came after dinner, amongst them Miss Kingsley, whom I had not seen since I was at Eversley in 1853. "Forty years change a girl so;" but I think I should have known her anywhere to be Kingsley's daughter. Another person to whom I talked was Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, who had just returned from Egypt, and spoke with the greatest admiration of what we are doing there. I proposed to call upon him, but found that he starts for America to-morrow.

Who was it within these last few hours who said to me, talking of the fascination exerted by some Royal lady: "There is a beauty of power as well as a power of beauty"?

20. The Breakfast Club met at F. Leveson-Gower's; Courtney, Trevelyan, Reay, and Lyall attending, and George Leveson-Gower being there as a guest. Reay, who has lately been in Paris, told us that people were beginning to talk of Prince Louis Bonaparte, who stayed with me in Madras, as a possible pretender, the accident of his being an officer in the Russian Service giving him an advantage over his elder brother. Lyall said that the most recent development of tactics tends to make hand-to-hand fighting a much more probable incident of battle than it was a few years ago. The fire of weapons of precision has now become so terrible that the safest course seems to be for the attacking party to rush on the enemy, disregarding the losses which it may sustain. Trevelyan remarked that during the American war the average fighting distance was about 200 yards.

Our host showed us a cabinet which had been left him by poor Charles Clifford, who has lately transferred to other spheres his quaintly humorous and original way of looking at things. "Who has inherited," I asked, "his pretty little place in the Isle of Wight? Do you remember," I added, "Hastings Russell's remark about it? 'What is the area,' he enquired. 'About seventeen acres,' was the answer. 'Too much,' rejoined the lord of so many square miles, 'for a single individual.'" "That

was very like him," remarked Leveson-Gower. "One day at Grillion's, when the Duke of Cleveland and one or two other men of large property were present, he said to me: 'I feel quite smothered amongst all these great landlords; don't you?'"

Dined with the Lubbocks; a large party. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, the Francis Buxtons, the Danish Minister and Mme. de Bille were amongst those present. I took down Mrs. Lowther, and had the Duchess of Cleveland on my other side. I thought of the excellent reply attributed to her when some foreigner, who had been long absent from England, said: "And what has become of that beautiful Lady Dalmeny whom I used to admire so much." "Ah! Monsieur, elle n'est plus."

Mr. C. N. Eliot, Miss Shaw, Clara and her husband dined with us. The first-named was, for a couple of months last year, *chargé d'affaires* at Sofia. Nearly the whole intelligence of Bulgaria has devoted itself to political life, to such an extent that it seems very improbable that Russians should ever succeed in governing the country; for, in order to do so, all the most active-minded people who inhabit it would have to be deprived of their means of subsistence. However pro-Russian a Bulgarian politician may appear while he is in opposition, he becomes anti-Russian as soon as he rises to power.

23. I returned this morning from Oxford, whither I went yesterday to stay with the Master of Pembroke, Dr. Bartholomew Price, and to take part in the Johnson celebration, by which the 500th meeting of a body called the Johnson Society, which has existed for the last five-and-twenty years in the college, was signalised. The Vice-Chancellor with other distinguished members of the University attended, and we had, I suppose, about seventy in the modern but very pretty hall. The Master was in the chair, and there were a variety of toasts. Canon Ainger proposed the memory of Johnson, and Professor Saintsbury proposed The Club, connecting it with my name. The present Secretary of the Johnson Society, a son of Mr. Craik, the official head of the Scotch Education Department, made a very promising speech in proposing the health of the guests, which York-Powell, now Professor of Modern History, acknowledged. Canon Ainger, by permission of Mr. Austin Dobson, who was present, read a copy of verses by him, purporting to be a continuation of Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, dealing with Johnson. They were almost as happy as those which he devoted to Pope at our Twickenham celebration in 1888.

Among the speakers was Dr. Alexander Boswell, a kinsman of the biographer, who, by an odd chance,

lives at Ashbourne, whither Johnson went so often to visit Dr. Taylor.

York-Powell mentioned that Dr. Routh had said to Goldwin-Smith as they passed University College: "I saw Dr. Johnson standing on those steps."

We adjourned to the Common room, where there is a very fine picture of Dr. Johnson by Reynolds, the same of which there is a replica in the National Gallery, and of which The Club has a copy. A characteristic relic is a china teapot, belonging to the great doctor, whose rooms I visited this morning.

I wonder no one quoted the happy lines about Boswell, which perfectly mark his position :

"Triumphant thou o'er Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale."

In the Common room I talked with Professor Saintsbury, whose really admirable criticism of nineteenth-century writers I have been lately reading, about his strange disparagement of Byron, and equally strange, as it seems to me, over-laudation of Miss Christina Rossetti. I maintained that I could find twenty short poems by Mrs. Hemans, superior to any twenty similar ones that could be selected from the writings of the no doubt gifted lady whom he places so much above her. The only concession he would make, however, was that

Mrs. Hemans's appeal—a word of which he is curiously fond—is wider.

Dined with The Club. Hooker was in the chair, on his right our newly-elected member, Professor Jebb, Courthope on his left, and beyond Jebb the Bishop of Peterborough, who arrived after we had sat down. Pember was on my right, on my left Lecky and Lord Davey. The Bishop told me that he had been under the guardianship of Evelyn at Moscow. "I heard so," I said, "and wrote to him that his duties put him in the position of an Archbishop." The Bishop was very much impressed by the ceremonies and by the carefully considered purpose which ran through them. That did not surprise me, but I was astonished to hear that in his conversation with Mr. Pobedienostzeff it had transpired that the favourite English author of that redoubtable personage was Carlyle, and that his favourite English poem was Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. The Bishop told us that the Russian composers had woven with great skill into the music of the Church many airs of which the common people were fond. Pember remarked that the practice of doing so in the West had led to so many unfitting airs being introduced, that at the Council of Trent it was seriously considered whether music in churches should not be abolished altogether. Some of the cardinals, who took a more sensible view, applied

to Palestrina, who wrote three Masses of extraordinary gravity and merit, thereby saving the situation and preventing a colossal blunder.

—— asked me an excellent riddle: "What is the difference between a model woman and a woman model." "The one is a bare possibility, the other is a naked fact."

27. Breakfasted with George Shaw-Lefevre, meeting Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Franqueville, Yates Thompson, and Frederick Gibbs. Our host told us that when at the Admiralty he had observed that accidents almost always happened in consequence of some, often very slight, departure from the rules of the Service. When the *Northumberland* had struck on a rock near Gibraltar, Goschen and he were looking at the chart to try to discover the cause. The first Naval Lord, a cynical old gentleman, said: "I am sure there is a woman in the case." They asked, "Why?" "Because," was the answer, "according to the rule of the Service the Admiral ought to have been leading not that line but the other. The rule is not so positive that he might not for good reasons have disregarded it, but the course he took requires explanation." The explanation was obtained, and confirmed the suspicion.

Some years before the great disaster on the Syrian coast, Admiral Tryon had signalled to the fleet under

his command to carry into effect the very manoeuvre which led to his death. His second in command refused to obey, and Admiral Wellesley, then at the Admiralty, being on board one of the ships, entirely approved his refusal. Time passed, and Admiral Wellesley, happening to be at Beyrout, was exceedingly struck with the masterly manner in which Admiral Tryon brought in his fleet, and went on board to congratulate him. "You'll see something better than this," said Tryon, and the result was—the catastrophe.

29. Mr. Burrell's father, the present and fourth Baron Gwydwr, succeeded in 1870 his cousin, who died unmarried. He, in addition to being Lord Gwydwr, was the twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby. That title has now gone through the female line into the family of Lord Ancaster, but the Burrells possess many curious memorials of the house of Willoughby, the head of which established in the seventeenth century through his mother, who was a sister and heiress of the seventeenth (De Vere) Earl of Oxford, his right to be Lord Great Chamberlain. Mrs. Burrell, when showing me the picture of that lady whose hand rests upon a throne, mentioned the curious fact that the reason why the Queen went in demi-state to the Abbey at the Jubilee was, that if she had gone in State, the throne and all the plate used on the occasion

would by ancient custom have passed to the Lord Great Chamberlain.

30. At a party in Lansdowne House, now restored to the occupation of its owner. I met, amongst other people whom I had not seen for a long time, Ion Hamilton, who sat with me for many years in the House of Commons. He told me that he had been reading with great interest Mrs. Craven's *Life*, and that it was his father who defeated her husband in the electoral contest to engage in which he gave up diplomacy.

July

3. I returned this morning to London from Oaken Holt, Sir William Hunter's house near Oxford, whether we went on the 1st, after lunching with the Vice-Chancellor and moving the vote of thanks to Lord George Hamilton, who to-day formally handed over the Indian Institute to the University.

Sir William Hunter mentioned that he had had a visit at Oaken Holt from Sir Charles D'Oyly, who told him that his family had once held the Castle of Oxford and very broad lands in its neighbourhood; the obligation being to defend the same against all comers, while the

formal act of homage was the presentation every year to the King of a small tablecloth to be used at dinner—whence the familiar word “doyly.”

In the afternoon of the 2nd Sir William Hunter and I made a long round through the beautiful and very extensive Park of Wytham, but found when we got to the house that Lord and Lady Abingdon had gone to London. The place should be seen rather earlier in the year, when the wild hyacinths carpet the ground, or when the exceedingly ancient thorn-trees are in flower. The approach descends to the house through two long lines of the Portugal Laurel. Some three weeks ago the leaves must have been almost hidden by the white flower tassels. Opposite the front door stands the rather picturesque church, an imperfect blessing to a Catholic family!

The Breakfast Club met here — Wolseley, Herschell, Lyall, Leveson-Gower and Trevelyan came. Lord Lansdowne, having written to tell me that the new practice of summoning Cabinets for Eleven on Saturdays made it impossible for him to attend at present, he was elected an honorary member. Wolseley mentioned that during the Civil War a regiment armed with bows and arrows was raised for the King. “Were there any archers on the other side?” asked some one. “I think not,” he replied. “Cromwell was too sensible a fellow for that.” Conversation found its way, I forget how, to Sir Thomas

Picton; and Trevelyan said that he had two ribs broken at Quatre Bras, in spite of which he insisted on being present at Waterloo, where he was shot through the head.

6. Dr Bidie sends me from near Luss some leaves of Costmary, *Tanacetum Balsamita*, a pot-herb once very common in Scotch cottage gardens, but which has now almost gone out of cultivation. It was introduced from the East, probably *viâ* Italy, in the sixteenth century.

Who was it who, talking of an orator who had been making Second Reading speeches on the Committee stage of the Agricultural Rating Bill, remarked: "He has never been able to grasp the distinction between rating and perorating!"

I went to call on Mrs. Burrell, who repeated to a lady who came in, the curious story of the sudden appearance of his brother at the moment of death to Admiral Pakenham, whereby the latter was warned of the approach of the French, and saved from capture. "Certainly," as I said to her the other day, "ghosts are looking up." They find their way nowadays into all conversation.

George Bunsen writes from Heidelberg contrasting Pierre Loti's account of his journeys in the East with those given him by Lepsius.

"To Lepsius," he says, "no physical enjoyment seemed in the slightest degree comparable to the days and nights passed in those deserts. Years later he longed for them to return.

The balmy purity of the air, the sudden resuscitation of vegetable life and colour in consequence of even a brief shower of rain, were only two of the glories of desert life on which he expatiated."

9. Sir Andrew and Lady Agnew, Count Bosdari, Mr. Vachell, a nephew of General Annesley's, who has written some novels which are much praised, Gilbert Russell, Arthur's third son, who has now left Balliol and is preparing for the Army, dined with us. Lady Balfour of Burleigh, describing the manner of Lady Fitzgerald, Lord Houghton's eldest daughter, said very happily: "That it made her think of a fine summer afternoon when the breeze has gone down." Mrs. Russell told me that she had found at Aden a journal in many volumes, kept, during a period of two years, by her husband's grandfather, in the course of which he records having gone over to Gight soon after the marriage of Byron's father and mother, of whose doings he gives an amusing account. One of their habits was to have the maid-servants in every evening after dinner for a dance! He mentions too that, on one occasion, he had to wait some time before either host or hostess appeared, and that he had occupied himself by reading an amusing book, hitherto unknown to him, which was lying on the table. This was the *Nouvelle Heloise*.

10. Dined with Sir Charles Dalrymple, taking down Lady Kelvin.

I had much conversation with Lady Selborne, who sat on my left, and uncommonly well she talked too, but about matters of opinion rather than of fact; so I make no note.

Lord Kelvin said to me that he thought many of the Middle Age stories about the sudden disappearance of magicians, who were supposed naturally enough to be carried off by the Devil, had a real foundation. In an age when chemistry was most imperfectly understood, men would be constantly trying experiments, which even very young students would now know to be certain to lead to most terrific results.

11. We brought back Mackenzie Wallace from the garden-party at Osterley. He has just returned from Russia, where he was greatly struck by the very considerable amount of change which has taken place of late years. "Nihilism," he says, "has entirely disappeared as a political force. There are doubtless isolated fanatics of that persuasion who may hatch new conspiracies, but it is not at present a power to reckon with." There is a great deal of prosperity—millionaires in Moscow are quite common; and a place, of which I am ashamed to say I never even heard—Lodz—is rapidly rising into very great commercial importance. It is just within the

Polish frontier. German manufacturers find it pays to establish their mills there, thus escaping the heavy duties or prohibitions which would otherwise have strangled their trade. A very important movement, which has not yet found a name, has arisen amongst the agricultural classes. They say, not unnaturally, "It is the sale of our wheat in the English market which enables the country to pay its foreign debt; but while manufacturers are petted in every way, all we want to buy is doubled or trebled in price, if it can be got at all, thanks to most unjust legislation."

13. I went this afternoon with my wife and Victoria to the garden-party at Buckingham Palace, and passed on to Grillion's, where Plunket—who, since his name was last mentioned in these Notes, has been raised to the peerage as Lord Rathmore—was in the chair, and Frederick Leveson-Gower, Lord Stanhope, Sir Richard Webster, Lord Norton, Sir Thomas Sanderson, Sir Robert Herbert, Sir Edward Grey, and Evelyn Ashley were present—six of us being, as Herbert pointed out, either past or present Under-Secretaries of State.

Evelyn Ashley spoke of Seward, whom he had known at Washington, and Sanderson gave an amusing account of a speech which the American orator had insisted on making at a very small party in the house of Thiers when he was President, and in the course of which he

said many things which would have been most distasteful to his host if he had had the misfortune to understand English. He did not, however, but replied in the most complimentary manner to the speech which he supposed to have been made, and proposed the toast of the "United States."

14. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Gould, meeting a large party. A gentleman who sat near us mentioned in the course of dinner a very natural but amusing mistake, made in conversation with himself by an American lady. "Shall I meet you at Bridgewater House to-morrow?" he said. "No," was the reply, "I regret to say that I do not know Mrs. Bridgewater."

15. To the unveiling of Newman's statue by the Duke of Norfolk. The ceremony was preceded by a meeting in one of the rooms of the Oratory, which was addressed by Lord Ripon, Lord Lingen and others. Before it began Lake told me, and repeated the statement in his speech—the most interesting I thought which was delivered—that by a strange chance he was going, later in the afternoon, to attend the unveiling of the bust of Arnold in Westminster Abbey. Such a coincidence *donne à penser*, and falls in exceedingly well with the ground-tone of my article on "Manning and the Catholic Reaction of our times" in the new number of the *Edinburgh*.

Amongst those who dined with us to-day was M. van Steen, who used to be here as secretary to Solvyns, and is now about to proceed to Rio as Belgian Minister. He told me that they are thinking seriously of transferring the capital of Brazil from that place to a site in the interior some 800 miles off, in a delightful climate and in the midst of a country which recalls Leicestershire. Speaking of yellow fever, he said that while it is very bad in the lower it is unknown in the upper town of Bahia, only 150 feet above it.

18. The Breakfast Club met at Wolseley's, Leveson-Gower, Goschen, Mackenzie Wallace and Lyall being present. Mackenzie Wallace repeated some of the facts he told me a week ago. Wolseley told us that he had repeatedly walked with the late Czar, and was persuaded that nothing would have induced him to go to war. His horror of all he had seen during the Russo-Turkish Campaign quite dominated him. We had a good deal of talk about Lobanoff and Witte, about the state of things in America, and about the sending of the Indian troops to Suakin. It was pointed out with great truth that they will be there much more available for work within the confines of India, than their brethren are at Chitral.

20. Returned to London from Salisbury, whither we went on the 18th to stay with the Dean and Mrs. Boyle,

with whom Mr. Andrew Lang and his wife, a niece of Aberdare's, were also staying.

I did not know, or had forgotten, that our host was descended both from Montrose and from Zachary Boyd, who preached against Cromwell to his face in the cathedral of Glasgow. He told me that Browning had said to him that he thought Landor's conversation, when he was talking on a congenial literary subject, the best to which he had ever listened. Two people he knew, I think he said Hanna of Glenalmond and the Dean of St. Paul's, were both present when Newman preached the "Parting of Friends," and recounted that when he came to the passage, "O Mother of Saints, O Nurse of the heroic," Pusey lost all control of himself, "lifted up his voice and wept." Both informants used the same expression. He quoted a remark of Lord Coleridge's on the extreme modernness of the description given by Ovid of taking farewell of his wife. That remark carried me back to the very first days of our acquaintance, for I remember admiring very much indeed, when we were in the third class of the Edinburgh Academy together, the passage which begins :

"Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago
Quae mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit."

To this day I should put it far higher than many things

in Latin verse which are constantly talked about, while these lines are hardly ever mentioned.

The Dean also cited a very quick and significant reply made by Croker to the Duke of Clarence, who said: "When I am King, I shall be my own Lord High Admiral"—"James II. was the last!"

We went to early celebration in the Cathedral and again to the afternoon service. The anthem was Sterndale Bennett's *God is a Spirit*. The Dean told us later in the afternoon that some people had remonstrated with Arthur Stanley for burying him in the Abbey. He replied: "Well, I can only say I have had letters from ever so many countries thanking me for doing so; and I was the more happy to do it, because his anthem, *God is a Spirit*, is the only one that says anything whatever to me."

The conversation often strayed to the days of Queen Mary, with which Mr. Andrew Lang has occupied himself a great deal. He thinks the Casket letters are genuine in the main, but that they were much tampered with in the interest of the Queen's enemies. He has a very bad opinion of Knox, and a still worse of the Regent Murray, though he has no illusions about the Queen's innocence. He was engaged in correcting the proof of a Life of J. G. Lockhart, which he has been writing with the co-operation of Mrs. Maxwell Scott.

His version of the well-known story about Landseer and Sydney Smith, to which I have alluded on an earlier page, as having been invented by Lockhart, is that it was to Lockhart that the proposal was made, and that it was he himself who replied : "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

On my way up to London we had in the same carriage Sir Henry Peek, with whom I sat for many years in the House of Commons. I asked him if he still grew *Monstera deliciosa*. He said "Yes," and described sending some of the fruit through Lord Cross to the Queen. Neither she nor any of her guests had ever seen it. He asked Sir Francis Cook, when visiting Montserrat, if it fruited there. "Well," he said, "it might fruit; but, just as it is going to ripen, the field-mice come and eat it all up!" He told me also that, when he was in Parliament, an Irish M.P. had one day said to him: "I hope you are not going to Ireland for your next holiday." "I do not know that I am," he replied, "but I like Ireland very much; why shouldn't I go?" "The fact is," was the reply, "that you are so exceedingly like Judge Keogh, and he is at this moment so desperately unpopular, that if you go to Ireland the chances are twenty to one that you will be fired at."

Dined at Grillion's. Lord Harris was in the chair,

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Clinton, Robert Herbert, Lord Norton, and Arthur Mills were present.

Lord Balfour mentioned that when the Gladstonian Peers deserted their benches in a body, rather than listen to the attack on them made by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, speaking of their small number, said :

“Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

“He has completely mistaken,” said Lord Denman, “the nature of the charge against them. It is just that they were *not* apparent.”

He gave also an amusing account of an incident which took place after Sir John Gladstone had been taking an active part in a Conservative meeting at Glasgow. As they drove back to Blythswood a man put his arm into the omnibus and said : “I must shake hands with you, Sir John—for your brother’s sake !”

The name of Lord Bute coming up in the course of talk, Lord Balfour said that he was the first Scotch representative Peer who had sat in the Cabinet, since that nobleman was summoned to the House of Lords as an English Marquess.

21. The Council of the Royal Holloway College met at Lambeth, and we had a very animated discussion about a proposal made to appoint a committee to

enquire into the desirability of having eminent clergymen, not members of the Church of England, to preach or lecture in the chapel. Sixteen of us were present, and I think every one spoke. The proposal met with more opposition than I expected; but we ultimately divided and the numbers were: 9 for, 7 against.

22. I have had Tollemache's *Recollections of Pattison* twice read through to me. They bring back in a pleasant way a man whom I knew and liked, nor is there much to complain of in the author's judgment of his friend, though I think he puts him rather too high. At the same time I have carried away little from the book at once new and good. The description of a certain form of Christianity as "Stoicism — plus a legend," strikes me as rather happy. I have not re-read the *Agamemnon* for many years, but I read it rather carefully, both at school and college, and should certainly hesitate to subscribe to Pattison's dictum that it is the finest poem in the world.

24. I have had the greater part of the two volumes of Lord Selborne's Autobiography read to me. They were intended primarily for his own family, a fact which accounts for the presence in them of a great many details which to the ordinary reader are simply tedious. No one who is even moderately acquainted with his history can doubt that he was an extremely able man.

Coleridge used to speak of him as one of the greatest advocates who has lived in our times. The book brings back pleasantly enough many people and many things whom I have known or known about, but I have gathered little from it. The first pages I turned to were those which described his early friend Frederick Faber, and this, like all his account of persons, appears to me very just and sensible; but oh! what a dull life the great lawyer led from the time he left Oxford to 1865, when he was already fifty-three! The position which he occupied in the House of Commons after he refused the Chancellorship, on account of his dislike to the attack on the Irish Church, was to me quite unintelligible. I remember that a long report given by the parties concerned of a conversation between him and George Denman, I really forget about what, which had gone on in some robing-room or other, was listened to by crowded benches as might have been a speech by the Prime Minister announcing that war was certain and would be immediate.

25. We ran down this afternoon to Fredley. Frederick Gibbs gave me there an interesting account of Rimini, where the old bridge of Augustus is still in daily use, and the market-place is virtually the same as that in which Cæsar addressed his troops after crossing the Rubicon. The excursion to San Marino and

back pleasantly occupies a day, and the hotel is excellent.

I talked with Miss Lawless about *Athene Brama*, the little owl who used to amuse me so much in Madras. She told me that a moth bears a name hardly, if at all, less magnificent—*Smerinthus Jehovah*—if you please.

Mr. Ormerod made me laugh by an account of a Catholic lady who, having gone to Rome and been not a little scandalised by what she saw there, complained to her confessor. "Il ne faut pas visiter la cuisine du bon Dieu," was his remark.

Frederick Gibbs told me that the impression made on Reboul was more favourable. He was introduced to the baker-poet of Nismes by Lady Augusta Bruce, some years before she married Arthur Stanley, and was interested to hear that he had been struck by the appearance of strong conviction with which the clergy in Rome performed their services. To Gibbs also I owe an excellent epigram which he repeated on the queer craze which has lately led a certain portion of womankind to become Bachelors of Arts:

"Propria quæ maribus mulier sibi munera poscit
Ut simili incedat, jure beata, gradu."

27. Dined at Grillion's—a large party. Those whom I was near enough to talk with were Lord Harris, Lord

Clinton, Chitty, Lord Cross, Sidney Herbert, who, since he was mentioned in these Notes, has developed into Lord Pembroke, and the Archbishop of Canterbury,¹ who was in the chair.

Lord Harris, who was on my right, asked me who was sitting opposite. This was no other than Mr. Justice Chitty, hardly less famous in the cricket fields of earlier days than my neighbour has been since.

The Archbishop told us much about the magnificent reception given to the Bishop of Peterborough² in Russia, which quite accords with all that Evelyn—who was specially told off to look after him—has to say. He was the only non-Russian who dined at the Imperial banquet, and his benediction was asked for by the kneeling crowd, the highest ecclesiastics cordially applauding.

Talk wandered to birds, and Dr. Benson gave a curious account of a hen bullfinch which had lost her mate, and was so disconsolate that she was taken down to the lawn and the cage-door opened. She did not, however, attempt to escape, but a very beautiful cock bullfinch, after conversing with her from a neighbouring tree, entered the cage, and they lived happily as man and wife ever after.

Lord Pembroke told a story of Mr. Murray, grand-

¹ Dr. Benson.

² Dr. Creighton.

father of the present head of the dynasty. A friend of his, who was a teetotaler, had been left an immense cellar of wine. He thought it wrong to drink it, wrong to sell it, absurd to throw it away, and asked what he ought to do. "You cannot do better," was the reply, "than to transfer your wine cellar to your bookseller."

August

3. The season closed for me on the 29th ult. by a meeting at the Imperial Institute of the Trustees of the British Institution Scholarship Fund, one of which I was lately appointed by the University of London in succession to Sir Julian Goldsmid. Millais, our President, being incapacitated for business, Calderon occupied the chair. We voted by ballot, and were very nearly unanimous in our assignment of the scholarships. The successful competitor in sculpture was a girl. I was not myself very much struck with the general excellence of the works exhibited, but all the successful candidates were young, and our chairman thought that it was a "very good show."

On the 30th we gave up possession of 21 Queen's Gate Gardens to Lady Bloomfield's agents, and ran

down to Hedingham Castle, close to the station of Castle Hedingham in Essex, which we have taken for the autumn. The house, which is of the Georgian era, stands on high ground and communicates by a bridge, belonging to Tudor times, with the site of the old Castle, most of which is now destroyed. The keep, however, built in the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century, is still nearly intact and towers to the height of something like one hundred feet. One room is in perfect substantial repair, and might be used for a ball to-morrow. The gardens and grounds are pretty, though suffering, like most places in the South of England this year, from the extraordinary scantiness of the rainfall. The *perron* looks down on a small sheet of water, in which towards evening the keep is beautifully reflected. Not a few of the trees are very fine, notably a grand specimen of the American Tulip tree on one of the lawns, which must when in flower, as it was when my wife came down to look at the place in the month of June, have been a magnificent object. The lands of Hedingham were given by William the Conqueror to Alberic, who bore the title of Count of Guines in right of his wife. He founded the greatness of the De Veres, and his grandson was made Earl of Oxford by Henry II. The family must have had great staying power, for from 1137 to 1703 they continued

in the first rank of the English nobility. A fine passage in Macaulay, Vol. II., chap. viii., puts together some of the most salient features of their history :

“ The noblest subject in England, and indeed as Englishmen loved to say, the noblest subject in Europe, was Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last of the old Earls of Oxford. He derived his title through an uninterrupted male descent from a time when the families of Howard and Seymour were still obscure, when the Nevilles and Percys enjoyed only a provincial celebrity, and when even the great name of Plantagenet had not yet been heard in England. One chief of the house of de Vere had held high command at Hastings ; another had marched, with Godfrey and Tancred, over heaps of slaughtered Moslem, to the sepulchre of Christ. The first Earl of Oxford had been Minister of Henry Beauclerc. The third Earl had been conspicuous among the Lords who extorted the Great Charter from John. The seventh Earl had fought bravely at Cressy and Poitiers. The thirteenth Earl had, through many vicissitudes of fortune, been the chief of the party of the Red Rose, and had led the van on the decisive day of Bosworth. The seventeenth Earl had shone at the court of Elizabeth, and had won for himself an honourable place among the early masters of English poetry. The nineteenth Earl had fallen in arms for the Protestant religion and for the liberties of Europe under the walls of Maestricht. His son Aubrey, in whom closed the longest and most illustrious line of nobles that England has seen, a man of loose morals, but of inoffensive temper and of courtly manners, was Lord Lieutenant of Essex, and Colonel of the Blues. His nature was not factious, and his interest inclined him to avoid a rupture with the Court, for his estate was encumbered, and his military command lucrative. He was summoned to

the Royal closet, and an explicit declaration of his intentions was demanded from him. 'Sir,' answered Oxford, 'I will stand by your Majesty against all enemies to the last drop of my blood. But this is matter of conscience, and I cannot comply.' He was instantly deprived of his lieutenancy and of his regiment."

On the death of the eighteenth Earl in 1625 the Earldom was contested between Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Robert de Vere, a cousin of the deceased. Chief Justice Cruise gave judgment in favour of the latter, and in doing so used some very memorable words, not unworthy of Sir Thomas Browne himself:

"And yet Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, *finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of de Vere? For where is Bohun? where is Mowbray? where is Mortimer? nay, what is more, and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. And yet let the name and dignity of de Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God."

The De Veres were hereditary Lords Great Chamberlain, and, that position passing through females, the sister and heiress of the seventeenth Earl transmitted it to her son, Lord Willoughby. She is the lady whose picture I saw on the 29th of June at the Burrells' house. The seventeenth Earl, who married Burleigh's daughter, was a spend-

thrift, but his fortunes were retrieved by his second wife, Elizabeth Trentham, who was rich, but at the expense of the settlement of the estates, first upon her son by him, and then in default of his male issue, upon the Trenthams. To the Trenthams Hedingham passed accordingly after the death of the widow of the eighteenth Earl. They sold it to the Asshursts in 1713, and from the Asshursts it came in the female line to its present owners, the Majendies.

Clara and Fritz arrived on the 1st from London. Fritz talked much of the Bank of England, and stated some curious facts concerning it. That great institution, it appears, pays without hesitation any note which has been injured by fire, provided enough of it remains to allow the officials to make out the number. Some clever swindlers have traded on this and have forged Bank of England notes, burnt them, taking care that the numbers should remain legible, but they have never succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of those who had to scrutinise their productions.

4. *A propos* of a story sent me by the late Sir Frederick Pollock when I was in India and quoted on an earlier page, Clara told me on the authority of a common acquaintance of ours, who knew the heroine of the tale, that a little girl of an artistic turn, but belonging to a family in which it was considered wrong to draw on

Sundays anything that was not of a religious character, brought to her mother a picture of a lady with a train, on which sat a very strange-looking little quadruped. "What is that, my dear?" enquired the mother. "A young she-bear," answered the daughter. "But I don't," was the rejoinder, "remember anything of that sort in the Bible." "Oh! it is not in the Bible, it's in a hymn," rejoined the little girl, "don't you recollect?"

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she-bear"! "

5. Mrs. Harmer sends me a good story of an Australasian bishop. "What shall I call my new pair of horses?" he asked. "As this is May-day you might call the mare May," was the reply. "Well," he rejoined, "I will do so, and the other shall be Bryant, for they are a good match, go off when struck, and are only struck on the box."

With reference to the entry under an earlier date about Commination, ——— tells me that she found entered in her washing-book: 6 pairs of "Consternations," and that her husband, whose tendencies are Conservative, thought them well named.

7. Read in M. Wallon's sumptuous volume published in 1878 the account of St. Louis's time in Palestine. He must have known well many of the places with

which we became so familiar in 1887-88. I had forgotten, if I ever knew, that he had fortified Haïfa, and that he had received at Jaffa the news of the death of his mother, the Reine Blanche.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey sends the following excellent translation of the lines which I quoted near the end of my article of last month in the *Cornhill* upon *Ménagiana*. It is by Miss Courtenay, whom we used to meet years ago, but have not seen for a very long time. I did not even know that she was alive. If my memory serves me right, her brother was Private Secretary forty years ago to Lord Dalhousie. She signs herself "Octogenaria inepta," and could hardly have used a more inappropriate adjective.

"Say, Needle, what the girl I love
Hath done thy cruel spite to move?
That little hand, as privet white,
Those taper fingers, soft and light :
What is their crime that they so oft
Are pierced by thy ferocious shaft?
Those dainty fingers, prythee spare,
That hand so delicate and fair :
And let her breast thine ire provoke,
Her breast more hard than cliff or rock—
Here all thy powers of wounding bring,
Deeper and deeper plunge thy sting ;
And if beneath the stroke she faint,
And softened, list a lover's plaint—

Think, in so great a victory
What glory will redound to thee,
That thy sharp slender point prevailed
Where Cupid's weapons all had failed."

12. The Duchess Grazioli arrives from Rome, having travelled right through, and looking as if she had driven over from the nearest village. She is a married daughter of Prince Bandini and the sister of the Duke of Mondragone who stayed with us in 1893.

13. I find in the library here the autobiography of Sir John Bramston, a seventeenth-century member of the well-known Essex family to which my old acquaintance of the Colonial Office—see these Notes for 1880—belongs. He had as his chamber-fellow, in the Middle Temple, Mr. Edward Hyde, who became Lord Clarendon, and with whom he continued "in strict friendship ever after." He continued to practise the law as long as the temper of the times would allow him, until in the year 1642 "the drums and trumpets blew his gown over his ears." The warrant for the apprehension of the Chancellor, directed, strange to say, by James, Duke of York, to Sir John Bramston, his Vice-Admiral for the County of Essex, is, it appears, still preserved amongst the family archives at Skreens.

17. The Duchess, Victoria, Evelyn and I went in a little more than an hour to the Pampisford Station, and

thence crossing the Granta, one of the affluents of the Cam, to Ickleton, the country home of Robert Herbert, where we spent some hours, and returned. Ickleton stands just on the northern edge of the district, where the oxlip reigns supreme. (See these Notes for May Day, 1891.) Amongst members of my friend's family whom I had not seen before was a Great Dane, a lady of grand proportions and charming manners, who bears the name of Baby. Herbert gave me a copy of a book by his sister, Mrs. Lewis, who did the honours, called *A Lady's Impression of Cyprus*.

19. Drove to Little Maplestead with Lily Sumner to visit the smallest and youngest of the four round churches of England, dating, perhaps, from the days of Edward I., hardly further back, and built, like those at Cambridge and Northampton, not by the Templars, but by the Knights of St. John. It was carefully restored a few years ago, and is in excellent preservation. The pillars which support the circular portion are said, I see, to be Early Decorated, as the windows certainly are; but they are unlike any others which I chance to have seen.

The subject of poisons coming up the other day at dinner, Evelyn mentioned the *Aqua tofāna*, but was corrected by the Duchess. The right pronunciation it seems is *tofāna*.

20. Finished, too, in these days, *A Wandering Scholar*

in the Levant, by Mr. Hogarth, who is mentioned in these Notes for June. It contains chapters upon Egypt, Cyprus, Anatolia, and the Upper Euphrates. There are not a few shrewd political remarks scattered amongst pages which record the author's personal experiences in travel or matters pertaining to his craft. His notes on Western Armenia, as he saw it from 1890 to 1894, written before the recent troubles of which we have heard so much, are, I suspect, very near the truth. He says :

"There was tension, there was friction, there was a condition of mutual suspicion, as to which Armenians have said to me again and again, 'If only the patriots would leave us to trade and till!' If the Kurdish Question could be settled by a vigorous Marshal, and the Porte secured against irresponsible European support of sedition, I believe that the Armenians would not have much more to complain of, like the Athenian Allies of old, than the fact of subjection—a fact, be it noted, of very long standing ; for the Turk rules by right of five hundred years' possession, and before his day the Kurd, the Byzantine, the Persian, the Parthian, the Roman preceded each other as over-lords of Greater Armenia back to the misty days of the first Tigranes. The Turk claims certain rights in this matter—the right to safeguard his own existence, the right to smoke out such hornets' nests as Zeitun, which has annihilated for centuries past the trade of the Eastern Taurus, the right to remain dominant by all means not outrageous."

Evelyn, premising that he had not seen the inscription,

but had only heard it repeated, gave me the following, which is said to have been found in the Baths of Caracalla :

"Hieme et aestate
Et prope et procul
Usque dum vivam et ultra."

24. Having a little time to spare after transacting some business at Colchester, my wife and I made a hurried visit to the museum, which is extraordinarily rich in the relics of Camoludunum. Some of the glass seemed to me of most exceptional merit. The custodian, an intelligent man, had been a *protégé* of Edward Fitzgerald of Omar Kháyyàm celebrity, who had on one occasion lent to him and three of his friends for a trip to Rotterdam the little yacht of which he was so fond. Lucas and Lisle were shot close to the castle. It was the latter who addressed to one of the firing party when he said : "I warrant we will hit you, Sir," the proud words, "You have missed me when I was nearer !"

I have been looking at a modern account of the Siege of Colchester, written from the Royalist point of view, which is upon my landlord's bookshelves. It contains a selection from the maxims of Lord Capel, which, although not particularly striking, show him in a very favourable light. Two of these are : "Little wit serves to flatter with, for how easily do they work that go with the grain,"

and "The most immediate way of winning is to be loving. *Ama si vis amari.*"

27. Drove some eleven miles to Long Melford, on the other side of Sudbury, a fine old Elizabethan house resting on mighty foundations which are said to be as old as the eleventh century. A pair of very handsome fire-dogs in the hall are believed by their owners to have belonged to Abbot Sampson. The Melford estate is the property of Sir William Hyde Parker, married to a sister of Mr. Stephen Leach, who got into the Diplomatic Service at the same time as Evelyn. The house contains many relics of the Admiral Parker whose fame was eclipsed by the genius of Nelson.

I had George Boyle's *Recollections* read through to me a few days after they appeared, and liked them exceedingly. Since I have been here, they have been read once again to me, and I think even better of them than I did before. The strong religious feeling of the writer, like his finished scholarship, is always felt though never obtruded; his range of interest is wide; his appreciation of contemporary events very sane; his charity perfect. Take it for all in all, though it makes no pretensions to be a work of original genius, it is one of the most creditable performances which the Anglican Church has produced in this age.

29. I told a bookseller, in whose catalogue I saw it

advertised, to send me down a duodecimo bound by Derome. It came this morning, and is, as I expected, a pretty piece of old French morocco, but the book itself is curious. It is a violent tirade against Mazarin and all his works, under the title of *Recueil de Maximes Veritables et Importantes pour l'Institution du Roy*, published in 1653 by Claude Joly, Canon of Notre Dame. It is full of the plainest speaking in a constitutional and parliamentary sense, and abounds in quotations from Philip de Commynes.

I told at breakfast, *à propos* of my having failed to get a book for which I had written, the story of Van de Weyer's promptitude mentioned on an earlier page. The Duchess said: "We have a proverb in Italy, 'Chi vuole va; chi non vuole manda.'"

Is it true that General Tcherévine said to Ignatieff, when he hesitated about taking a glass of wine, offered him by the Emperor, before giving his opinion upon some subject—"In vino veritas;" or does that belong to the category of "l'esprit de l'escalier"?

September

1. Charles Pearson's widow asked me, soon after her husband's death, to write his life. The state of my eyes would have put my doing so quite out of the question, even if I had felt that I was the right man to do it. If Pearson had died early, which seemed at one time but too probable, I might have been so, for I saw a great deal of him in the later fifties. After that, however, we met much more rarely. He was absorbed by researches into the history of early and mediæval England; I by practical politics. Of his Australian career I know next to nothing, and no one, who was not intimately acquainted with it, could have done his memory any sort of justice.

Dr. Strong, Professor of Latin in University College, Liverpool, has written a short memoir of him, and has prefixed it to some of his collected essays which I have been looking at. The biographer is sadly mistaken when he applies to Pearson himself some remarks which the latter used, with perfect truth, about Henry, Smith. Pearson was very learned, widely informed, exceedingly eloquent, and had original ideas on many subjects, but

by no means the massive breadth of sense which characterised his friend.

3. ———, who is struggling with the Greek tongue like a fifth form boy, but who brings to her task high intelligence as well as a wide knowledge of languages and literatures, wrote to me recently:

"I occupy towards the Greeks the position of the innocent child in Hans Andersen's story, who among the host of admiring courtiers alone raised its voice and cried, 'But the Emperor has no clothes on at all.' The further I go the further does the vaunted beauty of the Greek poets retreat, the less I find of nature, of spontaneity, the more of a dreadful and narrow convention and soulless mechanical commonplace, and of an incredible inaptitude to deal with dramatic situations."

After a good many detailed criticisms on passages in the *Alcestis* and other plays of Euripides, she adds that she has a theory that "Greek being a monopoly painfully acquired, owing to the senseless mode of teaching it in public schools, the vanity of each man who has acquired it is enlisted in keeping it high in general consideration."

I wonder whether the fancy which has recently made a number of women take to learning Greek may have the result of putting Greek literature in its proper position, higher than it is placed by those who have forgotten what little they ever knew about it, but lower than it is placed by pedants who know little else?

4. *Holmby House*, one of Whyte Melville's novels, much of which I have listened to lately, has the merit of ending happily. The merit, I say, for I am of the same mind as an old Austrian general of whom I have heard tell, and who abode in Gratz. Whenever a play, with the plot of which he was unacquainted, was to be given, he went to the box-office and said: "Kriegen sie sich?" If the reply was in the affirmative he bought a ticket, and if not—not.

6. We talked at dinner of mushrooms, which are very abundant this year, and of a certain mushroom bed which Mrs. St. Loe Strachey had tried to construct, after the model of one at York House, but which has not proved successful. "How is it that there are no mushrooms?" said Mrs. Strachey to her gardener, who replied in all good faith: "Well, they were doing very nicely, when a large rat came, and that terrified them."

7. We had an interesting discussion on the etymology of the very common-place name Coldharbour, Sir John Ardagh declaring that it is a corruption of *Col d'arbres*, a wooded knoll, while on referring to Canon Taylor, whose delightful book, *Words and Places*, I studied so much last year, I find that he traces it to the habit travellers had in innless days of sheltering themselves in the ruins of Roman villas, which served the purpose of khans in the East. It seems that there are no less

than seventy places bearing the name of Coldharbour in the neighbourhood of ancient lines of road. Canon Taylor thinks that Caldecot, which occurs about a dozen times, has the same origin.

Adrian, writing from Sabathu, tells me of a sergeant in the "Black Watch" who is a collector of an original kind. The objects of his devotion are—snakes' fangs.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey called my attention to a fine old copy of Bacon's Life of Henry VIII. in the library here, dated 1622, and Miss Sumner read to me the chapter which concludes the book. Very quaint and prettily turned is the last paragraph:

"Hee was borne at Pembroke Castle and lyeth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the Chappell and for the Sepulcher. So that hee dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tombe, than hee did alive in Richmond or any of his palaces. I could wish he did the like in this monument of his fame."

9. Baron Schimmelpenninck van der Oye came down yesterday to shoot. Talking of his own name he told a story of one of the DeTuylls who had also a very long tail appended to the principal part of his patronymic. On becoming minister he asked the King if he might leave out the appendage in signing papers. His Majesty agreed. Later he asked permission to leave out the

"de" and obtained it; but his Royal Master added, you had better leave out the "t" then it will be *uyll*, which it appears is the Dutch for owl.

We talked of mottoes, and I mentioned as a curious piece of canting heraldry the *Magis, Magis, Magis* of the Masters. There is a family, it seems, in the Province of Utrecht whose name is Ittersum, and which has for its cognizance a donkey with the motto "*Id ter sum*"—surely one of the strangest armorial bearings on the planet!

Evelyn mentioned in the course of conversation that he had himself seen a communication from the Treasury to the Foreign Office, in which a wiseacre of the former establishment had objected to a charge for something done at Bushire in Persia, on the ground that a charge for *bus-hire* could not be admitted!

The Duchess Grazioli, who left us on the 31st to stay with Clara and other friends, returned on the 7th, and read aloud this afternoon the first Canto of the *Purgatorio*, together with some other of our favourite passages.

14. Sir John Ardagh and Mr. John Murray came down to spend the Sunday, and left this morning. The former, in spite of very bad weather, did an excellent sketch of the house and castle; showed, too, a wonderful collection of sketches which he had made all over the

world, as, for instance, the Golden Gate, by which you approach San Francisco, Singapore, Bhamo on the Irawadi, Colombo, The Taj, and Udaipur. The second was full, as usual, of amusing talk, literary information, and Scotch stories.

Who was it who said that the proper place at which to establish a University for women was Bletchley? Because it is equi-distant from Oxford and Cambridge, and none of the fast mails stop there.

It appears that only quite recently has the true text of a verse in Gray's *Elegy* been restored. For several generations it was customary to print

"Await alike the inevitable hour."

It ought to be

"Awaits alike the inevitable hour."

Hour is in the nominative.

Murray repeated a story about Swift, which he had been told by an American lady, but the authority for which, if any really exists, he had not found. A young lady was told to write an essay on the Fall of Man, and commenced it with these words: "Man was born and lived in innocence, but *he*"—At this point she was called into another room by her mother. The Dean coming in found her manuscript and added the words: "ere long fell in with woman, and *she*".——

17. Lady Reay, who came to us on the 15th, left us to-day for Venice. We talked of Hamilton Palace, which she has lately been visiting. I asked whether something there had been built by the late Duke. "No," she said, "by one of his predecessors; the one who was known as Very Duke of Very Duke."

She was telling lately a curious story of a theft by a child. "I wonder what will become of that little boy?" said some one. "He will become Finance Minister in Italy," said the Dowager-Duchess of Sermoneta, who was present.

Mrs. Awdry writes from Knocke-sur-Mer, a Belgian watering-place of which I have never heard, and is enthusiastic about the beauty of the heath country near Houffalize in the Ardennes, of which I was equally ignorant.

20. Sir John Ardagh mentioned at breakfast that the word Alma means apples; so that the battle of which this is the anniversary bears a botanical name as much as Plassey does—the battle fought in the grove of the Palas, otherwise *Butea frondosa*.

We spoke much of Oxford, and the name of the immensely-learned Albert Watson coming up, Miss Sumner told us that it had been proposed to found a society to *excavate* him, like the Colosseum or the Forum of Rome.

28. Sir John Ardagh, who has been coming down from time to time while his wife has been here, left us to-day. I mentioned yesterday to him, on Lord Wolseley's authority, the fact that a regiment of archers had been raised for the King in our civil war. Sir John said: "There were archers, and in very considerable numbers, among the Cossacks at the Battle of Leipzig."

29. George Boyle and his wife, who came to us on the 25th, went to London this morning, after a visit somewhat marred by wild weather. His talk was as usual abundant and excellent.

Miss Sumner has been reading to me a great deal of the Life and Letters of Dr. Hort, the great New Testament scholar, who touched the circle of my friends through Fitzjames Stephen, and of my acquaintance through some of my Oxford contemporaries, but whom I never saw. He must have been in many ways an interesting as well as an excellent man. I asked the Dean if he had ever met him. "Yes," he said, "once when I went to Cambridge to preach before the University. My sermon bore many traces of the influence of Maurice, and Hort, who was a great Maurician, came up to me and said: 'I see we have been to the same bazaar for our wares.'"

Conversation strayed to the Duchess Grazioli and her admirable English, which, I think, I only heard once at

fault, when she spoke of "mouses." The Dean gave an amusing account of an aide-de-camp of Canrobert, who, asked if he had been wounded in the Crimean campaign, said: "I was blessed three times."

We talked of Burke, and the Dean mentioned that the other day at New Hailes Sir James Fergusson had told him that he once asked old Lord Lansdowne if he had ever heard Burke speak. "Yes," he said, "once; his utterance was most disagreeable; he emptied the House, and I went away utterly bored. A few days later I was in the Isle of Wight, and asked a bookseller whether there was anything new. 'Yes,' he said, 'there's Mr. Burke's last speech—I have only one copy left, and your lordship can have it if you please.' It was the same speech to which I had in vain tried to listen, but when I read it I was completely carried away."

We spoke of Mrs. Denison, who is buried in the Cloister at Salisbury. The Dean told me that he had referred to Lord Houghton's lines about her, in a letter to the author shortly before his death, and that Lady Galway had told him that her brother's eyes had filled with tears as he talked of the subject of his poem. On turning to my Diary for 1881, I see that it was one of those which he read to me at Fryston. Old Lady Stanley of Alderley told the Dean that Bunsen, when minister in Rome, had come to her one day, and had

said: "Oh! Miss Dillon, a countrywoman of yours has arrived, who is exactly the 'phantom of delight' of which Wordsworth wrote." This was Miss Louisa Ker Seymer, later Mrs. Denison.

Boyle had much to say that was interesting about a Mr. Footman, of whom I had never heard, but who seems to be very notable. Some people, who were staying with the Master of Trinity, returned to the Lodge full of a University sermon by this gentleman, to which they had just listened. "You expected a Footman," said their host, "but have found something of a Butler." In this connection was repeated the story of the late very theological Lord James Butler, who, after some discussion about the affairs of the Protestant Church in Ireland, said to a friend: "I think I will take orders: there was a Bishop Butler you know." "I do not," said the person addressed, "perceive the analogy."

Boyle told us that he once actually christened a child Napoleon Lavoisier Voltaire. The family name was Briggs!

He had with him a literary curiosity. This was a sermon by J. A. Froude, preached at St. Mary Church, near Torquay, on the death of his rector, the Rev. George May Coleridge, a brother of the poet, on the second Sunday after Trinity, 1847. It was of the usual

conventional type, though sufficiently good of its kind, but at that date the *Shadows of the Clouds* must have been far advanced, if not completed. The sermon was published at Torquay by a bookseller called Croydon.

We talked of Browning's *Sordello*, and I repeated a story, told in the second Indian Volume of these Notes, about "the two finest lines in the language." "It would be difficult, indeed," said the Dean, "to fix on the two finest lines in the language, but it would not be easy to beat two in Wordsworth's Stanzas on *The Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm*, by Sir George Beaumont :

" 'The light that never was, on sea or land
The consecration and the poet's dream.' "

Walking one of these days with Susan, Lady Malmesbury, we talked much of her father, often mentioned in earlier volumes of these Notes, and she quoted, from a quasi-comic poem of his about dogs, two passages, neither comic, but both striking. The first about a mongrel terrier seems to me sufficiently vigorous :

" Fit emblem he of that stern island race
Which, gathering from all sides the force it wields
From Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, draws
The concentrated force that rules a world,"

The other is on quite a different plane :

“For, in the uncertain light the boundaries
And outlines of all things grow faint and dim.
Sound becomes substance, shadow takes a form,
And the creative soul of things half seen
Binds semblances of wishes and of fears.”

October

1. Arthur's Report on the Foreign Trade of China for the year 1895 reaches me—the first work in book or pamphlet form produced by the new generation of our family.

2. I took a party over to Cambridge yesterday, and spent several hours there. I do not know that I saw anything unfamiliar to me save the exceedingly pretty round church of St. Sepulchre's and the interior of Jesus College, but the day was magnificent, and the Backs looking much more beautiful than I ever before saw them. As I was leaning over King's Bridge and thinking of Faber's lines, which describe a scene curiously unlike that on which I was looking, though they refer to the same place, I was hailed from a boat on the river, which turned out to be occupied by Walpole, his wife, and daughter, who

had come from Helmingham, as we from Hedingham. It was soon arranged that they should take us on their way to London, and they arrived this evening.

Amongst curious points which Arthur brings out in his Report, I may note that, in spite of the war with Japan, the foreign trade of China increased by 8 per cent. in the year 1895, and that her foreign trade has doubled in the last ten years. The competition of other nations affects us chiefly in the minor articles of trade. In the major staples our position is as good or better than ever. The Opium Question, so far as India is concerned, is solving itself—the importation of Indian opium into China is steadily sinking.

Walpole and I talked of our colleague at the Literary Society, George Denman, who has passed away in these last weeks. He was a supremely good scholar of the Cambridge type, beating even Munro in the Classical Tripos. Some of his Greek verses, when he was at Cambridge, were shown to Macaulay. Time passed and the great historian met him in London. "You," said Macaulay, "are the young man who writes such good Greek verses." "I have," was the reply, "written Greek verses pretty often." "Oh," rejoined the other, "but I am talking of a particular set of Greek verses. You translated such and such." "I daresay I did," answered Denman, "but it has quite escaped my memory."

"Oh! but it hasn't mine," said Macaulay, and then and there repeated the whole.

"Did you ever," said Walpole, "hear the story of the first Lord Denman and the wine?" On my replying in the negative he said: "It is very remarkable, and I asked George Denman whether it was true?" "Quite," he answered, "the story was this: Lord Denman in early life having received a large quantity of wine, sent a portion of it as a present to a much older friend. Luckily, just before it was despatched, the discovery was made that the butler had put it into bottles which had contained poison."

Lord Denman used to say: "If a similar set of facts resulting in a charge of wilful murder had been brought before me after I became a judge, I should certainly have recommended the jury to find a verdict of guilty, for the bottles which were to be sent to my friend were all poisoned, while not one of those retained for my own use was so; and the motive would have seemed perfectly clear, since he had made a will in my favour, and I was aware of the fact."

11. Sir John and Lady Lubbock joined us yesterday. They have been spending the autumn at St. Andrew's, where he has seen a great deal of Professor Heddle, who introduced him to the volcanoes of the end of the carboniferous age, of which memorials remain in Largo

Law and so many other eminences in that neighbourhood. Colonel Biddulph told us at dinner that a sea-captain, whom he knew personally, had gone with a number of his crew before a magistrate at Calcutta, and solemnly deposed that he had seen a huge sea-serpent fighting with a whale. "What he had really seen," said Lubbock, "was a struggle between a cachalot and one of the enormous cuttle-fish on which it feeds. The arms of a huge individual of this species clasped round its antagonist would have very much the effect of the coils of a serpent."

I made Lubbock tell the story, mentioned in one of the Indian volumes of these Notes, of the too kind friend who had sent him a speciman of *Heloderma horridum*, not knowing that it was intensely poisonous. That led to some talk about other lizards, and Arthur asked whether there was not one which had a third eye on the top of its head like some of our own very remote ancestors. "Certainly," said Lubbock, "and the pineal gland in the human brain is the survival of that third eye which we have lost and the lizard, you speak of, has retained."

14. Mr. R. H. Hutton, in a paper printed in the same volume, puts some very remarkable words into the mouth of James Martineau:—

"With regard to Dr. Ward's invitation to us to examine more closely the credentials of miracle, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Stephen, that if there were any tangible

number of incontrovertible miracles, there could be no controversy on the question whether or not such things can be. But then I should not apply that remark to any case of internal consciousness of supernatural influence, because, from the very circumstances of the case, the evidence of the existence of such influence cannot be open to any mind, except that which is the subject of it, and in my view it is quite unreasonable to deny that there are indirect but yet conclusive proofs in history that such supernatural influences have transformed, and do still habitually transform, the characters of the very greatest of our race. But it is one thing to see the evidence of spiritual influence in every page of human history, and quite another to attach importance to such preternatural occurrences as the Archbishop has recently referred to, which are usually so mixed up with superstitions of all kinds and so great a variety of hysterical emotions, that I for one should despair of any good result from investigating minutely these curious conquests effected by pretentious physical marvels over the gaping intellectual credulity of moral coldness and disbelief."

We left Hedingham on the 20th, having much enjoyed our stay there in spite of the unfavourable weather of the last two months. The historical interest of the place which saw the death of the wife of King Stephen, and in whose annals the memorable visit of Henry VII. is a recent incident, is of course very great. The grounds are pretty and pleasant, though neither extensive nor in any way remarkable. The village is not too near and not too far. The church, partly Norman, partly Perpendicular, is fine, and its services well performed.

The clergyman, Mr. Twist, and his family, have travelled extensively in the Mediterranean countries, and are cultivated people. We liked nearly all the inhabitants of Castle Hedingham we chanced to come across; the neighbours were friendly, and the tenor of our life was undisturbed by the agricultural depression, which weighed only too heavily on the surrounding country.

A marked feature of the time has been the presence at home of both Arthur and Evelyn, so that China, Russia, and Persia have been constantly coming up in the course of conversation. The other day, for example, Evelyn gave an account of a visit of his chief to Count Yamagata at Moscow, in the course of which, in reply to the question what did Japan get by war, he said something which the interpreter translated: "It was such a good advertisement for us"!—a highly Disraelian sentiment! On another occasion he described a Persian miracle-play, in the course of which the prophet himself was brought upon the stage in a victoria belonging to the Shah, and then, cords and bands having been duly disposed about his person, he was hauled up to heaven by means of pulleys, not the slightest attempt being made to disguise the nature of the operation. Evelyn was altogether overcome by the absurdity of the scene, but looking round saw his friend, the Nawab, the same

who came to York House a year or two ago, with two large tears on his cheeks!

Arthur told us that a Jew is in pidgin English "a Sassoon man." A story is current in China, which is told in various forms, to the effect that a native of Canton, seeing the flags flying half-mast high on Good Friday at that place, asked a Chinese inhabitant what the reason was, and received the answer: "Sassoon man make die foreign devil's joss; foreign devil plenty sorry."

It appears that so different are the dialects spoken in the great towns along the coast, that men from Amoy, Foo Chow, Canton, or Shanghai would naturally communicate with each other in pidgin English. The Mandarin dialect extends from North China through the centre to the South, so that a native of Yunan would understand it, while a Cantonese would not. The Cantonese dialect is nearer the Chinese of the classics.

I am writing now in London at Southwell House, Gloucester Road, to which we transferred ourselves three days ago, and which we have taken to the end of next July.

25. Took Lily to Matins at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. The Bishop of Rochester¹ preached, and preached very

¹ Dr. Talbot.

well. In the course of his sermon he referred to the phrase in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus about the "blind hopes of mortals," and quoted the remark of Professor Butcher that Hope in Greek literature usually appeared as the Bringer of Illusions and the Great Deceiver, contrasting with this way of looking at things the ever-springing hopefulness and belief in the future of the Hebrew genius.

26. I have been so little in Italy for many years that I feel I must do something to brush up my Italian, and have accordingly invoked the aid of the great Perini, who helped to float Arthur, Evelyn, and so many more over the "bar" of the Diplomatic Service. He came this afternoon, and I was agreeably surprised to find that I could talk more easily than I expected, and that he had not to correct me over-much.

In the course of conversation I made use of the well-known saying: "Lingua Toscana in Bocca Romana," and he replied, "I prefer 'Lingua Toscana in Bocca Toscana,' provided always the speaker is an educated person. The Tuscan puts much more *verve* into his speech than does the Roman, but he fails when he takes to writing—he should hold his pen in his mouth." Perini mentioned also that Tennyson had said to him that he thought Manzoni's *Cinque Maggio* was the finest poem of the nineteenth century.

November

2. Perini said to-day that he was quite persuaded that "chi fece per viltà il gran rifiuto" was not Celestine V. It might, he thought, conceivably be Vieri dei Cerchi, but more probably some one known personally to Dante, but whose name history has not perpetuated.

Dined with the Literary Society. There was too large a party for the size of the room; but, as I had Wolseley on one side and Fletcher Moulton on the other, I had no reason to complain. The former had not been much away during the autumn, but had made a short journey in the Valley of the Meuse, in connection with his study of the Life of Marlborough.

The question was asked how it was that Millais had never quite fulfilled the promise of his youth, and the answer was given that he received too many *checks* in his artistic career.

3. I have had read or rather *run* through to me, in these last days, Newman's autobiographical fragment and Anglican letters. There is nothing in the book to alter my estimate of his personality, with its wonderful strength and even more wonderful weakness, but the first volume is full of curious particulars. In the second there is

comparatively little that is new. I was interested to find, in the first, that the highly Protestant Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol in my day, had in 1825 asked the future Cardinal to preach an University sermon; that Pusey had been nearly lost at sea on his way back from Göttingen; that Coplestone had applied to Newman the well-known passage (699-716) in the *Agamemnon*, about the lion cub; that the good-natured old gentleman who once showed me my way about the precincts of Durham Cathedral, when he was Canon there, brother to the Jenkyns just mentioned, had earned a place in contemporary history by picking up the pieces of a composition of Pusey's written for the Oriel Fellowship, which Pusey had torn up when he was prevented by headache from completing it, an intervention whereby he was helped to success in the examination. Not less interesting was it to observe that Sumner's *Apostolical Preaching* mainly helped to root out Evangelical doctrines from Newman's creed; that Blanco White, of whom he spoke to me very kindly the first time I ever saw him, had called him "his Oxford Plato," and that the lines in the *Lyra*—

"And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,"

referred to his parting with R. H. Froude, when the latter left Oxford in 1832.

Newman's famous Mediterranean journey is described at great length. I note his delight when he first saw the cypress at Corfu; his ghost story in the Lazaret at Malta (Vol. I., page 335); his passionate admiration for Segesta; his preference of the Bay of Palermo to that of Naples; his letter of 9th March 1833, in which he runs down the latter city, to which he became, however, more reconciled; his rapture when he beheld the view from the theatre of Taormina.

A curious link between Newman and the past is that his father once made him recite Goldsmith's *Retaliation* to a guest at his house, who put his hand upon his head, saying: "Young gentleman, when you are old you can say that you have had on your head the hand of Richard Cumberland." Cumberland is described in that famous piece in the following words:

"Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."

On page 477 of the second volume is an acknowledgment of what Newman owed to Cicero as a master of style, and on page 487 there is almost the only amusing — as distinguished from interesting — thing in the two volumes.

Mrs. Newman and her sisters were, it appears, the first ladies whom the rather neglected population of Littlemore had ever seen. The welcome given to them by the villagers was of the warmest nature, but the admiration and respect excited was somewhat oddly expressed, as when the school-mistress, after some outbreak of the children, said to them: "If everybody was as good as the Miss Newmans there would not be so much robbing of orchards or stealing of coppers."

Dined with Lady Arthur Russell, meeting amongst others Meade and Henry Grenfell.

Meade mentioned that when Lord Russell went to see Napoleon at Elba, the conversation turned upon war. His visitor spoke of it as a great calamity, throwing back the prosperity of nations. "C'est un grand jeu et une belle occupation!" was the reply. He told us, too, that he had read a letter addressed to his grandfather, Lord Pembroke, by some one in his regiment which was engaged at Waterloo. The writer, who described only what he had himself seen, had evidently not the slightest idea that he had taken part in a great battle.

Henry Grenfell said that Alava declared that he had only twice seen the Duke of Wellington excited, once at Vittoria, when he drew his sword, and once when he ordered the final charge on the 18th June. On the latter occasion he pulled off his hat, and waved it as

a signal for the advance of the troops. What he said, however, was not "Up Guards and at them," but "Now or never."

4. Ran down to Holwood, and spent some hours with Mary, Lady Derby. The day was superb, and we did a good deal of walking, no less than of talking. I had never before seen the Roman Camp in the grounds, nor Cæsar's Well just outside them, nor the oak under which in 1788 Mr. Wilberforce told Pitt that he was going to bring forward a motion against the slave trade. When the Cranworths lived at Holwood, Lord Stanhope, Lord Stanley, and the Bishop of Oxford, son of Mr. Wilberforce, came over from Chevening to visit this spot, and to determine, I have no doubt correctly, which of several oak trees looking down on the Vale of Keston was the right one. The stone bench with its inscription was put up by Lord Stanhope, and this was the first visit which Lord Stanley paid to a place that was destined after a series of curious changes and chances, not only to become his property, but to be after his death the home of the lady, who by another strange series of changes and chances, became his wife—a wife cherished by him with an affection of which few would have believed that a man was capable, who to most people appeared only incarnated intelligence.

In the house she showed me Pitt's writing-table, on

which she has wisely put an inscription. The house inhabited by Pitt was further down the slope than the present Holwood.

10. Finished Lord Blachford's Letters. He was the most intimate of all Newman's early friends, but did not follow him to Rome, and more nearly resembled Dean Church, in his religious views, than any one else. An extremely able man, he lived in a very small circle, and, although Sir John Lefevre was at one time his chief, Lord Knutsford his *adlatus*, Lord Carlingford his colleague, and Robert Herbert his successor, I never saw him save once, when I had to call upon him about some matter of business, when he was permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

About Gladstone, whom he knew intimately, there is a very interesting letter, dated 29th December 1853. It was Gladstone who made him a peer; but he was unable to go with him in his Home Rule policy.

I think the best things in the book are the short Clarendonian characters of men with whom its author had been in close relations, such as that of Cardwell, at page 226. He evidently thought that that statesman was a little too much afraid of the House of Commons, and contrasted him unfavourably, in this respect, with Lord Carnarvon; but I suspect the fact was that Lord Carnarvon did not know the nature of that dangerous

creature. No Minister, be his abilities what they may, is fully competent for high office unless he knows its ways. When Robert Herbert and I were colleagues at the Colonial Office, we were talking one day of another Secretary of State, a far abler man than Lord Carnarvon; but who had, like him, never been in the popular chamber. "——," remarked Herbert, "says 'damn the House of Commons!' But unfortunately the House of Commons is just the one thing that won't be damned."

Lord Granville seems to have told Lord Blachford in October 1870, that Gramont had declared that there were twenty ways out of the difficulty with Prussia, "but that Lebœuf would have the war, declaring that he was ready; so Gramont upset the coach." *A propos* of that worthy, I ought to write down a story which Hudson told me. Soon after the catastrophe they met (I forget where, at Dover or Folkestone, I think), and Gramont then detailed his own adventures:

"I began to see," he said, "that things were looking bad, and that it was time for me to go. Accordingly, one afternoon I told my coachman to bring round my carriage, and when he did so, directed him to drive straight to Versailles. I then changed my dress, slipped out of my own house and into that of a relation, had a very good dinner and ran down to the coast. Arrived at the station I sent for the man who managed the passports, and said to him: 'You are a good fellow, you wish for your promotion, I am the Duc de Gramont going

privately to England, you must arrange matters for me.' He did so, and I waited down below in the cabin till the vessel began to move, when I shook my fist at the land, and said: 'Adieu, France, Adieu, France!—Animal!'"

I see Lord Blachford mentions, at page 76, having gone to Lady Davy's, when at Rome as a young man. I wonder if any one has recorded a story which I remember being told? When that lady was advanced in years, there came to Rome a very foolish Russian, on whose credulity his friends used to practise. Amongst other things they informed him that there had, till shortly before, been in the city an English lady at whose house her friends used to assemble. After her death they found it so inconvenient to lose their point of meeting, that they had her embalmed, and placed every evening on her accustomed ottoman. As he became very anxious to assist at one of these strange *réunions*, some one agreed to take him there. When he arrived, there, sure enough, sat the shrivelled old lady. He circumnavigated the ottoman several times, finding all that he had been told was too true, then threw up his arms and with the cry "My God, it is too horrible!" rushed from the room.

At page 430 there is a quite admirable character-sketch of Mountstuart Elphinstone, whom, I apprehend, Lord Blachford never even saw, but knew only by his Life and Letters. Good, too, are his remarks upon Disraeli,

but those on Gordon are weak, for he evidently did not understand that there were in Gordon, as in Lawrence Oliphant, two men, one of them being simply a lunatic.

I never heard the saying of Louis Napoleon, mentioned to Lord Blachford by the Duke of Newcastle: "I can assure you that I wish for nothing better than to be faithful to England as my wife. I must confess I like to have another power from time to time as my mistress."

19. I presided this afternoon over a special meeting of the Historical Society, at which the final steps necessary on our side were taken for bringing about the amalgamation of the Camden Society with ourselves, which has been so long a subject of conference between our respective Councils. At the general meeting, the first of the year, we had an important paper by Frederic Harrison, on a plan which he proposes for enlisting the two societies about to be fused, for a bibliography of English History, in so far as it is contained in books already printed.

23. Returned from Stratton, whither my wife, Lily, and I went on the 20th.

When Northbrook and his party were travelling in Palestine, they were permitted, through the influence of our Ambassador at Constantinople, to visit the mosque of Hebron, a favour very rarely indeed accorded to the infidel. The Imaum, much surprised, asked the Turkish

surveyor who accompanied them, who these much favoured Giaours were, and the man judiciously replied: "Lord Northbrook is a very great English lord who governed India: and the English are, you know, now in special favour with our master the Sultan, for their soldiers are assisting his to kill the Christians in Kurdistan."

The Baring party made the most excellent use of their two months in Palestine, in spite of diabolical weather. Northbrook sketches with great accuracy and much feeling, General Crichton has a remarkable power of catching colour, and Lord Baring has the knack of figure drawing, while Lady Emma not only sketched abundantly in the usual way, but painted all the most interesting flowers she found; had them dried by her maid, and named by Clark of Kew, so that, by placing the dried specimens and their portraits together, one has a delightful study of Palestinian botany.

Welby asked Northbrook whether he did not think Graham and Cardwell had been the two best administrators of our times. Northbrook vehemently denied the former's right to a high place, declaring that his fame at the Admiralty rested merely upon the useful but subordinate achievement of having put the accounts on an excellent footing. When, however, the stress of war came, he showed neither the decision nor any of the higher qualities

which should have been possessed by a man at the head of the navy in troublous times. Of Cardwell he spoke more highly, but put Sir Charles Wood much above any one whom he had seen at work as an administrator.

28. I have had some of Mr. Hare's *Autobiography* read to me. It is a curious book, for it tells in three very closely packed volumes the history of between thirty and forty years of a by no means eventful life. It is full of wearisome details about family virtues and vices, lawsuits, and what not. There are, however, a good many pleasant bits of description of Berkshire, Northumberland, and other English counties.

Here and there one comes upon something very amusing, as, for instance, Vol. II., page 149, where the story is related of a Mr. Thornton telling Sir Thomas Acland that he had heard a man say: "Shake an ass and go," and asking what those words could possibly mean. "Well," replied the other, "the fact is that there are a great many French expressions lingering in this neighbourhood. That meant *Chacun à son goût*."

Good, too, was the motto suggested for a family which had become enriched by opening the door of a pew to some one who desired to enter: "Proh pudor!"

I never heard Miss Mary Boyle's apology for the mosquito—a creature which she professed to like "because it loved Venice and humanity."

29. Finished running through the *Life of Lammenais* by Mr. Gibson, Lord Ashbourne's eldest son. He joined the Roman Church some years ago, and I have met him at the Wilfrid Wards.

The crazy topsy-turvy philosophy of Lammenais and his utterly rabid politics occupy necessarily a large space in Mr. Gibson's pages. Both are very tiresome. Here and there, however, I have gained something, as, for instance, the fact that Lammenais and Comte were brought into rather friendly relations before the former broke away from his Catholic moorings, and the really delicious remark of Royer Collard about the *Paroles d'un Croyant*: "1793 has gone to its Easter Communion."

30. Perini brings a number of Italian sayings and idioms, a fair percentage of which are new to me, as, for instance, *ecco fatto il becco all'oca*—there! that's done. It appears that a man at Venice was in the habit of making a kind of clay whistle in the shape of a goose; and, as he completed the beak of the creature, he used the above words, which became proverbial.

The following jingle, too, amused me:

"Con arte e con inganno
Vive la metà dell'anno;
Con inganno e con arte
Vive l'altra parte."

December

5. Victoria has been reading to me some of the earlier pages of Professor Sloane's elaborate history of Napoleon which is now appearing, and very dreary they are! Well did Sainte-Beuve say, in an essay on Vauvenargues :

"O Nil, que l'on a bien fait pour ta plus grande gloire d'ignorer longtemps tes sources ! Il ne faudrait pas voir de trop près les premiers tâtonnements des hommes distingués !"

7. Dined with the Literary Society, a party of eighteen or thereabouts. I had the Bishop of Winchester¹ on my left. We talked, amongst other things, of Farnham, and he mentioned that its aerial garden only dates from the Restoration. The higher portions of the keep were a good deal knocked about in the Civil Wars, and, when they were over, it was thought better to level the rubbish, cover it with earth, and turn it to its present use. The garden is a white elephant; for plants, soil, manure, and indeed everything has to be hoisted up to it by pulleys.

We elected Mr. Justice Collins in the room of George Denman.

¹ Dr. Randall Davidson.

10. The Henry Cunninghams, Miss Shaw, Mr. Stephen Leach, and others dined with us. The first-named spent last Sunday at Seacox Heath, where Goschen talked much of Disraeli, and repeated the story, which I have heard him tell, of that statesman's reply to Roebuck, when twitted by him for having left *his* camp. "I did not know that the honourable gentleman had a camp. I have always looked upon him as the solitary sentinel of a deserted fortress."

Leach gives the same account of Lisbon as that which I have quoted, on the authority of Lady Bonham, on an earlier page. I asked him if he had ever travelled in Algarve. He said: "No, the accommodation is too impossible. One could only manage it with any sort of comfort by camping out as one does in the East."

14. Returned from High Elms, whither we went on the 12th, and where we met, amongst others, Sir John Evans with his third wife, Sir Martin Conway, and Mr. Fletcher, the head of the mineralogical department of the Natural History Museum.

Our talk wandered to the Abbé Bourgeois, whom Lubbock and I visited in 1870, and I asked whether his supposed discovery of flints worked by the hand of man in Miocene strata at Thenay had been accepted. "Oh! no," said Evans, "the verdict has been *tenez, ce n'est pas vrai*." Both he and Lubbock spoke very kindly

of the excellent but too credulous Abbé, quoting amongst other things a capital answer which he made to Prestwich, who, quite forgetting his clerical character, had asked him to dine on Good Friday: "Malheureusement, les circonstances m'empêchent."

Conway was full of Spitzbergen, from which he had lately returned. It appears that in the middle of the island there is a large piece of country which enjoys a quite exceptional climate. The botanical member of his party found there one hundred and thirty species of flowering plants, some of which occurred in very great abundance.

Evans is a leviathan among collectors, and his cabinet is especially rich in English coins. I asked him if he had the Petition Crown. "No," he answered, "but I have the Reddite Crown, so-called from the inscription, 'Reddite quae sunt Caesaris Caesari,'" which although rarer is not quite so valuable. He has also the penny of Henry III., the first gold coin ever struck in England, to say nothing of the gold florin, the gold half-florin, and the gold quarter-florin of the third Edward.

Lubbock told us that when his daughter Constance (so often mentioned in earlier volumes of these Notes) was trying to help on emigration from the west of Ireland, she one day went out with a boatman, whom she knew well, and asked him, they being quite alone,

what, if he had full power, he would do about the land. He sketched in reply some utterly monstrous plan, whereupon she said to him: "Now, look in my face and tell me if you really consider what you have just said to be reasonable." "Reasonable!" rejoined the man, "of course it's not reasonable. Everything in Ireland is agin reason."

16. Dined with Mackenzie Wallace at the Reform Club, meeting Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager of the *Times*, Mr. Hooper, its financial editor, Prince Tscherbatof, and Mr. Michie, whom I had not seen since we were fellow-travellers in the *Rome*, fifteen years ago.

One of the party told a good American story. Two men, one of whom lived in Chicago and the other in Boston, died, and met in the other world. "Well," said the first, after some little time, "I don't think that Heaven is so much a better place than Chicago after all." "You don't suppose," replied the other, "that this is Heaven!"

21. I came some time ago across the following passage in Book V., chap. lxx. of Polybius. The historian is describing a march of Antiochus from Beyrouth *viâ* Sidon to the south. Having found Sidon too well defended to make an attack on it,

"he broke up his camp again, and continued his march towards Philoteria; ordering Diognetus, his navarch, to

sail back with his ships to Tyre. Now Philoteria is situated right upon the shores of the lake into which the river Jordan discharges itself, and from which it issues out again into the plains surrounding Scythopolis."

I wonder if this is the first mention in history of the Lake of Gennesaret? It is certainly the first I remember.

George Bunsen has been getting steadily weaker for many weeks, and his death was announced yesterday. He is to be buried at Bonn, where he lived long. A thoroughly sane and wise politician he never, so far as I know, made a mistake when he knew the facts with which he was dealing. I make that exception, because he allowed himself to be misled by the Home Rule delusion, as any foreigner, who had been accustomed to agree with the English Liberal party, easily might have been. He was one of the most agreeable companions I have ever known, and if he has left any politician in Germany as wise as he, I should much like to know who he is.¹ He belonged to the generation—the best which the Fatherland has ever known—which died politically with the Emperor Frederick.

25. Susan, Lady Malmesbury, and Sir John Ardagh dined with us. He said to me: "I have had occasion lately to look into the statistics of the German Colonial Empire.

¹ I did not know, when I wrote this, that Roggenbach was still alive.

What do you think its German population amounts to?—about 1700; of whom officials and missionaries make up some two-thirds!"

28. Evelyn returns to spend a few days here *en route* for his new post at Stockholm. He gave an amusing account of a dinner at the mess of the Red Hussars, the Emperor's own regiment, where, after the most tremendous potations, the guest is tossed in a blanket, as the highest possible mark of honour and regard. Four hundred pounds in that regiment is not considered by any means an extravagant wine bill for a single officer in one year.

30. We talked at breakfast of the confusion arising from the translation of *kniaz* by the word prince. Evelyn's colleague Douglas once addressed a waiter as *kniaz*. The head waiter afterwards said to him quietly: "Pray, Sir, do not address him as *kniaz*; he is only a baron."

Mrs. Steel's remarkable novel, *On the Face of the Waters*, has sent me back to India; and, amongst other things, I am having read to me the autobiography of my old acquaintance, George Campbell, to whom this house, which is still the property of his family, used to belong. I have just finished the first volume, and very interesting it is. He is, of course, the hero of his own story; but there is no undue self-laudation; on the contrary, he looks at many of his doings as an unbiassed

onlooker, of a humorous disposition, might have been inclined to look on them. In every page one sees the earlier Campbell—an able, vigorous, restless, and sometimes crotchety man, but a most efficient and notable person. It is a thousand pities that he ever went into the House of Commons, for which, alike by temperament and training, he was very unfit. From the moment when he first rose, and Disraeli said to his next neighbour, “Who is that man with the voice of a peacock?” he only lived to slay and bury a great and well-deserved reputation.

1897

January

5. TYRRELL dined with us. We talked of earthquakes, and he said: "I never was in an earthquake but once, and at the moment I did not know that it was an earthquake. It was in Constantinople, and I was serving at Mass. All I perceived was that the chalice swayed in an unaccountable way, and that some of the wine was spilt."

6. An officer at Aldershot, who was too fond of wine, at last attracted the unfavourable notice of the authorities and was put upon his trial. Among the witnesses called for the defence, was his soldier servant, who deposed that on a particular evening he had come in quite sober. On cross-examination the man was asked whether his master had said anything to him after he came in. "Yes," he replied; "he told me to call him early." "To call him early," said the President, "why was that; he had not to go to parade next

morning? Did he give any reason?" "Yes," answered the witness, "he said that he was to be Queen of the May." The story was told to Julian by one of the officers who sat on the Court-Martial.

18. Dined with the Yates Thompsons, meeting the Frederic Harrisons, Mr. Forbes Robertson, the actor, the American Ambassador, and others. Mr. Bayard quoted a phrase which was new to me—"No is the feminine of Yes." In the course of dinner, Mrs. Green, the widow of J. R. Green, said to him: "I want you to tell me something more about the war." "Ah," he replied, "there would be much to tell. It was very terrible. After it was over I one day found myself in company with Wade Hampton, one of the great cavalry generals of the South. He said to me: 'Bayard, in one of our engagements I was passing a fence corner, when I saw one of my sons sitting in an angle of it with his face bleeding and his brother's head resting on his lap. I called out to him: "I fear Frank is hurt." "I'm afraid he's killed, Sir," was the answer. But I could not stop even for a moment, and rode on.'"

22. Dined with the Cunninghams, meeting amongst others Lord Rendel, Sir Donald Stewart, Miss Shaw, and Miss Lawrence, who has inherited a good deal of her father's ability. With Rendel I had a conversation such as we used to have before the Liberal Party

ran on the rocks. Miss Lawrence told me that it was to her uncle, the Archdeacon of Derry, that the kittens were brought, which have become famous. To him they were presented as good Protestant kittens; but on his declining to purchase them, they were taken a few days afterwards to the Catholic priest as perfectly orthodox Catholics. "What do you mean?" said he; "I know you took them to the Archdeacon as Protestants." "Oh! yes," was the reply of the ready-witted owner, "but their eyes have been opened since"!

24. I wrote to-day to M. Georges Picot, to thank him for a most interesting notice of Jules Simon, which he lately read before the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, of which he is the *Secrétaire perpétuel*. No part of it interested me more than that in which he gives an account of the troubles which his friend had to encounter when, faithful to the principles of liberty, he defended the liberty of religion. Addressing his renegade allies, who had sold their convictions for power, Jules Simon said:

"Vous avez combattu, contre eux, la guerre au Christianisme, et vous la ferez, comme vous la faites déjà, sous leurs ordres. Vous combattez le prêtre, de peur qu'il ne soit clérical, et le philosophe spiritualiste, de peur qu'il ne ramène le prêtre. Vous avez commencé par laïciser l'école, et puis vous l'avez neutralisée. Vous confondez la négation des croyances avec la liberté de penser, qui est précisément tout le contraire. . . .

Vous les pourchassez jusque dans les campagnes, comme s'il vous fallait, après la Commune, des Jacqueries. C'est un étrange moyen de sauver et de régénérer la France."

25. Finished glancing through the *Souvenirs et Correspondence* of Madame Octave Feuillet. The things which interested me most in the book were a letter from Montalembert to her husband, praising highly, with some slight reserves, his novel of *Sibylle*, and the letters of the unfortunate novelist himself to his wife, during the terrible winter of 1870-71: "Je suis pour l'héroïsme d'été," he remarked.

Curious, too, is this paragraph, on page 373:

"Ces mœurs Américaines, implantées chez nous depuis quelques années, finiront par être dépassées de beaucoup par la Société française. En Amérique la liberté est la liberté, pour la politique comme pour les institutions sociales. En France, c'est la licence! Ces éducations de sport, qui laissent la plupart des Anglaises et des Américaines à leurs devoirs, font de nos femmes à nous, des vierges folles, des femmes-hommes, des femmes sans foyer et sans enfants, quelquefois pire encore! A force de vouloir nous faire libres en secouant tous les jugs, celui des convenances d'abord, celui de la conscience ensuite, nous arrivons à nous permettre tout, à tout désirer; le plaisir pour commencer, le mal pour finir."

It accords only too well with what Mrs. Craven used to tell me about the younger portion even of the *fine fleur* du Faubourg.

26. Dined with The Club, our first meeting of the season.

The Bishop of Oxford¹ told me that he did not mind so much his constantly having to hurry hither and thither, but that what really tried him were the off-days, when he had nothing to do. "But," I said, "then you fall back on your old pursuits, do you not?" "No," he replied, "I have been obliged to give them up absolutely and once for all. My letters take all the cream of the day, and I was always accustomed to work in the earlier hours."

Lord Spencer, who has been ranging far afield since his name was last mentioned in these pages, spoke much of his travels. He gave a curious account of the boats of the Chinese full of women and children, clustering round a British man-of-war in the mist off Canton, with a view to be safe from the pirates, who make a business of attacking them in that state of the atmosphere.

27. We talked yesterday at dinner of the derivation of the word "race," by which we were all puzzled. Pember told me at the Athenæum to-day that he had looked it up and found that it had an Anglo-Saxon root. I beg pardon of those who dislike that harmless adjective. It is closely allied to "rush" in all its various applications as a "millrace," "race-course," and "race of man."

¹ Dr. Stubbs.

28. Attended a meeting of the Trustees of the British Institution Scholarship Fund, to which came Alma Tadema, Calderon, Lord Carlisle, Sidney Colvin and one or two more. We elected Poynter our chairman in the room of Millais, and settled the subjects of the next competition. We met in the rooms of the Royal Academy, and I sat just opposite the very admirable picture of Sir Joshua by himself. Next to it hangs a portrait of West, really in water-colours, but which I certainly—and I think most people would have—believed to be in oils. A large and very pretty snuff-box, filled with its legitimate contents, bore witness to a custom which I have seen die out. I thought the candlesticks and other articles on the table quite worthy of the locality and in singularly good taste.

30. George Shaw-Lefèvre told me, one of these days, that he had just seen Gladstone, and had asked him whether a Prime Minister could invite a man to join his Cabinet without consulting his colleagues. "It is a very moot point," was the reply, "but it has certainly been done. Lord Russell invited Goschen to become a Member of his Cabinet without consulting me, although I was leader of the House at the time."

To see Mrs. Burrell. She showed me a miniature of Mrs. Staples, whose son, Sir Thomas, was the last surviving member of the Irish Parliament. This lady

was a Miss Molesworth, whose father was said to have saved Marlborough's life at the battle of Ramilies. All or most of her family perished in a fire which took place in Grosvenor Street. She, being then a girl of seventeen, leapt out of a window, was caught on the spikes, and had her leg amputated, but lived nevertheless to marry Mr. Staples, a member of the Irish Privy Council, to have a large family by him, and to be an extremely cultivated and remarkable person.

31. I attempted this afternoon to look at the Diploma pictures, which are so rarely visited, but the darkness of the day made it a very unprofitable undertaking. Judge Snagge, who was with me, repeated the answer of a well-known London doctor, who, asked what he had been doing in the vacation, said: "Killing stags in Scotland—change of occupation, you know."

February

1. Perini usually reads to me once a week a Canto of the *Purgatorio*. To-day it was the twelfth. I had forgotten, or had not, when I last read it, noted the stately line :

"Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna."

Dined at Grillion's—Lord Pembroke in the chair. The party was large: Robert Herbert, Herschell, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir T. Sanderson, Sir Richard Webster and others. Sir M. Hicks-Beach explained to me the state of his eyes, which were at one time much worse than mine have ever been, but the nature of our respective maladies is entirely different. He spoke very warmly of Disraeli's kindness to his subordinates, Hamilton echoing all he said. He had never been more interested by any interview than by that which he had with him during the election of 1880, when the returns left it no longer doubtful that the political death-knell of the old man had struck. Beach was going out to Baden as Minister with the Queen, and the Premier had summoned him to Hatfield to receive his instructions. The turn of affairs had, of course, been most upsetting to Her Majesty, and the initial words of Disraeli's advice to Beach were: "First of all, remember that she is a woman." Unluckily, he had omitted at the time to make a note of what was said, and could now only remember its general purport.

Hicks-Beach, though, like so many landlords, very hard hit by Free Trade, is a strong Free Trader; but is inclined to think that, a hundred years hence, all countries would be Protectionist. I disagreed, holding the opinion that although Free Trade is an educated

doctrine, and although the ignorant mass everywhere (save where its stomach is directly affected) is Protectionist, yet that the drift towards economic heresies, which we see at present, is merely temporary, and that sooner or later, though perhaps only in the far-off future, Cobdenic views will prevail.

With Hamilton I had much conversation about India, and was greatly pleased by hearing him speak more favourably of Lord Elgin (whom he has never seen, but with whom, of course, he is in the closest communication) than any one else I have met. He had also much good to say of Havelock, who, trained in a totally different field, has brought a fresh mind to bear upon South Indian problems.

4. I received to-day the first copies of *Notes from a Diary*, 1851 to 1872, a book which has occupied an appreciable amount of my time since Mr. Murray came to Hedingham in September last, and which he has published for me in two volumes.

5. Dined with the Reays. I took down Madame Geoffray, the wife of the first Secretary at the French Embassy, and had on my other side Lady Carew. She lives much of the year in Wexford, within a couple of hours of Bray, and saw a great deal of Father Healy. In the course of talk she repeated one of his good things which I had not heard. Some one drew his

attention to the fact that there was a point at Monte Carlo from which you saw the gambling-house and the church equally well: "After all," he said, "they resemble each other not a little. At the one you are preyed on, and at the other you are preyed for."

6. We went down the Great Eastern to Theydon Bois Station, and drove thence to Hill Hall, making a circuit to avoid the floods, which are out in all directions. It is an Elizabethan house, too large for our purposes, and in a sad state of disrepair; but commanding extensive views and presenting many attractive features, at least as a summer residence. Amongst other relics preserved in the house, is a saddle said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth. The place belongs to Sir William Bowyer Smijth, who entered the Diplomatic Service in 1858, a few months before my brother, but resigned in the end of 1881.

7. Amongst others at Mrs. Beaumont's this afternoon I met Lord Ashbourne, who told us that he had many hitherto unpublished letters of the younger Pitt. Two of these were specially curious: one, that which he wrote to break off his engagement to Miss Eden, Lord Auckland's daughter, and the other, that in which he replied to her father when he remonstrated with him upon that step. Both were exceedingly stilted, and bore marks of the most elaborate care given to their composition.

Dined with Sir Clements Markham, now President of the Geographical Society, to meet Dr. Nansen, lately returned from his Arctic journey, and pretty much as he was when we last met.

There was a large party, almost entirely composed of men, but including Lady Alba Hobart, Mrs. Nansen and the wife of Mr. Scott. Hansen, a young naval officer who had represented the scientific element on the "Fram." He was my next neighbour, and I asked him what were the main additions that had been made to our knowledge. He thought that the fact that there was neither land nor open sea at the Pole had been satisfactorily established, that many interesting observations on temperature had been made, that some attention had been given to the meagre fauna of the Arctic Sea, and a good deal of information acquired about its winds and currents.

8. Dined at Grillion's; a small party, Lord Clinton in the chair. Lord Fortescue, who was on my right, talked of Joseph Hume, and mentioned that some one had summed up his parliamentary life, not altogether unjustly, by saying that during the first half of it he had moved for returns which benefited more than they cost to print, while during the latter he had moved for returns which cost to print more than they benefited. Lord Knutsford, who was on my other side, talked of

the curious way in which Statesmen to whom the Colonial Office is quite a new field, and who had before they went there, the ordinary man-in-the-street opinion about it, gradually change their views when they have got inside, and begin to understand the work it does.

Mrs. Greg writes with reference to the device on the cover of my two volumes mentioned above, which was sketched by Mr. Hallam Murray :

"The beautiful little wild *Linnæa borealis* and the highly civilized jar, which would scarcely have come together in the ordinary course of things, seem to me to be somewhat typical of the book. The life therein depicted *does* bring them together, and hence much of its charm."

9. Dined at The Club, a party of nine. Herbert again in the chair. I had Courthope on the right and Lansdowne on the left. Beyond the former was Pember; beyond the latter, Lord Carlisle. Davey, Lecky and Walpole were, the first on the right, the other two on the left of the Chairman.

We had a great deal of agreeable and exceedingly varied talk. Birds somehow came up, and Lord Lansdowne mentioned that he had seen a jack-snipe kill itself against the wall between the Treasury and the Park. Asked if the woodcock bred on his property in Kerry, he said: "Very little, but a good deal on

the moors in the north and centre of Scotland." Pember told us that the last Duke of Newcastle had mentioned to him that the bird bred on the lawn at Clumber; hence, as he enigmatically observed, the Clumber spaniel!—explaining, in reply to our questions, that the creature had been used in shooting woodcock. Lansdowne gave it but a poor character when thoroughly trained; but considered it more useful when it ranged at its own sweet will.

Another and very different topic was that of epigrams. Pember repeated a happy modern one, composed when Mr. West, who brought from Oxford the nickname of Zephyr, married, one winter, Miss Violet Campbell:

“Quaerebat Zephyrus brumali tempore flores
In campis bellis incidit in violam.”

Courthope quoted, as an example of perfect verbal neatness, the one attributed to Plato, about him who left the halter, having found the gold, and him who having lost the gold, found and used the halter.

10. Arthur told me this morning that he has been safely piloted into The Travellers, Arthur Russell having been his proposer and Sir George Dallas his seconder.

While the ballot was going on I talked with, amongst others, Sir R. Blennerhassett, who said to me: “My father knew the Duke of Wellington, and also knew a lady

who had talked both with Marlborough and Eugene—a strange *rapprochement*."

Henry Grenfell sends me an interesting account of the genesis of a saying, quoted in Vol. II., page 15, of my Notes recently published, about Gladstone's real object in his writings about Homer being to induce his wife to call upon Helen. In its original form it was the offspring of Lady Waldegrave.

"She brought it out without an idea that she was saying anything brilliant and forgot it as soon as she had said it. A few days afterwards I repeated it to Lady Theresa Lewis, and she was so pleased with it that she made it her own, and it was always quoted as hers. A year afterwards I was at Lady Waldegrave's and she quoted it to me as a specimen of Lady Theresa's wit. I answered, 'It is not hers at all, for I said it to her myself.' 'Then,' said Lady W., 'I suppose you claim it?' 'Not I, at all events to you; do you mean to say you don't remember saying it yourself?' She had no recollection of it. The supposed object of Gladstone was not to induce Mrs. G. to visit Helen, but to prove that she was good enough for Mr. G. to visit her."

12. At one of the houses to which I went this afternoon, I heard the following, which I give without the names:

Prima donna to courteous Millionaire: "You know I shall have to sing after dinner."

Courteous Millionaire to Prima donna: "Ah, that's all very well for you; but think of us, who've got to listen!"

Connection by marriage, addressing the same millionaire by his first name: "Ah, ——, I haven't seen you for ages; we never meet."

Millionaire: "We are not very likely to meet, we move in different circles; you are a bird of pleasure."

"If I am a bird of pleasure, you are a bird of prey."

Connection by marriage, reflecting on the conversation: "It is very odd, —— does not like me, and really I think his wife shares his feelings."

13. The Breakfast Club met at Leveson-Gower's; Courtney, Herschell, Lyall and Herbert being present.

Some one remarked that, the other day, there was only a single wedding announced in the *Times*. A dearth of weddings is unusual at this season of the year. It would be less surprising in Lent or in the month of May.

"Is it not odd," said our host, "that the superstition about marrying in May should have become so common in England. When I was young it prevailed in Scotland; but was quite unknown here."

"The Scotch," said Lyall, "probably got it, like so many other things, from the French; but it is merely an old heathen superstition which has lingered on. You have it in *Ovid*."

We talked of the recrudescence of superstition in many forms, and especially of the way in which ghosts have

been looking up. Herschell mentioned that there was a Chancellor's living which it was difficult to fill up, the idea of its being haunted having so taken hold of the people's minds that only the clergyman and his wife will consent to inhabit it at night, the servants living in a farm-house hard by. Here the trouble arises from unexplained noises; but there are many appearances equally unexplained. Four people whom Herschell knew well (two being his sister and brother-in-law) were riding together on Brighton Downs, when it occurred to them that it would be pleasant to go to the meet. They determined to do so, but did not know where it was. Presently a man in pink appeared in front of them at some little distance. "Of course," they said, "he is going to the meet, let us follow him." They proceeded to do so and rode for several miles, when he turned into a large field and passed beyond a haystack. They followed; but their guide had absolutely vanished, though they could see for a great distance round. Here was a case in which four people saw the same appearance at the same time. None of them for a moment supposed that it was anything supernatural; but to account for it is difficult. Lyall said: "Mirage may account for almost anything. I have myself repeatedly seen the most extraordinary effects produced by it."

15. Returned to London from Eastbourne whither I

went, on the 13th, to stay with the Wilfrid Wards. Her novel has been long interrupted by the state of her health, so that she had nothing new to show; but her husband read a good deal of his forthcoming *Life of Wiseman*, full of things which interested me. I had no notion that *Fabiola*, which I liked so much when I read it years ago, had achieved so astonishing a success. It has escaped my memory who it was who wrote to the author: "I congratulate you on having written a good book, which has had the success of a bad one."

Amongst anecdotes of Pugin one specially delighted me. His passion for Gothic architecture bordered on insanity. When some one spoke to him of the conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne in the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, he declared that the thing was utterly impossible—no one could have become a Christian in so hideous a Church, and it was absolutely out of the question to imagine that the Blessed Virgin could have entered it under any circumstances whatever. "But," interposed his friend, "you did not let me finish what I was going to say. I was going to tell you that the very moment before his conversion, Ratisbonne was saying to himself: 'How hideous the architecture of this Church is.'" "Ah!" rejoined Pugin, "that entirely alters the case. To so excellent a man I am perfectly certain that the Blessed Virgin would have appeared anywhere!"

Very amusing, too, was a passage in some Reminiscences of Acton's forwarded to Ward. Acton was a boy at Oscott when Wiseman ruled there. On the death of O'Connell a solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of his soul. This grievously interrupted the work of a worthy monk of Monte Cassino, who had come over to help to put the Library in order. "Why can't they," he asked, "leave this wretched man—*illum vanum hominem*—a little longer in purgatory?"

Even the greatest do not escape from the fate of sometimes saying things which they would rather have put differently. Mrs. Huxley told me that Thackeray, seeing Huxley sitting between his two daughters, afterwards Mrs. Stephen and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, remarked, "He is an ass between two bundles of hay."

Who was the rather puzzle-headed preacher, of whom it was observed that his theology might be summed up in two propositions, "There is no God—and Mary is his mother."

Dined at Grillion's, which has transferred itself from the Grand Hotel to the Hotel Cecil. We had a large party; amongst others Sir Edward Bradford, Mr. Curzon, Lyall, Sir Stafford Northcote, Chitty, Lord Stanhope, Herbert and Lord Norton. I had Sir T. Sanderson on my right and Evelyn Ashley on my left. The former told an amusing story, the authority for which was

Archdeacon Denison. When he was standing for a fellowship at Oriol, his next neighbour, an elderly candidate for matriculation at the same college, said to him, "Would you oblige the father of a family by telling him whether *aliquando* is a preposition or the name of a heathen god?"

Evelyn Ashley mentioned that he was lately looking at some old diaries which he had not opened for many years, when he found an account of a scene which took place in his presence, when Lincoln (who had then only a local reputation, and little dreamt that he would ever be President of the United States) was standing against Judge Douglas. He had been violently attacked for not supporting the Mexican War, and got so excited that when his turn came to reply, he rushed at a man in the crowd, and shaking him furiously, said, "You know that I supported it most strongly—as soon as war had been declared."

16. Went in the afternoon to call on the Bishop of Ely and Lady Alwyne Compton, whom I found just returned from the great function which took place to-day at the re-opening of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Our talk at last found its way to Brittany, and they told me that at Carnac they had encountered eight Japanese on bicycles. Who shall say that there is nothing new under the sun?

18. I delivered this afternoon, in the theatre of the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, the Annual Address to the Historical Society, taking Polybius for my subject.

Having a little time over between a meeting of the Council of Foreign Bond-holders and the above, I went for a few minutes to the Exhibition of the works of Mr. Watts at the New Gallery. Amongst people I had not seen for a long time, but whom I met there, was Lady Martin, the Helen Faucit of old days. Her husband said that this was her first appearance in a picture gallery for a couple of years, during which she has been laid aside by a severe illness. She called my attention to an admirable portrait of Watts himself as a young man, and said very truly that a head gains much for artistic purposes by wearing some kind of hat, unless the hair is allowed to grow much more luxuriantly than is usually the case in these days of ours.

20. I went this afternoon to see Lady Sligo and her sister, who are just going abroad. The latter made me laugh by the description of a lady, given by a German to a friend of hers, "Non, elle n'est pas laide—elle est un peu dégoûtante."

21. I am sixty-eight to-day. My wife gave me, amongst other things, a book cover, which she has worked for Mackail's book, *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*. It is copied from a Greek manuscript, bound for Diane

de Poitiers, and figured in the *Monuments de la France*, a beautiful book with which we made acquaintance in the library at Hedingham.

22. I have been glancing at the letters of Maria Josepha Holroyd, the first Lady Stanley of Alderley. The most interesting ones I have read are those which relate to the friendship of her family with Gibbon, whose six autobiographical sketches she and her father worked up into the narrative which we all know. These sketches have just been printed in a volume by Mr. John Murray, and I have had nearly the whole of them read to me. Most pleasant reading they are; though the same facts are related over and over again.

The following is his notice of The Club in a note. (Memoir E., p. 307.)

"From the mixed, though polite, company of Boodle's, White's and Brooks's, I must honourably distinguish a weekly society which was instituted in the year 1764, and which still continues to flourish under the title of the Literary Club. (Hawkins' *Life of Johnson*, page 415; Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, page 97.) The names of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Colman, Sir William Jones, Dr. Percy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Warton and his brother, Mr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Burney, etc., form a large and luminous constellation of British stars."

I ran down to Windsor, arriving at the Castle about

seven o'clock. As soon as I was established in my pretty rooms, not those which I occupied on the last two occasions, but much higher up and near the gate leading to the town, the approach from which to the Castle was enfiladed by one of the windows of the octagon room in which I slept, the Empress Frederick sent for me, and we had a long talk, chiefly about Greek affairs, which, as touching her daughter so nearly, fill her mind from morn to night.

Dinner took place as usual at nine. The Empress Frederick sat on the right of the Queen, then Acton, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, myself, Lady Erroll, Dr. Muther, Mr. Legge, the Countess of Erbach, Lord Harris, and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

After dinner the Empress walked round the circle, and Acton and I were led up to the Queen, who cannot now stand for a moment, and can only walk a few steps with the greatest difficulty, supported by an Indian attendant. In this way she is even weaker than she was two years ago, and her eyes have failed sadly since then; but in all other respects I thought she was particularly well and lively.

At breakfast Lady Erroll presided, and Miss Lambart, Countess Perponcher and others were present. Acton told us that some letters had recently been discovered, written to Kaunitz in sympathetic ink by Marie Antoinette,

urging Austria to declare war against France. I asked him later who it was who, as he once told me before, said when he heard of the death of Louis XVI., "Sie hat es besser verdient." "The prince Bishop of Würzburg," he replied, "who was held to be the best amongst the ecclesiastical rulers of that time."

23. Acton and I came up together in the morning, and met again at The Club, where only four dined, the other two being Herschell, who was in the chair, and Lord Salisbury. Dinner was over by nine o'clock, but we sat on, talking of many things, till nearly half-past ten.

I asked Acton whether he thought the "Testament de Richelieu" was genuine. "Yes," he said. That led to his asking the Prime Minister what he thought of Hanotaux, who has written on the great Cardinal. Lord Salisbury spoke, in reply, very highly indeed of his abilities.

Herschell told us that Paget had said to him, that every one ought to keep a list of coincidences, and that he, Paget, had done so. He then went on to cite a most curious circumstance that had come under the notice of the great surgeon. A printer had his arm so crushed in a printing-press that it had to be immediately amputated. After the operation was over, Paget's assistant said to him: "Did you observe what was on

that arm?" "No," said Paget. "Then I think you ought to see it," was the answer. He did so, and printed on it were the words: "crushed to death."

Some one mentioned a very beautiful book which the Bishop of London has lately published about Queen Elizabeth, and the rather flattering portraits of Her Majesty which it contains. That brought us to Mary Stuart, and I quoted the younger Scaliger's opinion about her, repeated to me by Joseph Robertson many years ago, and cited in the first volume of these Notes, that she was a glorious creature but not beautiful. "We demolished Marie Antoinette at breakfast this morning," said Acton, turning to me—and so he, not I, had; for he told us that she was certainly not very good-looking and terribly short, whence came her need of an exaggeratedly tall head-dress.

Herschell, who has lately been in Germany, spoke with horror of the worse than Zolaesque immorality of some German novelists, mentioning one name which I had never heard before. That led to German novelists in general, and the name of a popular one coming up, I repeated the distich which Victoria told me somebody had placed on Lessing's statue at Berlin:

"Einst warst du der Mann
Jetzt ist's Sudermann."

"It is seldom," said Acton, "that you hear a German

epigram as complete as that. Epigrams ought to be either in French or Latin."

We talked of the influence of the French Empress on the war of 1870, and I told Ollivier's version of what occurred, as given on an earlier page of these Notes. Herschell told us that in reply to some one, she had said "Yes, I wished for it; but I did not know what would be the result!"—a story which I do not think seems likely to have been invented.

Lord Salisbury contributed his fair share to the conversation.

His mind is naturally much occupied with the Cretan troubles. When talking of these he said: "The Eastern Question makes me frequently regret the death of Offenbach. It would have afforded him so much material."

Again he quoted from a lady the very apposite remark: "The Cretans may be evil beasts, but the Powers are certainly slow bellies."

24. As Miss Griffiths read to me the wildly exaggerated estimate of Southey by Sir Henry Taylor in Ward's British Poets, I remembered an equally unfair depreciation of him which I have never written down, but which is, I think, too amusing to be lost. Coleridge told me that, after the death of Southey, a committee assembled at his father's, Sir John Coleridge's, house to discuss the

best way of doing honour to the poet's memory, and he, then a very young man, was appointed to act as secretary. A number of highly-distinguished persons being assembled, there was a knock at the door, old Mr. Rogers was ushered in, and received of course with much respect. Just as business was about to commence the new arrival said: "I once heard the Duke of Wellington speak of Mr. Southey." "Oh!" said some one, "what did the Duke say of Mr. Southey?" "The Duke said," answered Rogers, "'I don't think much of Mr. Southey,'" and with this encouraging introduction the proceedings of the committee began.

27. The Breakfast Club met at the rooms of Carlingford, who is now living at No. 10 Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Courtney, Trevelyan, Herschell, and Frederick Leveson-Gower were present. Charles Buller's name coming up, I quoted Houghton's Epitaph on him in Westminster Abbey, and Courtney said: "Houghton told me that he rather doubted whether, after all, Buller would have gone much further in the House of Commons. His humour was too strong."

In the correspondence of Maria Holroyd, mentioned a few days back, occurs a very unedifying account of the behaviour of the Duke of Clarence at a ball on the King's Birthday. "It should be read," said Trevelyan, "in connection with the account Miss Burney gives of

the way in which the earlier part of that evening was spent—a specimen of her writing at its best.”

Herschell told us that the present librarian of the House of Lords, having held his office for the moderate period of fifty-nine years, is about to give place to a younger successor. This is Professor Strong, an Orientalist of distinction and a man of great learning. He was at one time in charge of the library at Chatsworth, and, when there, discovered a curious document. It appears that the Duke of that day had complained to Thackeray that he had left so many of his characters alive at the end of *Vanity Fair* without giving the world any idea what became of them. The great novelist replied by a long letter, in which he told their subsequent history.

Leveson-Gower and I lingered after the rest, and Carlingford asked him if he would like an engraving from a picture of Lady Waldegrave. He said: “Yes, I was exceedingly fond of her. The first day I ever sat next her at dinner, she said to me: ‘All people who know me, like me. You don’t know me, and you don’t like me, but the day will come when you will do so.’” “Ah! that was exactly like her,” was Carlingford’s reply.

March

1. Dined at Grillion's—Lord Fortescue in the chair. Sir Francis Jeune, Sir Redvers Buller, F. Leveson-Gower, Lord Balfour, Lord Clinton and Lord Norton made the party. The last-named told us that he once went to Sir William Molesworth, to ask him what line he was going to take in a Colonial debate. "Oh," he said, "I'll give you my speech;" and sending for his secretary dictated it right through. Two macaws in the room screeched wildly, and fulfilled for their master the functions of the House of Commons. A month later he spoke the same speech, of which he had given a copy, *verbatim et literatim*.

Lord Norton congratulated the mother of Sir William Molesworth on the high position in public life which her son had attained. "Oh," she answered with a strong Scotch accent, "you little know what I have got to go through. All day I have either my son reciting his speeches while Mr. Leader calls 'Hear, hear,' or Mr. Leader reciting his while my son calls 'Hear, hear.'"

It took one back a long way to hear Lord Fortescue say: "My great-grandfather, George Grenville."

5. Sat long with Miss Elliot. We talked of Gladstone,

and she mentioned that Lord Russell had told her that Prince Albert had said to him: "Mr. Gladstone is a very clever man, and *as he was educated at Oxford* he is able to believe anything he chooses." A rather hasty generalisation!

Dined with the Trevelyans, meeting the Beaumonts, the Sydney Buxtons, Lord Welby and others. I had not seen Wilfrid Lawson since before I went to India, nearly sixteen years since. I told him the story of the anemones recently sent me from Florence, and which, having arrived in a dilapidated condition, were put into hot water to which a certain amount of whiskey was added. When I visited them in the morning they were in the rudest health. "Ah!" he said, "I am going to a Temperance Hospital on Monday, and will state that there are circumstances in which alcohol has its uses, giving what you have just told me as an illustration."

7. I went in the afternoon to see Robert Meade, who is now at last sufficiently recovered from the accident and illness, which have obliged him to resign his post at the Colonial Office, to be able to see his friends. He was with Lord Dufferin on his mission to Syria, and told me that when Fuad Pacha arrived, he issued a proclamation counselling peace, and saying that it was for the attainment of peace that Fuad, *i.e.* Consolation, had come amongst them!

Dined with the Dilettanti—a large party. I was in the chair and within speaking distance only of Lord Colchester, Pember and Penrose. The first-named talked exceedingly well as usual.

Pember told me that Professor Lushington had once gone to the church of a friend, who, knowing that he had a very distinguished person in his audience, instead of preaching one of his own sermons, preached one of Hare's. His auditor's impressions were at first that the sermon was very good, presently that he had heard something like it before, and finally that he knew it quite well. When the preacher reached the vestry, he received from the pew-opener a little piece of paper, on which Lushington had written these two lines:

“Ne vendas lepores alienos ; prome leporem
Nativum ; melior syllaba longa brevi.”

We talked much of Shenstone, whom he declares, no doubt correctly, to be the author of the world-famous words :

“O quanto minus est
Cum aliis versari
Quam tui meminisse.”

I am ashamed to say I should have unhesitatingly declared that they came down from classical antiquity.

9. Finished *The Black Watch*, by Mr. A. Forbes,

an account of Adrian's regiment which appeared last year.

The regiment owes its creation to a suggestion made by Duncan Forbes in 1729, that a number of clansmen should be embodied in a kind of *gendarmerie*. This was done, and the independent companies, out of which it was ultimately formed, did much to keep the peace of the Highland line for a decade. In 1739 it was made a regular regiment under the Earl of Crawford, and with the name of the "The Black Watch," given it, in popular parlance, to distinguish it from the regulars, who were dressed in those days from head to foot in scarlet; whereas the independent companies wore the rather dark tartans of their respective commanding officers. To prevent any jealousies, when they were welded into one body, a tartan was selected which belonged to no clan.

The first battle of the regiment took place in 1745, when at Fontenoy it helped to cover the retreat of the famous column.

The "red heckle" or vulture plume, of which it is very proud, was given it for re-taking in 1794 two guns which had been lost to the French in front of the village of Gildersmalsen in Flanders.

Very amusing is the account of one of the regimental pets, the cat which was picked up in Bulgaria and taken *viâ* Varna to the Crimea. After the battle of the Alma

had begun, Colonel Wheatley asked what had become of poor puss, when a man of the Grenadier Company replied: "She is here, sir!" opening his haversack as he spoke. She looked out and surveyed the battle-field with much contentment, was again shut up in the haversack, and came out of the struggle unhurt.

Goldwin Smith sent me a few days ago his *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence and other Essays*. They are exceedingly able; but add nothing to what is becoming sufficiently familiar to all educated persons. As for helping us to guess the riddle, Goldwin does not take us even one step further, though he points out with great clearness that a number of the guesses, which have been hitherto accepted, are of no value. He once said, as I mentioned on an earlier page: "You cannot have all ivy and no wall." To me the only question that is interesting is whether enough of the wall is left, when criticism has done its worst, to support the ivy, which is merely another phrase for almost everything one cares about. I think there is; for ivy, when it has once got a thoroughly good start, can grow and prosper with very little wall.

Dined with The Club—Hooker in the chair, Acton, Pember, Herbert, Davey and Sir Henry Elliot being present. I talked with the last-named about Fuad's *Testament Politique*. He declares that it was not really

written by Fuad, but only put under the protection of his name.

Acton told me that the memoirs of our old acquaintance Bernhardi have appeared, and are by no means remarkable for their amiability. Unfortunately the story of his negotiations with reference to the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne, which would have been peculiarly interesting, were thought too compromising, and have been carefully suppressed.

10. At the Athenæum to-day I found in Shenstone's Life the text of the inscription mentioned under date of the 7th. It was placed on a vase erected in memory of Miss Catherine Dolman, who died at one and twenty. The first part of it is absurd, the young lady being described as *puella elegantissima*. *Du ridicule au sublime ce n'est qu'un pas* is sometimes as true as the converse.

13. The Breakfast Club met at Herschell's, Acton, Lyall, Trevelyan, Courtney, Mackenzie Wallace and Frederick Leveson-Gower being present. Acton confirmed a story which I had heard, but not from himself, to the effect that Mr. Rhodes had asked him: "Why does not Mr. Theodore Bent say that the Zimbábwe ruins are Phœnician?" Acton replied: "Because he is not quite sure that they are." "Ah!" said the other, "that is not the way that Empires are founded."

Herschell told us that Mr. Rhodes in conversation with him praised Kruger to the skies.

He mentioned too that that much discussed individual, speaking to him in the spring of 1895, had said that all South Africa must come into our hands—that it was merely a question of a few years. Since he returned again to this country, Herschell has had a further conversation with him. In the course of it Mr. Rhodes said, "I wanted to do it quicker, and I made a great mistake." Some one remarked: "Why, when he knew that it was merely a question of time should he have been in a hurry?" "The reason he gave me," said Mackenzie Wallace, "is that he was afraid that the Uitlanders would set up a Republic, and that its relations to us would be not those of Canada, but of the United States. To a Dutch Republic in the Transvaal he had very little objection; but a very strong objection to a British one."

Our talk wandered to Herbert Spencer, and the evidence which he had given many years ago to the Copyright Commission. The view of some of the Commissioners was that, if there was no copyright, books would be cheap, and sold in much greater quantities. "No doubt," said the philosopher, "that might be the case with some books, as with a great many other articles; but however much you lowered the price of cod-liver oil, you would not largely increase the number

of purchasers, and most people would much rather take a spoonful of cod-liver oil every day, than read one of my books."

Mackenzie Wallace mentioned that it was quite a mistake to suppose that the Bishop of Peterborough had been given precedence at Moscow over the representative of the Pope. He was given precedence over the head of the Catholic Church in Russia—not over its head in Poland.

Dined with the Douglas Galtons. Amongst others present was Count Lewenhaupt, the Swedish Minister, who said to my wife: "Do you see anything wrong in the French of this menu?" "No," was the reply. "Chaufroid," he rejoined, "is a mistake, it should be *Chaufroix*, the name of the inventor of the dish."¹

14. To call on Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. We talked *inter alia* of the little book which she has published under the title of *The World of Light*, containing prayers for the dead, taken from the *Euchologion*, to which is prefixed a singularly graceful introduction. Amongst others present were Mrs. Arkwright, whom it is always a pleasure to meet, and an exquisite little *lupetto*—the sort of dog which the *vetturini* used to have in the old days of Italian travel. I had not seen one for years and years.

¹ Littré does not confirm this,

15. Dined at Grillion's, a party of twelve. Those at my end of the table were Sir Stafford Northcote, F. Leveson-Gower, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Robert Herbert and Campbell Bannerman, whom, oddly enough, I think I have only seen on this and one other occasion since I went to India. Sir Stafford Northcote told me an amusing story of a lady who stopped suddenly in skating. "Why have you stopped?" said the gentleman who was skating with her. "Because," was the reply, "some one has hurt my *Fidus Achates*." She meant her Tendon Achillis.

18. Breakfasted with Lubbock, meeting Nansen, Lord Walsingham, the Speaker, Courtney, Markham, Mr. Busk, the Chairman of the Convocation of the University of London, the Bishop of Stepney and others. I sat between Mr. Busk and Markham. With the first I talked chiefly of incidents in the weary controversy going on about a Teaching University for London, with reference to which we have lately been voting on the same side in the Senate. The latter sent me recently, by desire of the Countess of Noer, her husband's *Life of Akbar*, and I questioned him about her home near Kiel, which is, he says, very pretty, close to the sea, and surrounded by grand beech woods, from which the roe-deer stray out upon the lawn.

21. Lunched at 6 Great Stanhope Street. We talked

of a lady long since dead, who had risen suddenly from obscurity to a high position. "The world," said Lady Reay, "had given her everything it had to give, except its H's."

22. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Kimberley in the chair. Lord Knutsford, Lord Norton, F. Leveson - Gower, Herbert, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and others were present. Amongst them was Wolseley, who has been ill and away from London.

Conversation turned to the Crimea, and I told him the story, cited a few pages back, of the cat who was at the Battle of the Alma. "Sailors are even fonder of pets than soldiers," he said; "the strangest I ever saw was on board a ship off Cyprus—I think the *Helicon*—it was a little wild boar." "Lord John Hay," said Sir Anthony Hoskins, who sat opposite me, "had an elephant in his ship. The creature had a great dislike to a boy, who had, I suppose, done something to annoy it. This was discovered, and whenever the exercise was going wrong the boy was sent to whisper in the ear of the elephant, which promptly became furious, dispersed everybody, and prevented Lord John discovering who was to blame."

I took back Lord Kimberley to his house. We talked of one of our party and of his possible fitness for a great office. That led to Lord Mayo and the very different

opinions as to his qualifications for the viceroyalty which were held by those who knew him personally, and those who, like myself, knew him only as a singularly ineffective exponent of Government policy in the House of Commons. "I knew him well," said my companion, "when I was in Ireland, and wrote, when people were storming against his appointment, to ask Lord Halifax whether he did not approve of it. He replied in the affirmative, and at our first Cabinet, when the subject was mentioned, there was a general burst of approval." "Sir Henry Maine," I replied, "remarked to me after he came home from Calcutta, where he had been a member of Council, 'I never understood how it was that all you fellows thought so poorly of Lord Mayo until I heard him speak; but then it became quite clear, for he made the very worst speech I ever heard made by a human being.'"

24. Dined with the Lubbocks. I took down Mrs. Gully, and had Mrs. Goschen on my other side. The Speaker told me in the course of the evening that the floor of Westminster Hall was below the high tide of the Thames, and added that, in one of our earlier law books, it was mentioned that "the counsellors" had once to be rowed up it in boats.

25. Dined at the Frascati Restaurant with Mr. Gosse, the President of the Omar Khayyàm Club. Wolseley

was the guest of the evening, and there were a great many people whose names I knew but whom I had never seen before; among them Mr. Barrie, whose books have been so much talked about, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Professor Ray Lankester, Sir J. Gorell Barnes, and Sir George Robertson of Chitral.

The President did his duty with much spirit, Wolseley replied appropriately, Augustine Birrell, in proposing the guests, made an extremely amusing speech, chaffing us all round. It so happened that next to Dr. Conan Doyle on the plan of the arrangement of the tables, were the words "Dr. Conan Doyle's guest," no name being mentioned, although in all other cases the names were given. This enabled Birrell to say that he was convinced that the guest was a member of the detective force, who from some slight indication, a drop of moisture on his eyelid, for instance, would be able to bring him to justice for his crimes. This put me in a position to begin a speech in reply, by saying that it was surely the most natural thing in the world for Dr. Conan Doyle to have brought with him a member of the detective force, seeing that we were met together to do honour to a poet who was a schoolfellow and intimate friend of the great mysterious criminal of his own day, the chief of the Assassins—the Old Man of the Mountain! Sir George Robertson, who also replied

for the guests, mentioned incidentally that in Chitral the population for the most part belonged to the sect of the Assassins.

Austin Dobson recited a bright little poem of his own on Omar Khayyâm. Last year, at the Johnson celebration, he gave his poem to be read by Ainger, who received many compliments on his elocution which might have gone to the author.

27. The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's. The most interesting part of the conversation related to the strange diversity of the tenures by which English land has been held, in the course of which Lyall told the story of the D'Oyls, mentioned in these Notes for last year.

Wolseley, who was going to Brighton, took me to the Victoria Station, where, having joined my wife and the Dean of Westminster, I went down with them to Balcombe, and drove thence, through lanes full of primroses, to attend Lady Bowen's funeral at Slaughtam.

It is just short of three years since her husband was laid there, and some one, who was present on that occasion, said that the two ceremonies so closely resembled each other, that it seemed to her as if the very same lark was singing.

28. Met at Mrs. Beaumont's in the afternoon, the Belgian Minister, Lord Ashbourne and Lyulph Stanley.

The second mentioned that he had copied at the British Museum a very remarkable paper, which does not seem to have attracted a proper amount of attention. It is a most elaborate minute, drawn up with the co-operation of many of the Cabinet, at Pitt's house on 25th March 1795, and detailing all the negotiations with Lord Fitzwilliam.

Our talk strayed to an American young lady. Some one suggested she would marry a Duke; and the question arose as to what members of the order were available. "When an American," said Lyulph Stanley, "is desirous of sacrificing his daughter, is there always an English Duke caught in a thicket?"

At night we had at dinner the Tyrrells, Fritz, Miss Shaw, Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell and Mrs. Arkwright. It was one of the pleasantest parties we have had this year in London; but it is not always the pleasantest parties which leave the most definite recollections. After dinner Mrs. Arkwright sang, as usual quite enchantingly, some Spanish songs, and, by particular desire, Heine's *Lorelei*, not specially fitted for the guitar, but, in her mouth, delightful.

30. Finished in these days Mr. Strachan-Davidson's book on Cicero, in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, which takes for its motto:

"Facta ducis vivent, operosaque gloria rerum."

It seems to me a thoroughly just and sane estimate of one who, in spite of all his foibles, was really a great and good man.

Dined with Mr. T. N. Longman in Prince's Gardens—an amusing party. George Trevelyan, General Maurice, Sir John Ardagh and I were all without our wives; Mrs. Ridley, the authoress of the story of *Aline*, whom I took down, was without her husband; Mrs. Reeve and Mrs. Freeman were both widows, and there was only one married couple.

31. The Bernard Mallets, the Reays and others dined with us. Lady Reay mentioned that she had lately been told by Lord Ripon that Mrs. Grant, the wife of the President, by way of illustrating the *entente cordiale* between the United States and Great Britain, had had served up at her table two ices, one representing the American Eagle, and the other the British Lion. With her own fair hand she gave to him the head of the bird, receiving from him that of the mammal.

April

3. My wife read to me some very pleasant pages from Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's autobiographic sketch, entitled *My Long Life*. She mentions that when Cardinal Wiseman was on a visit to Lord Clifford, a maid, who had been told that the proper title of the great man was His Eminence, always addressed him as "Your Immense." I do not wonder; for although I did not know him personally, I have a distinct recollection of his very portly presence.

Have I ever noted that when Lord Clifford was staying in London with Coleridge, Manning, not yet Cardinal, came to dine and talked with the utmost unreserve? After he had gone Lord Clifford said to his host: "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for showing me the Archbishop in a new character. He is never like that with us. We call him the Marble Arch."

The same maid whom I have quoted above, when twelve Jesuit fathers arrived at Ugbrook, remarked: "There's a matter of a dozen Jezebels come here."

Miss Oakley, who lives with her uncle, Lord Ducie, brought his pet dog Leo and Mrs. Leo to visit us. They

are both most beautiful gryphons, the former bought from the Queen of the Belgians and worthy of his royal up-bringing. Lady Henley, and ourselves duly worshipped, while Poppet and Lavender maintained a not unfriendly but somewhat critical attitude.

4. Things one would rather have put differently. Mr. Cecil Rhodes to his neighbour at dinner, an extremely pretty woman:

He: "I hate Germans."

She: "Well, I don't hate them, but I by no means like them."

He: "Oh! I thought you were a German."

A correspondent speaking of the Island of Rhodes, says that what struck her most there was a scarcely readable epitaph in a ruined old church of the Knights of St. John. It ran thus:

"Ci-gît très haut et très puissant Seigneur
Baudoin de Flandre, Comte de Courtenay,
Né en 1110, Mort en 1175.
J'ai aimé, j'ai pêché, j'ai souffert.
Ayez pitié de moi, Ô mon Dieu."

"Doesn't it," she adds, "resume all the anguish of mankind?"

I have had a good many of Dean Church's occasional papers, just published in two volumes, read to me. They are very well written, very scholarly, and show the most

anxious desire to do justice, even to persons with whom their author disagreed about the most important subjects. Several treat of Renan, but while giving his friends no occasion to complain, they contain nothing of any real value. Church is at his best, I think, when dealing with Keble and Newman, best of all when he is describing the sermons of the latter, and pointing out how they differed from all those which were to be heard when he first began his work at St. Mary's. With all his gifts Church had his limitations. He told me once that he thought that there was altogether too much of the world in the *Récit d'une Sœur*!

6. Dined at The Club, Pember and I being the only members present. We beat over many subjects, and among them talked a good deal of Venables. "I urged him very much," said Pember, "to leave the Parliamentary Bar and to write something." "There is," he said "one thing I could do. I could write, I think, the history of my own time, without referring to a single book." He repeatedly wrote the summary of the year for the *Times* in this way, and always made his speeches to Committees without notes. He had absolutely no ambition, and although his contributions to the *Saturday Review* alone would, if collected, fill many volumes, his name, when we who knew him have passed away, will be quite forgotten.

I wrote to Mr. Strachan-Davidson about his excellent book. He replies: "Thank you very much for your kind words about my *Life of Cicero*. Jowett's last message to me was: 'Remember the world owes a great debt of gratitude to Cicero.'"

10. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's—Courtney, Trevelyan, Wolseley and Frederick Leveson-Gower being present. Conversation turning on pepper, our host quoted a French culinary maxim which was new to me: "Point de fanatisme avec le poivre!"

I forget who it was who told us that when the Cannes earthquake, mentioned in these Notes for 1887, occurred, —— escaped into a wood, and having been met by a peasant was mistaken by him for the Blessed Virgin. Lyall added that she had described, in his presence, the costume in which she had been arrayed—it was elementary to the last degree.

I remarked that according to one version, the whole devotion of Lourdes had its rise in an adventure more or less akin to the above. Wolseley added that some years ago there was an attempt to get up a sort of Lourdes in Ireland, and that Father Healy had written to the priest of the parish: "Put a little less whisky in your toddy, and you won't have any more visions." Trevelyan said that Mrs. Bishop, the traveller, who had been much in Ireland in former days, declared that humour had now

quite deserted the common people there, and asked Wolseley what had been his experience whilst he was commanding at Dublin. "I found," he replied, "that there was still a good deal. One day, for instance, I said to a car-driver: 'You must look alive, for I don't want to miss my train.' 'Sure,' said the man, 'we'll only touch the road at spots between this and the station.'"

Trevelyan told us that, during the dangerous times in Ireland, a well-known Dublin doctor had met a very formidable looking mob and had shown some uneasiness. "Never fear, Doctor," called out one of them. "No man has killed so many of the police as you!"

Spent some time this afternoon with Lady Denbigh, whom I have not seen since the amount of goodness and charm in the world was sensibly diminished by the deaths of Lady Clare and Lady Mary Feilding.

12. Dined at Grillion's; I was in the chair. Sanderson, Lyall, Lord Lansdowne, Arthur Balfour, Evelyn Ashley, F. Leveson-Gower, Sir Redvers Buller and Lord Fortescue were present. The last-named, talking of my paper on Italy, re-published in my *Notes from a Diary*, said very truly that the hopes we cherished in 1867 had been much disappointed, and mentioned that Massimo d'Azeglio had said to Cavour: "Don't be in too great a hurry to annex Naples and Sicily. If you do they will be your Ireland."

There was an interesting exchange of views between Lord Fortescue and Sir Redvers Buller. The former wishes to add to the examination for the army marks for proficiency in physical exercises. The latter is strongly opposed to doing this, saying that there is no greater delusion than to suppose that your athlete makes a specially good soldier. He mentioned the case of a young man who was a perfect Hercules and *facile princeps* in all exercises. When he came to be tried in the field he was quite useless, while a *chétif* little brother-officer went through campaign after campaign without being at all the worse for it. "Give us," he added, "young Englishmen with brains, and we will look after the rest of their training."

Evelyn Ashley, with reference to the story told under date of 4th May 1896, declares that it was the younger brother who would not go further than robbing a church, and I take his testimony as decisive.

Talk about the elder brother's speeches led us on to Randolph Churchill, whom Ashley knew intimately. He declares with much truth that Churchill gained quite immensely by not being educated. An educated man would have been altogether unable to make a thousand startling assertions which he made in the confidence of absolute ignorance.

Balfour, looking round the table, said: "Every one

in the room except myself is a member of Brooks's." It turned out that Sanderson was not, but that Balfour was the only member of the Carlton. I suggested that as we were in such an overwhelming majority, we should kidnap and elect him then and there.

Sanderson said that six months before the War of 1870, they knew at the Foreign Office that the Prussian Government had got ready iron girders for a bridge over the Moselle. He repeated, too, a curious story which he had heard, of a traction engine having been supplied on most moderate terms to a French agriculturist just over the frontier. He was delighted with his bargain; but one tiny piece of machinery was wanting, without which it could not work. He wrote to point out that it had been omitted, but was assured that it had been sent, and advised to look carefully in the straw of a packing case. He did so without success, and the correspondence went on through the summer. One day after the invasion had commenced, a German officer appeared, took the missing piece of machinery out of his pocket, and slipped it into its place. That traction engine came in useful!

I dropped Lyall at his house, and we talked as we drove together of French and English diplomacy. He has been giving a great deal of attention lately to the Seven Years' War—that turning point of our history,

and has been extremely struck by the great ability of our agents, as compared with those employed by the Bourbons.

I remembered a passage, quoted in Trevelyan's delightful *Life of Charles Fox*.

"You would not know your country again," Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann at Florence. "You left it a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the Capital of the World, St. James's Street crowded with Nabobs and American Chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern Monarchs, waiting till the gout has gone out of his foot for an audience. I shall be in town to-morrow, and perhaps able to wrap up and send you half-a-dozen French standards in my postscript."

15. At half-past four to the Oratory for the *Tenebrae*, so called because they used to be celebrated at midnight. The service consists of the Matins and Lauds of Good Friday, and is very long—full of psalms and lessons, some of the latter being taken not from the Bible but from St. Augustine. A triangular stand with fifteen candles, fourteen of which are yellow and one white, is placed before the altar. After each psalm one of the fourteen is extinguished. Then comes the *Benedictus*—the Song of Zacharias—during the singing of the latter part of which the six candles upon the altar are one by one also extinguished. That done the sole candle left burning of the fifteen is carried behind the

altar, and the *Miserere*—that is the 51st Psalm—commences. It is followed by a short prayer, *Respice*; then a noise is heard behind the altar, the light which has been hidden is brought into sight again, and the ceremony concludes.

In one of the side chapels, known as the Chapel of Repose and profusely decorated with white flowers, the Host had been deposited after the Mass of this morning, and great numbers of people visited it before the *Tenebrae* commenced.

16. To the Oratory for the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified, so-called because the Host is not consecrated during it but on the previous day. It is about as long as the ceremony described yesterday. Some of its most striking features are:

I. St. John's account of the Passion chanted by two clerics, I suppose sub-deacons, the choir striking in from time to time to represent the Jews.

II. The dialogue between the two halves of the choir beginning "AgiOS O Theos," to which the answer is "Sanctus Deus."

III. The Adoration of the Cross, in which the laity take part, passing up by two and two and kneeling in front of the altar.

IV. The hymn *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, which is sung as the procession of priests returns from the Chapel of

Repose, bringing back the Host which was placed there after the Mass of Holy Thursday.

17. A wise friend writing to Arthur a few days ago from Constantinople says :

"I doubt if it would be advisable to abolish at once the rule or suzerainty of the Sultan in Macedonia. Turkish Government has many obvious disadvantages ; but it is seen at its best in dealing with a mass of confused nationalities such as we and in the Balkan Peninsula. Its principle of encouraging the weaker elements, and successively snubbing those that become strong, really results in dealing out very fair justice. I hope the mass of the Peninsula will be Bulgarian some day ; but it is hardly time yet."

Amen, say I.

Mr. Basil Levett dined with us, and gave a curious account of the Abyssinian Midnight Service at Easter in Jerusalem. One of its principal features is a very long dance in which both clergy and laity join.

23. The tenant of York House left yesterday, and we went there to-day for various business arrangements. On the way back I met the Leckys at the Richmond Station, and we returned to London together. He said that it required a man to have been at Oxford to understand why Jowett was placed on so very high a pedestal. I replied that, much as I liked and admired Jowett, I must admit that some of the estimates of his merits were excessive ; adding that I put both Stanley and Milman

above him. Lecky agreed, and dwelt on the many-sidedness of the latter. "Whately," he said, "was our Mentor, in my Dublin days. We were brought up on his logic and Whiteside's rhetoric. Neither were quite the best; but both of them deeply coloured our lives."

25. I have been laughing over a note in Trevelyan's book on *The Early Years of Charles Fox*, containing an extract from a letter of Horace Walpole's, in which he declares that he had sat in his inn at Amiens and heard the old fleas talking of Louis XIV. behind the tapestry. I am sure the fleas I encountered in Sicily in 1851 were much older still, and could have spoken, if they had so pleased, about the Norman Kings.

26. Dined at Grillion's—Lord Fortescue in the chair. I asked Lord Lansdowne, who was on my right, whether he preferred the climate of Canada or that of India. He thought there was no comparison, infinitely preferring the former. I did not know that, in the cold weather there, if you moved your feet a little about and then touched a gas pipe with your finger it would light, but he said that it was a perfectly common incident. I did not know till Sir Redvers Buller mentioned it, that the present Sultan had very little but Armenian blood in his veins.

May

1. ST. BUSBEQUIUS. — We received this morning the first fruits of Lexden in the shape of some tea roses, sent up from that place, which we have taken on lease since it was last mentioned in these Notes.

The Breakfast Club met under the presidency of Courtney. We were a party of four, Trevelyan and Wolseley being the two others. The latter, who has just returned from Gibraltar, told us that he saw one of the two 100-ton guns fired twice at a target nearly 4000 yards off, sinking it on both occasions. The projectile which it hurled would have gone, at that distance, straight through any ironclad now afloat. He had visited, but had not been much impressed by Ceuta, and says that a great deal is going on in the way of strengthening the defences of Gibraltar, though a great deal remains to be done. He was struck with the beauty of the wild flowers growing on the Rock, and reports that the apes are increasing.

Courtney mentioned, *à propos* of some quince marmalade on the table, that *Marmelos* was the Portuguese word for the quince, which explained to me the scientific name of the Bael, an Indian fruit very efficacious in the treat-

ment of some forms of dysentery—*Ægle Marmelos*—by which I had been puzzled when at Madras.

I learnt for the first time that the Germans nearly lost the Battle of Gravelotte. Their rout at one point was so complete that the old king was carried back by the fugitives for several miles, and the American General Sheridan said: "It was a new idea to him that regular troops could run in such a way."

2. To see Lady Reay, just returned from Paris. Socially things there seem topsy-turvy enough. She asked some one whether he knew a particular person, to which the reply was in the negative, with the addition "Ah! province! l'Institut!" while to some question about the Faubourg St. Germain, her milliner answered by a word in *argot* which meant dowdy; and yet outside the *Institut* and the *Faubourg* is there anything in French Society in which one has the faintest interest?

Who was it nicknamed the Powers "*les six Impuissances*"?

3. Dined with the Literary Society. The President has gone to attend the Postal Conference in America, and I was in the chair. It was a small and agreeable party—Sidney Colvin, Augustine Birrell, Pember, Courthope, Moulton, Douglas Galton, Arthur Elliot, the Dean of Westminster, and Lord Tennyson, who dined there for the first time, and whose health I had accordingly to

propose, with the usual injunction not to make any speech in reply. I am always interested when circumstances bring together in one's thoughts contemporaries whose distinction has been won in very different fields. I talked to the Dean, who was on my left, about the wonderful impression made by Clough in his youth upon the mind of Arthur Stanley. "It was general," he replied. "When I reached Rugby, a boy with whom I spent my first day there, said to me: 'What a fool you were not to arrive three days ago. You could then have said: I was at school with Tom Clough.'"

The speaker was destined to achieve a chequered—not to say sinister—fame. He was Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

"Why," I asked, "did he call him *Tom* Clough?" "Because," replied the Dean, "if a boy at Rugby was spoken of by his Christian name, the name used was invariably the wrong one."

I caught only imperfectly a conversation about Lord Neaves, in which Pember quoted a very happy aside of his to some Edinburgh advocates: "A long time ago, *Consule Planco*—when Wood was Dean."

Pember spoke much of the *Prometheus Vincit* and of the curious way in which religious ideas which were afterwards to be of immense importance in the world's history made their first appearance in that play—the

Immaculate Conception not excepted. See the speech of the hero to Io.

4. Louis Mallet, who last year became for a time a member of our Embassy at Rome and has been travelling widely in Italy, dined with us. He gave an interesting account of his going to be presented to the Pope, lost in a crowd of Naval Officers. That two or three hundred British bluejackets should have given three cheers for His Holiness in the Sistine Chapel is surely an event not to be matched by any previous incident in our annals or in those of the Vatican.

6. At Brooks's to-day, whither I went to look after the election of Mr. Burdon, a grandson of my old friend Mrs. Griffith, I met Lord James of Hereford, and our conversation turned to our House of Commons days. In the course of it the name of a lawyer came up, who had not been a particularly successful speaker in Parliament, but was singularly happy on the platform. One day some inconvenient Protestant asked him his opinion of Peter's Pence. "Peter Spence," he said, "I never heard of him in my life, but I have known some of the Spence family for a long time, and very good people they are." The audience shouted with laughter, and the difficulty was turned.

8. Took Lily to Kew, where the wild hyacinths were in all their beauty. We had not been there for about a

year, and wandered with infinite pleasure through our old haunts. In the Alpine House we came on the beautiful little orchid *Calypso borealis*, which I had never seen before save in a dried specimen sent me by Axel Blytt some twenty years since. Its prevailing colour is mauve, but the lip is, as Lily truly remarked, like the strange quaker-dressed sapphire in my possession, which the present Mrs. Sydney Buxton named Mrs. Fry.

A note from Messrs. Farrer & Co. informs me that they have paid into my account the purchase-money for York House. I arranged some months ago to sell it to the Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of the Comte de Paris from whom I bought it in October 1876, as noted in my Diary for that date. The fact of its being let, and the time required for removing our property delayed the transfer till to-day, but the agreement was signed some time ago, and the actual deed of conveyance was executed by me on 29th April. On the same day I bought the house No. 11 Chelsea Embankment, to which a large part of our possessions has now been removed, the rest going to Lexden.

10. Dined at Grillion's—a most agreeable party. All of us who were present, with the exception of Lord Norton, had been in the chair this year, so he was forced into it, in spite of his protest that a secretary could not preside. This was over-ruled by Kimberley,

who said: "We will pass a resolution on the spot altering that rule," and then told us that having once been made Chancellor of the Duchy for a short period without salary, he was told when he took his seat that he must pay fifty pounds. "I will not pay a farthing," he replied; "it is absurd that I should receive nothing, and nevertheless pay a fee for taking my seat." "But there is an Order of Council to that effect," said the secretary. "I don't care," was the rejoinder; "a new resolution must be passed to except from the rule a chancellor who is unpaid. How is that to be done?" "Oh! you can do it now," said the secretary. "*You* are the Council!"

Lord Fortescue, who sat on my right, told me a good saying of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lord North's daughter. Some one asked: "Which is the more important word, *Yes* or *No*?" "Certainly the latter," she replied; "for you can often say No when you mean Yes, but never Yes when you mean No!"

Our talk wandered to Cornwall Lewis, and I asked whether, if he had lived, he would have been Prime Minister. Various opinions were expressed, Ashley taking the affirmative view. Balfour had drawn his impressions of him from the writings of Bagehot, for whom I was glad to find he had an enthusiastic admiration.

Ashley told me that Palmerston, at the time when

his mind was intent upon his fortification scheme, had written to Gladstone, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he thought he might possibly resign, and that he considered it right to warn him that, if he did, his resignation would be accepted. Ashley, who was Palmerston's private secretary, chanced to be with Gladstone in 1868, when he received a telegram from which he knew that he would be immediately called upon to form an administration. He was engaged in cutting down a tree, and Ashley was holding his coat. "It will," he said, "be very agreeable not to have to feel oneself obliged to object to everything." What a strange and narrow view of the duties of a Finance Minister!

After Lord Norton and Lord Fortescue had gone, I went up to the end of the table, so as to lose nothing of a very long conversation between Lord Kimberley and Lord Clinton about birds and trees, in which they are both deeply interested. I had not the least notion, well as I had known Kimberley on other sides, that he occupied himself at all with ornithology. He seemed, however, to have much knowledge both about birds and insects.

Herbert told us that he had seen a hare in March drive a fox-terrier away in headlong flight.

Kimberley said that the greatest crime a man could

commit on his estates was to kill an owl, a sentiment which I need not say had my entire approval.

Lord Clinton mentioned that he had imported some Ligurian bees. "Why did you do so?" I asked. "Because," he answered, "the Ligurian bee is a very hard-working bee, and she has also a longer proboscis than ours, so that she can reach the honey of flowers which our bee cannot obtain in the ordinary manner. Our bee has found out, however, that she can arrive at the honey of such flowers by boring a hole through the bottom of the corolla." So we sat talking till it was time to go home. "I am not sure after all," said Kimberley, "if one's life would not have been more agreeably spent, if one had devoted oneself to subjects like these."

"I have often thought," I replied, "that for a man who was not ambitious, the most desirable life would be that of a forester in a great European forest." That led to talk about ambition, which was continued as we drove home together. I thought his estimate of his own powers and place as a statesman by no means high enough; but it displayed a great deal of self-knowledge and acuteness.

Wilfrid Ward writes from St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, Ware:

"I am staying with my brother. This is the truest relic of Catholic penal times, and the old College here was the

descendant of the Twyford School, at which Pope was educated. The College archives are full of old Douay papers, and much of the Douay plate is still used."

11. I went to-day to see St. Saviour's, Southwark, which has, since I last visited it, been transformed, much to its advantage, and is now a very noble church. I remembered, as I stood before the altar, that James I. of Scotland had been married there.

Dined with The Club. Sir Henry Elliot, who sat on my right, told me that he had himself actually heard a sermon preached in London, in which the great outbreak of cholera in 1832 was explained as a judgment from heaven falling on the land on account of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Pember talked a good deal about Mrs. Awdry's father, Mr. Merewether, and told us one of his good things which I had never heard. "Do we sit to-morrow?" asked the Chairman of a Private Bill Committee on the eve of the Derby. "The only Committee, Sir, that sits to-morrow," he replied, "is the Committee on *locus grand standi*."

There was some talk about an article of Leslie Stephen's in which he expresses his disapproval of Jowett's having remained in the Church—a most perverse view. I quoted Saint Paul's remark to the Roman officer: "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

I asked Jebb, who was on my left, whether he really found pleasure in reading Pindar. "Yes, I do," he said; "but I never did until I made a study of his metres. Before that all was confusion, but now I enjoy his art." Courthope was present, so that I was able to thank him for the second volume of his great *History of English Poetry*, which arrived a day or two ago, and is being read to me.

We talked of the way in which the word *vepó* had superseded *ῥωρ*, and Jebb doubted whether it could be connected with Nereus, thinking that the long could hardly be transformed into the short *e*; but Lyall said that in out of the way parts of India the word for water is not *pani* but *nîr*, which raises the suspicion that the modern word was used by the Greek peasantry through all the ages.

17. I ran down on the 15th with Miss Russell and the Lubbocks to meet Mr. Hanbury and his wife at Thetford. We reached that place about three o'clock, and immediately started on a plant-hunting expedition. Hardly had we cleared the town before we came on *Vicia lathyroides* and close to it *Veronica verna*—a plant whose only importance arises from its extreme rarity, for it is the least imposing of its family. We drove on and found many more specimens of it upon Santon Warren.

On the 16th we started betimes to find *Veronica tri-*

phyllos, very rare, but less rare than *verna*. We were, however, most unlucky, seeing only two plants of it. It is a beautiful thing, more like the common, but most lovely, speedwell than I had expected. The leaf, however, is quite different, and the corolla of a deep ultramarine blue. Close to it we came upon *Artemisia Campestris*. I had never before seen that beautiful variety of the common field pansy, to which those who love to multiply species have given the name of *Viola Curtisii*. It was as abundant and hardly less delightful than the *lutea* which gave us so much pleasure in our Teesdale Expedition of 1895.

Later in the day we went to lunch with Lord Iveagh, who has bought Elveden, which belonged to the Maharajah Duleep Singh, a first-rate shooting property, but wholly without any other merit. We had a long ramble, Lord Iveagh, his son and his agent accompanying us; but not one single plant of *triphyllos* did we light upon, although *verna* was abundant and magnificent, fully two, if not three, inches high.

The two *Veronicas* and *Vicia lathyroides*, more tiny even than the smaller of them, were the only Benthamic species new to me which I found in our two days wanderings; but Miss Russell found twenty new to her, and I re-saw a good many not very common plants which I had not seen for many years, as, for instance, *Teesdalia*

nudicaulis, which I had never gathered but once, but which was here almost rampant, *Cerastium arvense*, which Hooker showed me near Altenahr, and *Sisymbrium Sophia*.

Thetford is rather a nice little town, fallen from its high estate of the Middle Ages, but contains only one object of interest, the great castle mound, with its connecting ramparts, steeper though not so large as the one at Hedingham.

Just as I was starting for Thetford I received the following from Charles Norton :

"Our Spring lingers, but I wish you were here to go flower-hunting with me ; we should find the dog-tooth and the white violets, the trailing arbutus, and abundance of blood-root, of hepatica, of trillium, etc., and we should hear the blue-bird and the brown thrush. But our fields and woods are less vocal than yours ; there is far less variety of wild life in them."

20. Presided at a meeting of the Royal Historical Society. Mr Figgis, a clergyman settled at Cambridge, read a paper on "Some of the Political Opinions of the Early Jesuits," in which he endeavoured to prove that they, in their desire to support the power of the Church against the State, had been the first promulgators of those opinions which we Liberals of to-day have inherited from our Whig predecessors.

I found in King's book on Engraved Gems this delicious commencement of a letter, and learnt further that the word Sassanian is merely a corruption of the old form of the familiar title, "Shah in Shah"—King of Kings:

"Rex regum Sapor particeps siderum frater solis et lunae
Constantio Cæsari fratri meo salutem plurimam dico."

24. Dined at Grillion's—a rather large party. In addition to others who come frequently, we had both the Balfours (the Irish Secretary having been elected along with Mr. Alfred Lyttelton at the last breakfast, which I did not attend), Lord Crewe, Lord Pembroke and the Bishop of Ripon. I sat between the two last-named, and had much talk with both—more especially with the Bishop, whom I had never seen before, and was curious to know. We discussed many people and things: Jowett, Arthur Stanley, Newman, Renan, William Fremantle, the Yorkshire clergy, the strange letters which a bishop receives, and what not.

Lord Norton told a story of Sergeant Merewether (I am not sure that he did not mean his son) laying a bet at the Carlton that he would be present in St. Paul's at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, although the procession was already on its way and he had no ticket. He got on very well till he was close to the cathedral,

when he was stopped with the words: "No one can pass here except a general officer." "And you take upon you," was his reply, "to say that I am not one?" He passed the *cordon* and won his bet.

That led to a similar story about some one else, who got on board a ship, on which he had no right to be, at a naval review by following up the companion-ladder, the baker, who was taking up bread for the use of the crew. Asked at the top who he was, he answered, "The Master of the Rolls," and was allowed to enter.

A propos of the icing of some liqueur that was handed round, I told Lord Pembroke about Arthur's Madrid experiences, recorded on an earlier page, with regard to warming the champagne before the fire, and icing the claret. "Oh! but," he replied, "they used to ice the claret in this country. It was the regular thing in former days after a hard drinking-bout to call for the cool bottle of claret, which was supposed to counteract all bad effects."

He quoted, too, a happy saying of Lord Salisbury's about Imperial Federation: "It lends itself more to peroration than to argument."

I repeated to him the anecdote noted above about Mr. Waddy and Peter's Pence. "You know," he said, "that gentleman used to preach from time to time in dissenting chapels. On one occasion, when he was about to

do this, Lockwood, with whom he was very intimate, went to hear him. Far from being disconcerted when he caught sight of his friend, he said, without moving a muscle: 'Brother Lockwood will now commence such and such a hymn.' Brother Lockwood bolted."

There was some conversation about the origin of the primrose cult in connection with the name of Disraeli. Lord Pembroke said: "There are two stories about it, but certainly he once said to Corry, 'I like to be in the country when the primroses are out.'"

We talked of Lord Salisbury's memorable apology, not to his leader, but to an honourable profession—after he had described him in 1867 as a pettifogging attorney! That led Lord Norton to cite Lord Edward Fitzgerald's very clever and highly equivocal retraction: "I said it, it is true, and I am sorry for it."

25. I heard in the City to-day a good thing, probably only happily invented, but if not, creditable to the ready wit of the person to whom it is attributed.

African Cræsus to a friend: "This house is a great deal too large to be merely a number in the street; it ought to have a name of its own. What shall I call it?"

"Well," replied the other after a pause, "why shouldn't you call it Dunrobin House?"

African Cræsus: "Yes, that's a very good name; but

after all, I don't think it will do. I am not going out of business yet."

Dined with The Club; seven in all, with Lecky in the chair. We talked of a common acquaintance, by whose conversation I was lately a good deal struck, and one of the party said: "He suffers from a singularly ineffective way of speaking. He is a mastiff with the voice of a lap dog." "The converse is a good deal more common," remarked Sir Henry Elliot.

The name of Sir Henry Taylor came up, and Pember was inclined to consider *Edwin the Fair*, which I never read, as the best of his poems. He is not much read now, but I am sure Jebb, who sat on my right, prophesied truly when he said: "He is sure to be re-discovered. We have such an amount of periodical literature now, that everything good will be from time to time re-discovered."

28. Dined with the Harrises. She was wearing a *parure* of emeralds, some of which had belonged to Tippoo Sahib. Her neighbour on the other side informed her that the emerald was the next hardest stone to the diamond! I did not contradict, mindful of Chamfort's saying about the wisdom of allowing ourselves to be instructed by the ignorant.

29. The Breakfast Club met at Reay's; Robert Herbert Courtney, Carlingford, Lyall, and Leveson-Gower. The

last-named told an amusing story of a little boy who was beating his sister, and on being asked why he did so, replied: "We have been playing Adam and Eve, and she won't tempt me, but insists on eating the apple herself."

I walked away with Lyall, and we continued a conversation which had been going on about the results of the recent quasi-rehabilitation of the Sultan, brought about by the folly and wickedness of the Greeks. "It will," he said, "have considerable effect in India; not, of course, in your part of the country, but in the Punjab, where the Mahommedans, besides being very numerous, have behind them an organised Mahommedan power."

Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves Brown; he was an old comrade of mine in the House of Commons and took the right side when Gladstone broke up the party, but I have not met him often since. I do not remember ever before talking to General Ferrero, the Italian Ambassador, who is a considerable man of science, and made a speech at the Jubilee of Lord Kelvin, with whom he conversed a good deal after dinner to-night. We went on to the Wantages, where, amongst other people whom one sees less often than one could wish, was Lady Winifride Cary-Elwes, who has inherited a good deal of her sister's charm, but is rarely in London. She had much to tell me about Madame de Grünne, in whose

house she was living when last I passed through Brussels.

31. Mrs. Burrell told me this afternoon that a High Church mother had urged upon her two little boys the duty of abstinence in Lent. She asked the elder what he thought he could give up. "Sugar," he replied. She asked the second, who, *meglio consigliato*, replied, "Lessons!"

Prince and Princess Blücher, Charles Dalrymple and his daughter, the Armine Wodehouses, Lady Bonham, and others dined with us. Princess Blücher stayed with her mother at York House several years ago, since which time she has become the third wife of the great-grandson of the famous Marshall. Her husband is sixty, but looks not a day over forty. He says that the season in Herm has been marvellously mild, only one day's frost. On the other hand, it has been tempestuous beyond all record. His skipper told him that in (I think he said) forty-five years' experience he had never seen anything like it. The Prince is trying to acclimatise foreign animals, with some success. Birds of prey, however, cause him much inconvenience, even the Golden Eagle taking part in doing mischief. They are attracted by a great owl, as the small birds are in the neighbourhood of Rome by the little *civetta*, and, brought thus within gunshot, fall an easy prey.

I happened to say to Yates Thompson: "Well, what are you about? Have you bought any more books?" "Oh yes," he said, "I am always buying books. I have just bought the Ashburnham MSS. The British Museum wanted to buy them, but Hicks-Beach absolutely refused to give the money after they had done all the bargaining, so I secured them!"

June

1. I have had read to me nearly the whole of the *Life of Jowett*, by Campbell and Abbott. The book seems to be well done—as well done as the materials permitted. I quite understand, however, that people should complain of its lengthiness, since even to me, who have known personally most, and known well about nearly all those whose names are mentioned, it does not seem too brief. I suppose Jowett was the greatest head of a college that ever lived. Assuredly no one who has lived in our times has even approached him. In saying this I do not mean to imply that all the changes he made at Balliol or advocated in the University were wise. As a man of letters, his position was good without being very eminent. I have not read his

introductions to the Platonic dialogues, some of which are said to be about the best things he has left behind him. Mrs. Humphry Ward especially praised to me his introduction to the *Phædo*, but I have read his book on St. Paul, his *Thucydides* and his translation of the *Politics of Aristotle*. They are excellent in their kind, but will not the next age say that they might have been done as well by a lesser man. His sermons are admirable, considered as addresses to those who listened to them at Balliol. They are not the counsels of a saint but of a sage, who knew a good deal both of the world and of the Church; from the point of view rather of a spectator than of an actor in either. In his knowledge of the first he did not remotely approach Balthasar Gracian, who was, by the way, also the head of a college—a Jesuits' College in Tarragona—while he had neither the religious temperament nor the poetry which might have enabled him to be a great power in the second. He seems to have cherished almost to the end of his life the idea of writing the Life of Christ; and a ghastly failure it would have been when he had done it. No one has, and no one ever will succeed in writing the life of the historical Christ, for the very simple reason that we know next to nothing about it; and as for dealing with the Christ of the Church—the ideal Christ—who has been, is, and will be, so great a force in the world, it

was utterly beyond Jowett's power to do so satisfactorily. Renan's attempt is not successful; but he had much more knowledge, a much more religious temperament, and five times as much poetry in his composition.

The Master was a very good and a very wise man; but there were whole realms of thought and feeling into which he could not enter. In Vol. II., page 151, is the following sentence: "Is it possible to feel a personal attachment to Christ, such as is prescribed by Thomas à Kempis?" Who that had given any adequate study to modern history could ask such a question? Let any one, who does not know it, turn to the scene of 13th July 1847, in the *Récit d'une Sœur*.

"Nous continuâmes ainsi notre chemin, et lorsque nous venions de passer la grille, elle me dit ces mots en poursuivant un autre discours que nous avions entamés:—'Tiens, jette-toi donc dans la pensée que tout ce qui nous plaît tant sur terre n'est absolument qu'une ombre, et que la vérité de tout cela est au ciel. Et aimer, aimer, après tout, n'est-ce pas, sur terre, ce qu'il y a de plus doux? Je te demande s'il n'est pas facile de concevoir qu'aimer l'amour même doit être la perfection de cette douceur, et aimer Jésus-Christ, ce n'est pas autre chose, pourvu que nous sachions l'aimer absolument comme on aime sur terre. Je ne me serais jamais consolée, si je n'avais appris que cet amour là existe pour Dieu, et celui-là dure toujours.'"

I came under the spell of the Jowett legend, which was just then beginning to grow up, in the spring of 1847, and was his pupil from the autumn of that year till near the end of 1850. We were always on the best of terms; but I am not conscious of having received much from him. We arrived at very similar conclusions upon many of the great subjects that have interested our times, by totally different, though not distant, paths.

It is quite evident that a good many people, and especially women, used him as a father confessor; a *rôle* for which he appears to me to have been eminently unfit. Some of his friendships were grotesque enough, but several are explained by his intense shyness. A great big, bouncing, barking, Newfoundland dog like Morier saved him all the preliminary trouble of making acquaintance. Others are explained by his love of success and position for their own sakes, though it is only just to add that Morier and most of the others, of whom I am thinking, as I write, had very considerable merits. His love of success and position had nothing ignoble about them. They were like the love of some people for brilliant colours, for light, splendour and pageantry.

Dined with Mrs. Kay at 18 Hyde Park Gardens. The name of Sydney Smith coming up, I asked if she

had known him. "Oh yes," she said, "he used to come to this house a great deal when I was a child, and was very good to me, carrying me off to a corner of the drawing-room, taking me on his knee, and telling me stories out of the History of England. They appeared very unlike to those which I learnt in the schoolroom, but I could never understand how it was that people crowded round us, and, as I considered, robbed me of my old gentleman, of whose position in the world I, of course, had no idea. I have always kept this dining table, which is not a convenient one, because he, Macaulay, and others used to sit at it, when my mother first settled in London after her widowhood."

We went on to Mr. George Smith's in Park Lane. "This is an interesting house," he said to me; "Warren Hastings lived in it during his trial, and I see by the title-deeds that he sold it afterwards at a good profit; so that he was not always unfortunate, even at that period of his life."

2. Dined with the Chamberlains, meeting the Spanish Ambassador, the Count of Casa Valencia, and others, amongst them Mr. Carson, the Irish lawyer, who has come so much to the front of late in the House of Commons, and whom I had not seen before.

5. My wife went down to Lexden with Iseult on the 3rd, but I remained in London to take Victoria to the

Queen's Ball, and followed this morning with her and Lily. We found Clara already there, along with Arthur, and were joined by Mrs. Greg in the evening, who became thus our first guest at Lexden, as her husband was at Hampden in March 1871. I had only seen the place in its winter garb, and it is now I suppose at about its best, for the grounds are exceptionally rich in rhododendrons, whose masses of blossom are reflected in the piece of water on which most of the principal rooms look down. The great white lilies, which float upon it, are also in full flower.

11. The cuckoo is extremely vocal this morning. During the hideous tempest which raged in the earlier part of the week I made my wife read *Thyrsis* aloud to us, and he has taken Mat. Arnold's advice :

"Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet William with its homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow :
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
 And the full moons and the white evening star."

Lily brought in *Myosurus minimus*, which she found in some quantity not far off. As I had only seen it

once before, when it was shown by Hewett Watson, near his house at Esher, to De Tabley, Newbould, and myself, I went to pay it a solemn visit.

15. Our week at Lexden having come to an end, on the 12th we transferred ourselves on the afternoon of that day to Broadlands, now the property of Evelyn Ashley. There we met Northbrook, and passed thirty-six very pleasant hours.

I was prepared to be much interested in the place, from its connection with the life of my first leader, Lord Palmerston, and from the fact that Mrs. Craven was twice there—once in his time, and once when it belonged to the Mount-Temples (see her *Réminiscences*)—but I was not prepared for its great beauty—a beauty it owes principally to the Teste, with which I was acquainted in the higher part of its course, where it is interesting enough no doubt to the angler, but not to the lover of scenery. At Broadlands its streams unite, and it is a really lovely river—very full, very clear, lapsing along in perfect quiet, but with great rapidity. The park has been sadly injured by a few minutes of terrific wind last March, which tore up by the roots I know not how many magnificent cedars.

The house, an Elizabethan one, completely cased last century in classic architecture with huge porticoes, is large, commodious, and full of treasures. In the drawing-

room hangs a copy of Sir Joshua's Infant Academy. The original recently occupied the same place, but was sold to Lord Iveagh for £10,000. Mr. Woods wrote to Ashley to say that a copy, with which he had been well acquainted for many years back, was just coming into the market, and that it might be convenient for him to possess it. Ashley jumped at this, and acquired a copy somewhat better, thanks to better preservation, than the original. The price was £16!

Lord Palmerston used to do his work in the library, but finding it too dark, as he got older, had another room built out. This has been kept very much as it was in his time. The desk at which he used to stand to write is still there, the Marriage of Saint Catharine by Tintoret over the fireplace, and the fine half-length of Sir William Temple by Lely, amongst other things.

There is, as might have been expected, a large collection of autographs. I saw letters of Swift's and of Stella's, to say nothing of a whole series coming down to our times, as, for instance, a curious paper in the hand of Queen Adelaide giving instructions for her funeral, much in the spirit of the great Delhi epitaph, in which Colonel Sleeman not unnaturally made the mistake of introducing an R. I have quoted it in my

Notes of an Indian Journey,¹ but it is well worth repetition :

“Let no rich canopy cover my grave.
This grass is a fit covering
For the tomb of the poor in spirit,
The humble, the transitory Jehanara,
The disciple of the holy men of Chist,
The daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan.”

A quaint relic was a letter from Mrs. Norton to Lady Palmerston, excusing herself from going to a party as her influenza had not gone, and she was a “be-colded woman,” which indeed she looked in the pen-and-ink portrait with which the letter was illustrated. Connected with the same series of associations were a couple of verses in the last Lord Stanhope’s hand, but by Byron, in which, after mentioning her husband, he addressed Lady Caroline Lamb in good set phrase as :

“Thou false to him and fiend to me !”

On the 13th we went to morning service at Romsey Abbey, the Norman part of which is as fine a piece of work of its style as there is in the country. It was Trinity Sunday, and Heber’s hymn, “Holy, Holy, Holy,” sounded extremely well under these grand arches. The sermon was nonsense, but the preacher, for many years Vicar of Romsey, though now at grass, was a remarkable man, best known as the inventor of a folding boat,

¹ Published in 1876.

of which Ashley spoke very highly. He is eighty-six, and to talk consecutive nonsense on any subject to many hundred people, at that time of life, is undoubtedly a creditable performance.

I was much interested by some verses—not very good ones—in the hand of M. de Kersaint, in which he speaks of the Teste as a *ruisseau*. I said to my host: “It certainly deserves the name of a *rivière*, and I am glad to observe that Mrs. Craven gives it its proper title.” The verses above alluded to were written at Broadlands in 1785. On the other side of the paper was the note in Lord Palmerston’s hand: “Guillotined in 1792.”

Evelyn Ashley mentioned that while the Trent affair was running its dangerous course, Lord Palmerston had a frightful fit of the gout, was unable to use his hands, or to do almost anything. He was reading the despatches aloud, when he came on one from Seward, the meaning of which obviously was: “If you mean to shoot I’ll climb down.” He saw, however, that his chief had not taken it in; but as it was impossible to hint to him that he had not done so, he laid it aside, read some other papers, and then re-read it as if it were something new. This time its purport was taken in, and it formed a turning-point in the controversy.

Dined with The Club — a party of eight — the

Bishop of London in the chair. He has gone back to the older form and signs himself M. London, not Londin, like his predecessor. I told him that his brother of Oxford had complained to me of his off-days. "How gladly I would take them!" said he; "a Bishop of London never has an off-day."

We talked of dialects, and he told us incidentally the origin of the Venetian salutation *Cao*—pronounced *Chow*—*Bon di*. It is a corruption of *Schiavo suo*—Your Servant, Good-day. He had wandered about a good deal on the Dalmatian coast, and had been most favourably impressed by the Austrian Government there. That led to some talk of its great success in Bosnia, and Sir Henry Elliot spoke in the very highest terms of the ability of Kallay.

The nephews and nieces of a well-known person banded themselves together to give him an agreeable surprise upon his birthday. His temper not being of the most genial, they came to the conclusion that the kindest thing they could do was to furnish him with a perpetual source of grumbling, and devised a painted window accordingly, which they had placed in a building specially interesting to him. He was taken to see it, but what was their horror when he exclaimed: "What a glorious window! It is the most beautiful one I have ever seen in my life."

Hooker told me that he had received the thanks and congratulations of the Viceroy in Council on the completion of his *Flora Indica*.

17. Presided at a meeting of the Historical Society. Professor York-Powell read a paper on the expediency of establishing in England something like the French *Ecole des Chartes*. Maxwell-Lyte, the keeper of the records, Lord Crawford, and Sir James Ramsay, spoke in support of his views. The last-named, the father of the classical scholar who married the Master of Trinity, I had never seen before.

18. Breakfasted with Shaw Lefevre, meeting Lord Stanmore, Lord Shand, Señor Marcoartu, a Spanish senator, and others. Conversation turned upon Mahan's Life of Nelson, of which Sir Anthony Hoskins, who sat next to me, spoke highly, but said that the more he studied the career of the two men, the more inclined he was to put Lord St. Vincent above the more popular hero; an opinion in which our host, who was long connected with the Admiralty, entirely agreed.

19. The Breakfast Club met under the presidency of Herbert; Courtney, Lyall, Acton, and Dufferin being present. The last-named told us that Mrs. Nansen, who is very pretty, and whose first name is Eva, sat one day next the King of Denmark, and being much interested in religious questions talked to His Majesty about the

Bible, as to which his views appeared to her rather retrograde. "But surely," she said, "you don't believe in Adam and Eve!" "Well," was the reply, "that is rather a leading question; but when a young Eva talks to me, I must say that I feel the old Adam once more arising within me."

I talked to Acton about Mr. Figgis's views mentioned above, and found that he considered that they were, in the main, just.

The Asiatic Society, now presided over by Reay, lately referred to Sir Charles Elliot, Sir Raymond West, and myself, the question to whom should be assigned the gold medal it has recently established. After consultation with a number of eminent scholars, we were unanimously of opinion that Professor Cowell, of Cambridge, was the Englishman who most deserved the honour, and I have notified our decision to the secretary, Professor Rhys-Davids, accordingly.

23. I gave away my tickets for the Abbey service of yesterday, but my wife, Victoria and I saw the Procession from the Beaumonts' house, No. 144 Piccadilly, to the greatest possible advantage, in common with a very large number of our acquaintance. . . . In accordance, however, with my custom of not dwelling upon matters which are fully described in the papers of the day, I will only remark that nothing struck me more than the miraculous good

behaviour of the horses, and that I agree entirely with a sentence which I quote from a letter of Lady Henley's received this morning:

"Still in spite of all that is and has been odious, the sight of to-day has seemed to me one of the most wonderful things imaginable, and no description in words or pictures could have conveyed anything like the reality to one's mind."

Lily and Iseult were not less fortunate, having places under the patronage of Arthur, a little further along the same street, at the St. James's Club.

24. I went to see Mrs. Humphry Ward this afternoon. Her husband called my attention to the critical, not to say hostile, tone of the leader on the Queen's Coronation, which appeared in the *Times* of that date, and has just been re-published. The writer evidently had much more trust in the Duke of Wellington than in his royal mistress. One of the sentences is:

"Fortunately the Free Press and unchecked opinion of this great community will always be at hand to point out to her when her ministers may lead Her Majesty into error."

27. To see Lady Winifride Cary-Elwes. While I was there her brother, Lord Denbigh, came in, and gave an account of the Heir Presumptive of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, of whom he has had charge in these last days, and whose chief interest seems to lie in shooting.

He made me laugh by repeating a remark made to him by an American at the great review of yesterday: "Now that you have got your fleet so big, you had better add about a third to it, and then tell all the rest of the world to go to the devil."

28. Dined at Grillion's—a party of four—the Bishop of Winchester in the chair; Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Pembroke being the two others.

Conversation turned, as was natural, chiefly on the ceremonies of the last week, in which Lord Pembroke, in his capacity of Lord Steward, had to take an active part. He was much impressed by the extraordinary demonstrations of loyalty on the other side of the river on the way from St. Saviour's to the westward. The Bishop said that that is about the poorest part of London, several degrees poorer than the East End. He also told us that when in London he now lives with his brethren of Durham, Salisbury, and Oxford in the Lollard's Tower, which is cut off from the rest of Lambeth Palace by the chapel, and is kept in repair as a national monument, not by the Archbishop, but by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Later we went to the French Embassy, where there was a large gathering, and where I was glad to meet again Colonel John Hay (see these Notes for 1889), who has now succeeded Mr. Bayard as American Ambassador.

The *Times* publishes an obituary notice of Mrs. Oliphant, certainly one of the most remarkable authors who has lived in our times. I did not know that Kinglake had been devoted to her *Beleaguered City*, which I also consider a very great work. I never saw her but once, when she came to York House to talk about Lawrence Oliphant, and there was nothing in the manner or appearance of the quiet, homely, very Scotch little body to suggest the presence of genius, and of great genius. I never doubted, from some turns of expression relating to myself, that the article on Mrs. Craven which appeared in the *Edinburgh* was either written by Reeve or under his immediate inspiration. It was not until after his death that I learnt from the present editor that it was really the work of Mrs. Oliphant.

29. Dined with The Club; Herbert, Elliot, Maunde Thompson and Walpole, just returned from the United States, being present. As we were however only six, we had not a quorum and could not proceed to ballot, so that no new member has been added as yet to our ranks in the room of the Duc d'Aumale.

Maunde Thompson told us that the Prince of Naples is exceedingly fond of numismatics, and since he came to London for the festivities has spent all the time he could in the coin-room of the British Museum.

Sir Henry Elliot mentioned that he had asked his

tailor whether there was not a kind of cloth made for consumption on the other side of the Atlantic far finer than anything that we ever use. "Oh no," replied the man, "there must be some mistake; but I will send for my traveller and ask him." The traveller appeared, and his master enquired whether Sir Henry's information was correct. "Undoubtedly," was the answer; "not one yard of the cloth of which Sir Henry Elliot speaks ever comes to London. It all goes to be made into coats in the United States."

July

1. Drove in an hour and twenty minutes to Stainforth House, Upper Clapton, where Mr. F. Hanbury now lives. His garden lies on the higher part of the slope which falls down to the Lea. Beyond that river are the huge reservoirs of the East London Water Company, now being largely extended, and the horizon is bounded by Epping Forest. Hanbury has a small but most successful rockwork, full of interesting things, amongst which a high place belongs to *Senecio spathulifolia* from the Holyhead Island, only lately added to our flora and very handsome. There too was *Orobis Niger*, from the Pass of Killie-

crankie, in flower and fruit, and *Inula Salicina*, from Galway. The great company of Hawkweeds, for use in connection with my host's monograph on that genus, had less interest for me; but I was delighted to see, although only in a pot and not in flower, a specimen of *Liparis Loeselii*, for which we hunted so vainly on our expedition to the Broads.

After dinner we looked at some of the curiosities of our host's herbarium, such as *Diotis maritima*, now extinct on the English mainland; *Arthrolobium ebracteatum*, a plant of the Scilly Isles; *Ononis reclinata* from Alderney, and the grand specimens of *Senecio paludosus* and *Senecio palustris*, which he showed me once before. He has just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to find the last-named plant in Cambridgeshire. It seems too probable that, like *paludosus*, it is lost to Britain.

2. There is a rather pleasant article in the *Cornhill* of this month, consisting of extracts from the notebooks of my old acquaintance, Sir Charles Murray, under whom my brother began his too short diplomatic career. He was very emphatically a man of this world, and nothing was more natural than that he should say to me one day at Dresden: "Newman was my tutor at Oriel; but *I wasn't corrupted by him!*"

5. Dined at Grillion's—Lord Welby in the chair; Robert Herbert, Lord Pembroke, Lord Norton, Lord

Clinton, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, and the Bishop of Ripon making up the party.

The fancy ball given the other night at Devonshire House led to some conversation about the Queen's first ball, and Mrs. Archer Clive's poem upon that subject, which Welby admires nearly as much as I do, but which the others had not met with. There was much talk, too, of Dickens, whose works both the Bishop and Robert Herbert seemed to know surprisingly well. My own ignorance of them is, alas! portentous. Herbert had been extremely struck by the great dramatic power shown by Dickens when he read his own works. I think he went so far as to say that nothing of the kind he had ever listened to seemed to him quite equal to its author's rendering of one of the more tragic passages in *Oliver Twist*. Herbert represents the very expressed essence of the old Eton and Oxford education, which gives his opinion, about a writer like Dickens, a peculiar interest.

6. To the garden-party at Devonshire House. A happy phrase which the American Ambassador used, when speaking of a great dinner he had been attending, made me smile: "I was very unhappy until I was separated from my speech."

I asked Lord Stanmore why a gentleman from Ceylon, to whom he introduced me some days ago, bore as his title "Mudaliar of the Governor's Gate." He replied

that it denoted a higher kind of Mudaliar, above the ordinary cantonal authority, and derived its name from its possessor having a right in old time to sit with the ruling personage in the gate—not exactly as a judge, but more as one of his escort.

Lord Cathcart, who sat next my wife, told her that the Duc d'Otranto had once said to him: "Ask Lord Bridport why he has got Brontë and I have not got Otranto." Lord Bridport replied: "I should feel inclined to tell him that the reason was that my family got Brontë honestly, and that his got Otranto by an act of robbery."

To-day we transferred ourselves from Southwell House to 11 Chelsea Embankment, and slept there for the first time.

7. Mr. Stillman, with whom I have had some correspondence of late about Greece and squirrels, told me to-day that Watts had said to him: "If I had been as well taught as Titian, I should have been a far greater painter."—*Un fier mot!*

8. Dined with the Balfours of Burleigh. I took down Lady Middleton, who is still handsome, though no longer the very pretty girl to whom I said, some twenty years ago, that, if women were allowed to sit in Parliament, she would certainly turn me out of the Elgin Burghs. Mrs. Maskelyne's brother, Sir John Llewelyn,

explained incidentally a word which had always puzzled me. Lord Llangattock before he was ennobled was Mr. Rolls of the Hendre. Hendre it appears is a common Welsh local name, and means *the old place*—that is, the place to which the tribe returned in winter after its dispersion in the *Hafod* or Summer Pastures.

The Archbishop of York, who has just returned from Russia, had been as much impressed by Moscow as I was in 1863. Pobedienostzeff, he told me, had been very kind to him.

12. Returned to London from Ham House, whither we went on the 10th.

Before we left to-day I visited the small but excessively valuable library, which I had never seen. One of its treasures is a little Caxton, shabbily bound and about the size of an ordinary pamphlet, for which £4000 had been offered. Its name is the *Gouvernayle of Health*, and it is supposed to be unique.

Embarking at the pier some two or three hundred yards above this house I landed at the Charing Cross steps, and went on to Grillion's, where Lord Cross took the chair. Next him on the right was the Bishop of Winchester, between whom and Welby I sat, facing Leveson-Gower, Robert Herbert, and Lord Norton. The Bishop told me that the Queen had said to him the other day: "From what point did you see the

procession?" then recollecting as she spoke, she said: "Oh! you were on the steps of St. Paul's. I," she added, "was unfortunate—I had a very bad place and saw nothing."

I asked him whether he knew the Bishop of Adelaide. "Very well indeed," he said. "He made a most beautiful speech the other day at the Conference in introducing the subject of Biblical criticism." *À propos* of Biblical criticism I enquired if he had heard the story of Mrs. Nansen, and, finding that he had not, repeated it to him. That led him to talk about the King and Queen of Denmark. "She is," he said, "the most delightful old lady, and very naïve. I think it was at the marriage of the Duke of York that she said to me: 'Do look at my gown; it is so pretty. I got it for my golden wedding.'" He gave also a curious account of Fredensborg, where the King and Queen, who while in Copenhagen live with extreme simplicity, have every year a short period of great splendour. There is a kind of strange, old-world character about dinner, served on a gigantic and very thick oak table, in the centre of which is the most magnificent display of old Danish silver tankards, filled with foaming beer which the Royalties drink after a fashion worthy of the days of the Vikings. The Emperor of Russia and his family, the Empress Frederick and her family, with many others,

were there at the time of the visit which he described. He sat near a part of the table which was reserved for the children, who, it is edifying to learn, talked to each other exclusively in English, the one language which they all knew perfectly.

Welby told me an amusing story of a French lady, whom some one had been persecuting by his attentions at a country house. At length people interfered; and one of them remarked: "C'est un vrai sanglier." "Oh! non, Monsieur," answered the victim, "pas si sauvage!"

14. Dined on the invitation of Mrs. Maurice MacMillan at the Women's Dinner to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's Accession. We were divided into companies of twelve, and everything was very well done. My hostess sat at one end of our table; Miss Penrose, of Bedford College, at the other. I was on Mrs. MacMillan's right, and then in order came Lady Evans, Sir Robert Giffen, Miss Ellaby, and Sir William Broadbent. Opposite me was Sir John Evans, next him Miss Collette, then Professor Beesly, then Miss Llewelyn Davies and Jebb. Mrs. Flora Steel presided over the whole company, and proposed the health of the Queen, in a speech beginning "Gentlemen and Ladies."

The toast of the guests was proposed by Lady Henry

Somerset, who did her part to admiration. Amongst other things she said that at a friend's house the other day she had met an Irish gentleman, who, when she had gone, was reported to have remarked: "'I'm very much surprised indeed. I thought that I should meet a gaunt virago of a woman.' Alas! whatever is to be said as to the rest, I have long given up every hope of being gaunt." Later in the evening at the American Embassy I met the Irish gentleman—no other than Lord Morris—who had already been informed of the use that had been made of his remark, and was greatly delighted therewith.

The Bishop of London replied on our behalf, and told one excellent anecdote. An American speaking of the game of whist said: "I had once all the thirteen trumps in my own hand, and I only won one trick." "How did that happen?" said the person to whom he spoke. "Well, in this way, Sir. My partner played an ace the first hand, I trumped it, and he shot me!" Later in the course of talk he told another story: An American of an enquiring disposition while travelling in England went into one of our Courts of Law, where a gentleman in a wig was making a speech. "Who is that?" he enquired. "Mr. Such-and-Such, the Queen's Counsel," was the answer. "Well," was the rejoinder, "if he be the Queen's Counsel, I will make an observation which I am

not in the habit of making, and say 'God save the Queen.'"

Among people whose acquaintance I made to-night were Mr. Claude Montefiore, who came to the gathering under the protection of Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The festival owed its origin to Mrs. Flora Steel, and had involved no small amount of business, *inter alia*, the writing of about 3000 letters.

Some of the couples were very amusing. The Bishop of London came under the wing of Mrs. Sydney Webb. It made me think of a distich describing some meeting in Germany forty or fifty years ago, which sticks in some odd corner of my brain :

"Karl Vogt logirte, ich hab'es gehört,
Im bischöflichen Palaste."

16. Ran down to spend the day at Burnham Vicarage, near Taplow, at present occupied by Mr. Basil Levett and his wife. There had been a question of driving over to see the Quaker burying-ground at Jourdans, but the heat of the weather counselled us to remain under the large trees of the garden. Lady Margaret's recollections about her early youth centre much round Brockett and Broadlands. She is the grand-daughter of Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist. With reference to the Queen's youthful affection for her first prime minister,

she mentioned that Lord Palmerston used to say that when asked how she would like to be painted, she replied: "In my Dalmatic robe, Lord Melbourne thinks that I look best in that."

At the Praed Street Station on my way home a French priest came up to me and asked a question about the trains to Charing Cross. We fell into conversation, and he told me that he had just returned from a three hours' visit to Oxford to examine a picture said to be by Raphael, but which he maintained to be a copy by Giulio Romano of a Raphael in his own possession. He declared that far the best Raphael in the National Gallery was the Madonna of the Ansidei, that the Saint Catherine had suffered terribly, the Garvagh Madonna even more, and that the portrait of Pope Julius was not from the hand of Raphael!

——, who has been meeting M. Bourget, describes him in a letter just received as "a photographic machine trying to get the British nation into focus."

We dined with Lord Stanmore. I took down my hostess, and had on my other side Lady Hamilton Gordon, who told me that her brother had settled at Littlemore, where he had made himself the local Providence and where his daughter filled the part of Newman's sisters. (See these Notes for 1896.) Thence we went on to the Spanish Embassy, where there was

a concert which had the merit, rare indeed in London, of being so well managed that every one could hear the music in perfect comfort.

19. Returned to London from Abbotsworthy, a place which George Lefevre has recently bought near the village of Kingsworthy, some two and a half miles from Winchester. The house stands on a gentle slope overlooking the Itchen, which flows through its flat valley in many streams. Our fellow-guests were the Knutsfords and Stanmore's son, Mr. Maurice Gordon. Sir Edward Grey, the rising hope of his party, came over for an hour from his fishing cottage in the neighbourhood. Our host, shut out of Parliament at the last Election, has thrown himself with his usual energy into the work of the County Council, and talked much of tramways, water schemes, cemeteries, and the like dreary subjects, but which he treated with great intelligence and good sense.

Dined at Grillion's—Lecky in the chair. We had Herbert, Lord Norton, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir T. Sanderson, Knutsford, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh. I sat between the last two. There was much talk about the Colonial Premiers, and Lord Balfour told us that A.B., ex-Australian governor and a very great magnate, had met and shaken hands with one of these gentlemen, who remembered his face, but could not put a name to

it. "Well," said the Antipodean, "what are you doing?" "Just at present," was the reply, "I've not much to do. I'm rather in want of a job." "Ah!" was the rejoinder, "the old story. I suppose you have been tippling a bit"!!

26. Returned to London from Salisbury, whither we went on the 23rd to stay at the Deanery. On the 24th I drove, accompanied by my daughter Victoria, by Lady Victoria Russell and Harold, to renew my acquaintance with Stonehenge, finding on the way *Orobanche elatior*, which I had never gathered before. In the garden of Canon Bernard, chancellor of the diocese, I saw *Nemesia strumosa*, an annual from South Africa, which seemed to me well worth getting. Its possessor, who is much interested in botany, showed me a passage in Dante's *Convito* proving that the great poet observed narrowly the effect produced upon plants by their being placed in unsuitable surroundings. The Dean, who has been much struck lately by the last Lord Lytton's *Glenaveril*, read from it the passage about the dove and the falcon, as well as a very fine paragraph from H. B. Wilson's Bampton Lectures as to the disappearance of differences, which at one time seemed momentous, as we draw towards the end of our journey. Lady Victoria had with her one of those books full of minute questions which people are

expected to answer, and which, when they answer seriously, become something like a record of general confessions. Her father, Acton, the last Lord Houghton, Mrs. Craven, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and many other interesting people had done so. The Dean and I added ours on two sides of the same leaf.

Lady Waldegrave, Lord Colchester, Mr. Everard Feilding, and others dined with us. Sir Julian Pauncefote, who is in London for a short holiday, did not speak quite as hopefully about things in America as Mr. Whitridge did when I saw him on the 20th, but hoped to be able to settle the troublesome Behring Sea question after his return to Washington in the autumn. He gave a very favourable account of McKinley, whom he thinks pacifically inclined, alike towards Spain and all other Powers.

August

3. Drove over to Layer Marney, about three-quarters of an hour from here, and interesting as being one of the earliest if not the earliest building in England in which the influence of Italian art can be traced. Great use of terra-cotta was made in its decoration. In the church hard by are three fine monuments, those of Sir William

Marney, who died in 1414, of the first Lord Marney, who built Layer Marney, and of his son.

5. Finished Lady Burghersh's delightful letters published by her daughter in 1893, and describing her experiences during the war of liberation and the advance on Paris. She did not die till 1879, and this book makes me regret deeply that I never had the good fortune to know so interesting a contemporary.

11. Returned to Lexden from Cromer, whither we went on the 6th to stay at Newhaven Court. I have not been there since the death of Mr. Locker-Lampson, but the honours were done by his widow, for whom the house was built by her father. The weather was much better than on my last visit, and very agreeable. The little town did not please me any more than it did in 1892, but George Boyle was a fellow-guest during the whole of our stay.

The most interesting incident was the visit to Mr. Whitwell Elwin, now over eighty, but as hale as possible. He has never brought to the birth a work on which he was engaged many years since, and which he was pre-eminently fitted to accomplish, *The Lives of the English Poets*, nor has he even collected those Articles in the *Quarterly* which made Sainte-Beuve say to Mat. Arnold, "You have a critic in England"; but he has all but finished a work of a very different kind and of supreme

merit: this is the little church of Booton, close to his own door, which he has re-built bit by bit during the last quarter of a century, and which is an Augenweide. The parish when it is at the fullest contains about two hundred and fifty souls, for whom their rector entirely out of his own resources has provided this little gem. Its style is the Early Decorated. Everything is done with great simplicity but to perfection, and it is satisfactory to know that the whole of the lovely stained glass has been designed and executed by a Mr. Booker, who, although a member of a Belgian firm and resident in Bruges, is an Englishman. As the church is dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, angels play a greater part in it than I have ever known them to do elsewhere. The windows are full of them, and each of the hammer beams of the roof is terminated by an angel holding up one of the lamps by which the church is lighted. The exterior is built chiefly of the flints of the country, and elaborately finished off with Bath stone, is exceedingly good, but it is the interior which gives to it its unique character. The rustics of Booton may wander far and wide over the world without seeing anything better than what they left at home.

George Boyle mentioned one of these days an old Scotch word which I do not remember ever to have heard—Jockteleg, which meant a large, strong knife, being

a corruption of the name of a famous cutler—Jacques de Liège. He told me that an old acquaintance of his, Sir Paul Hunter, had been on the point of writing to Peel to warn him against the very trick of his horse which caused his death. Perhaps it would have been of no avail if he had, for the dealer from whom he bought it did not conceal the faults of the creature. Before Peel bought it, it had thrown the present Dean of York, then, of course, a boy.

He mentioned also in the course of talk that Mr. Hoole, a son of the man who translated Tasso, had asked Dr. Johnson on his death-bed what he should read to him. "The 14th chapter of St. John," he replied, "the most majestic in the Bible."

I happened to repeat to Mrs. Locker-Lampson Swinburne's strange judgment about two lines in *Sordello* quoted in the Indian portion of these Notes, and she said the two lines of Browning's which Tennyson most admired were:

"Oh! the little more and how much it is.
Oh! the little less and what worlds away."

George Boyle made us laugh by telling us that some one had read *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* to Lockhart, who remarked at the close: "I am afraid that union would not be successful."

To the honour of Cromer it should be told that it possesses a charming carillon. I only heard it once, but on Sunday morning it played a hymn tune quite beautifully. The church is an extremely fine one of Perpendicular architecture, very spacious and with much good modern glass. The place is still a stronghold of the Low Church party, but it was amusing to observe how much their opponents had done towards capturing it. The Psalms were still read, not chanted, the service was not intoned, and the officiating clergyman must have made the blood of some of his hearers run cold by announcing that the Communion would be administered on some early day after the evening service. On the other hand the sermon was preached in a surplice; it contained none of the distinguishing doctrines of the sect, and there was a large white-robed choir.

As we came back we stopped in Norwich, where we attended Matins in the Cathedral. Most of the work there is Norman and very good, but I am afraid the building has never got over the iconoclastic proceedings of the band of Puritan savages, who were let loose upon it in the seventeenth century. The cloisters are very fine. Before leaving the city we walked round the old keep of the Bigods, now turned into a museum, into which we went, for a moment, to see the specimen of the Great Auk preserved there.

12. Wilfrid Ward sends from the Collège Anglais at Douai an interesting account of the place where they have all the pictures belonging to the great English College of Douai, founded by Cardinal Allen in 1568. The present occupants are the old Paris Community which Dr. Johnson visited. The arms on the paper are interesting, a crown under which is an arrow crossed by a palm branch, under which again is the word "pax" in the midst of the crown of thorns.

14. Drove over to Wivenhoe Park, now let to a brother of Hanbury of La Mortola, but once the home of my old acquaintance Gurdon Rebow, long since dead. I have never written down, by the way, a curious story which he told in my presence. While he was High Sheriff of Essex a man was condemned to death for murder. A little time after he was sitting in Brooks's Club when Lord Campbell, being then Lord Chief Justice, who had tried the case, came in, and sitting down by him presently asked: "When is that man whom I sentenced in your county to be executed?" "Oh!" replied Rebow, "he was to be executed on such and such a day, but the executioner is employed elsewhere, so that I have arranged that he is to be executed the day after." "Just come into the next room with me," said Lord Campbell. When they were alone he said: "Have you the slightest notion that, if you do what you have just

told me you meant to do, you will be tried for your life? You have not the power to alter a sentence in the slightest particular. You must go off immediately and arrange that the execution shall take place on the day I named, and if it cannot be arranged otherwise you must hang the man with your own hands." Rebow went off by the next train, for it was almost a question of hours, and was fortunately able to get some one else to act the part of executioner.

I have read since I came down here General Maurice's very interesting book upon *The National Defences*—a most admirable exposition of the text on which I have so often preached—"a supreme Navy, an adequate Army, and an incomparable Diplomatic Service."

18. Accompanied by Victoria I left Loxden yesterday morning and came to Wenlock Abbey, where I am now writing.

19. I made yesterday a long expedition with Mr. Milnes Gaskell. The most notable features of our drive were the steep declivity of Wenlock Edge, which we descended, distant views of the Brown Clee, the highest hill in Shropshire, of Caer Caradoc and of the Longmynd, famous in the annals of geology, a short halt at Langley, where there is a chapel of some interest to the antiquary, now used for penning sheep at night! and a fine old timbered house. Curious, too, was a

fragment of Roman road still used, and the immensely ancient yew at Church Preen, where we passed half an hour with its owner, Mr. Sparrow, and his daughter, pleasant and cultivated people.

To-day I drove with Lady Catherine to Aldenham, which belongs to Acton, but is now let. The avenue running up to it from the high-road is admirable, and the house as seen from the gates of that avenue most imposing. It does not gain, however, by a nearer inspection. The library (in which I remembered its owner's kindness mentioned in the second volume of my *Notes from a Diary*) is a vast warehouse of books, but few people could read in it with any comfort. Everything like beauty or convenience has been advisedly sacrificed. There is a fine copy or *replica* of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke, in the hall, but we saw only one or two rooms.

20. To-day was given chiefly to a drive with Lady Catherine to see Burton, Lord Wenlock's pretty place, which is, however, like Aldenham, not in its owner's occupation. What between my journey across the country from Ludlow to Shrewsbury in 1880 and this visit, I feel that I have seen a fair sample of Shropshire.

We left Wenlock Abbey on the 21st, and after two or three days spent at Smithills, where the welcome of our host and hostess was as warm as ever, but where

the state of the weather was far from showing the beautiful house to advantage, we passed on *viâ* York to Wallington.

Lake got into the train at Morpeth and travelled with us as far as Scot's Gap, repeating to me by the way a curious conversation which took place between Gladstone and himself some years ago at Raby about the late Lord Iddesleigh.

Gladstone: "What is wanting in Northcote is man-hood."

Lake: "Oh! but I heard him make an excellent speech the other day when the room was filled with his opponents."

Gladstone: "Any one can stand up to his opponents. Give me the man who can stand up to his friends."

Trevelyan is hard at work on a book nearly related to, but not a continuation of, his *Early Years of Charles Fox*, which I read in the spring with so much pleasure. Never till 1897 had he inhabited Wallington during the summer, but, now that he has thrown aside the labouring oar of politics, he is free to do so, and he has been there ever since early June. The eldest son, who is mentioned in these Notes for 1889 as having just left Harrow, has now passed through Cambridge, fought an unsuccessful battle at the general election with H. M. Stanley, and become a member of the London School Board. The third, who is mentioned as just entering Harrow, has

thus far fulfilled entirely the great promise he gave, and has become one of Acton's most devoted pupils. Dr. Hodgkin came over for one night full of a visit which he had paid, since I last saw him, to the younger Lacaita at Leucaspide, so did Sir John Adye, who talked as usual very wisely about the North-West frontier of India, and had much to tell of the great works of restoration which Lord Armstrong (now eighty-seven) is carrying on at Bamborough. Well might Trevelyan say: "His conduct proves that the passion for building is not necessarily inspired by a desire to live in that which we have built." Another visitor was Edward Bowen, the author of the Harrow songs, and a younger brother of Lord Bowen so often mentioned in these pages.

Sir John Adye told us that Lord Clyde was during the Mutiny very careful of the lives of British soldiers. Seeing a young officer pursuing the mutineers with his guns recklessly in advance of his cavalry escort, he galloped after him and poured upon his head a volley of objurgation. ———, who was famous for his argumentativeness, calmly replied to his Commander-in-Chief: "I don't agree with you, Sir." "Don't agree with me!" was the rejoinder; "young man, you are the greatest fool I ever knew with one exception, and that was your father!" Speaking of one of the race Trevelyan said: "He left his post and rejoined his regiment at Waterloo, but under

circumstances which made that proceeding excusable. He had held Hougomont till the last of his three companies was put *hors de combat*."

Adye, who is an excellent draughtsman, showed us some very good sketches, many of Bamborough, many of Gibraltar, of which he was long governor, and one, taken at the time, of the women and children brought back by the relieving force from Lucknow crossing the Ganges to Cawnpore.

Lake was staying with Eleonora Lady Trevelyan at Cambo, where she inhabits a pretty house formed out of the one which Arthur Young knew as an inn, and of whose landlord he gave so unflattering an account. I spent two or three hours in talk with the old Dean, or ex-Dean rather, and he told me amongst other things the whole story of Dr. Scott's election to be Master of Balliol. It all seems to have turned upon the vote to be given by Riddell, who was nearly persuaded by Walrond to support Jowett, but yielded to Lake's persuasion on the eve of the eventful day.

While I was at Wallington the papers brought the tidings of the death at seventy-one of my own and Trevelyan's old friend Sir George Osborne Morgan, whom I have known and liked, without being very intimate with him, for nearly fifty years. He was a very brilliant scholar, and I suppose I have still some Latin

prose of mine 'corrected by him during the short period in which I read with him at Oxford. He became later a famous leading-article writer in the Peelite days of the *Morning Chronicle*, and a successful member of the Chancery Bar. He came into Parliament, if I recollect right, at the election of 1868, and gained a great name by bearding successfully the mighty Sir Watkin in his own county. When W. E. Forster came to me from Gladstone in 1880 with the offer of the office of Judge Advocate General, or the Under-Secretaryship of State for the Colonies and a seat in the Privy Council, I had not a moment's hesitation in accepting the latter, though it was somewhat lower in the official hierarchy, as being at once more important and more interesting. Morgan became Judge Advocate, but in 1886 he too was for a brief period Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

I have given a short description of Wallington in these Notes for 1889, but amongst things to which my attention was not then drawn I may note the beautiful little Rothley lake, which although artificial looks perfectly natural. I do not remember on my first visit seeing Macaulay's writing-table nor his silver inkstand, both of which his nephew now uses.

We left Wallington on the morning of the 28th, and made our way in a little more than twelve hours to Lexden.

September

2. Accompanied by Victoria and Lily I went under the guidance of Mr. Shenstone, whom Hanbury had recommended to me as being well acquainted with the local flora, to Mersea Island, crossing as we went part of the district which suffered so severely from the earthquake half a generation ago. I found in addition to various plants which I had not seen since I was at Shoreham with De Tabley many years ago, two which were on my list of Benthamic desiderata — *Scirpus maritimus* and the very rare Deptford pink, *Dianthus Armeria*. In the saltings near the Strood, which is the old Roman causeway leading from the mainland to the island, *Aster tripolium* was growing in great luxuriance, but without the ray florets. I had never perceived or had forgotten its delicious honeylike fragrance, very different in its character from that of *Artemisia maritima* which grew near it, and is also to me extremely agreeable.

I had been running through a book on *Social Life in England and France* by Miss Berry, which has for many years been standing unread upon my shelves. Far too large a portion of the two volumes consists of reflections, often very sensible, but usually rather obvious. Here

and there, however, are facts of interest not known to me. I had, for instance, no idea that St. Evremond had been made Governor of the Duck Islands in St. James's Park with a regular commission and a salary of £300 a year, nor that Miss Berry had seen Marie Antoinette accompanied by the Comtesse de Provence, the Comtesse d'Artois, Madame Elizabeth, the Duchesse d'Orleans, and the Princesse de Conti pass through the streets of Paris in 1785 in a huge coach, without a single note of applause from the multitude, to return thanks for the birth of the Dauphin, and that Miss Berry had also been in the French capital during the revolution of 1830.

4. Talked with Sir John Ardagh, who is staying here, about the experiments which have just been taking place near Dungeness with reference to the use of Lyddite, a high explosive. He says that the shells charged with it excavated, when they burst, craters about eight feet deep by fifteen broad, and that the shingle all round was reduced to the consistency of flour.

5. Miss Williams - Freeman, who is with us on her way from Belgium to Devonshire, recited most admirably Coppée's terrible poem, *La Bénédiction*, and two other pieces of a very different character, but each excellent in its way, *Les Violettes* and *C'est le vent*. Coquelin, after listening to her, offered to give her lessons this autumn. I am not surprised! She told me a story

of an American lady in Paris who is reported to have said: "Mon médecin m'a ordonné de suivre un régiment!"

7. In an amusing little essay about Leisure and St. Jerome as its patron, Vernon Lee, writing about Catena's picture, a copy of which I have in my library in London, says that a friend of hers accounted for the saint's never being interrupted by reminding her that Heaven had made him a present of a lion, who slept on his door-mat, after which she thought his leisure could take care of itself.

8. The Bishop of Adelaide and Mrs. Harmer arrived on the 6th and left us to-day.

I told Dr. Harmer, who was long with Lightfoot at Bishop Auckland, that in 1846 I had heard A. P. Forbes, who later in life became Bishop of Brechin, ask Mr. Rogerson, a Catholic priest, as we were travelling together, whether the secret of St. Cuthbert's burial-place was still carefully kept. He answered in the affirmative. Dr. Harmer thinks, however, that those are right who believe that the bones which were discovered some years ago in Durham Cathedral were really those of the saint, although this view has not, it would seem, been accepted by the Catholics in the North. The bones were accompanied by the remains of robes on which the eider-duck, which appears to have

been a favourite with the saint, is said to have been embroidered in gold. Dr. Harmer believes that the Black Rood taken at the battle of Neville's Cross is still buried somewhere in the precincts of the cathedral.

11. The death of Hutton is announced in this morning's *Spectator*. His recluse habits prevented our seeing him save on the rarest occasions, although he was, for all the later years of his life, so near a neighbour at Twickenham; but his country has lost one of its best men, and we a staunch friend.

16. With the same companions as on the 2nd I went down to-day to Brightlingsea, and after a short visit to the Biological Station (kept up by the County Council, a new thing in the land!), where we saw the stinging ray, the sea-mouse, a formidable creature to those who handle it, although so beautiful, like Aphrodite, whose name it bears, crossed the Colne by a ferry, and passed immediately into the marshes. Within a very few minutes Lily, whose lynx eyes made her the heroine of this excursion, discovered *Spartina stricta*—a grass belonging to one of the few English genera hitherto unknown to me. Later in the day we came upon another of my desiderata—*Rumex maritimus*, a very well marked plant, quite unlike anything I have ever seen. Lily had another triumph in finding the so-called sea-heath, *Frankenia laevis*, at a spot where it was not

known to grow. I do not think we could have covered less than ten miles from the time we left the station at Brightlingsea until we got to Clacton. The walk took us over very varied ground, often along the tops of sea-walls, sometimes across patches of turf on which *Silene maritima* grew abundantly, sometimes over stretches of beach washed by the North Sea, again through great patches of *Suaeda maritima*, and amongst many scattered bushes of its rarer sister, *fruticosa*. We saw, too, very gardens of the sea aster, with the ray florets. It was in the middle of one of these last that we came on a little clump of the golden samphire, *Inula Crithmoides*, which I had never met with save at Athlit in Palestine.

20. ——— in a letter recently received told me that Howells, the American novelist, having been asked which he thought the hundred best books, replied: "I don't know, I haven't written so many."

28. George Boyle and his wife, who came on the 21st, left us to-day. We had, of course, much pleasant talk about persons and things, of which I note some items.

I mentioned at breakfast on the 23rd that my nephew Aloys had written to me to say that the German stage—poets and performers alike—is positively "*grouillant de juifs*," and that they were also responsible for most of the novels alluded to under date of 23rd February in this year. That led the Dean to tell an excellent

story of Lord Alvanley quite new to me. He was walking with Rogers in St. James's Street, when the latter bowed to a clergyman who was passing. "Who is that?" said Lord Alvanley. "Oh! don't you know him?" was the reply. "It is Milman, who wrote the *History of the Jews*." "What on earth does he know about them?" was the reply; "if he had come to me I could have told him something." New to me also was a saying attributed to George Selwyn. A well-known peer was embarking to cross the Channel: "That is a passover," said Selwyn, "which will not be agreeable to the Jews."

We talked of last words. Did Smith the father of English geology really say, "Thank God, I die on the Oolite," or is that only a happy imagination?

The Dean had the authority of one of the three people who were playing whist with him for the last words of Sir Henry Halford. As they finished their second game the old man said: "Now for the conqueror!" and fell back dead. The end of Sir Henry Baker, who was so closely connected with the inception of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, was very appropriate. He asked some one to read his own hymn, "The King of Love my Shepherd is," and passed away just as the reader reached the line "And home rejoicing brought me."

The last intelligible words of Boyle's own father, the Lord Justice General, were: "I must go to my papers," the formula which he had habitually used when he left the family circle in the evening to go to his own study.

Conversation strayed to Baird, the great Scotch iron-master of the last generation. The question had arisen as to whether a case of vital importance to him was to come before the Lord Justice General or not. When this doubt was settled in the affirmative Baird observed: "I'm glad it's to come before that auld man; he wadna gie a wrang decession for God nor deevil."

The Dean made us laugh by an account of a military fanatic who, finding himself quartered at Winchester, said: "Hursley is a very dark place. Keble has been there for forty years; but I am determined that the people shall hear the sound of the Gospel!"

He recalled a breakfast in my rooms at No. 87 Piccadilly, to which Maine came full of glee at an adventure of Brookfield's. That amusing personage was then preaching in the chapel at the end of Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and remarked one day to Mr. Jowett, the mercer in Conduit Street: "I see you are one of my hearers." "Yes," was the reply; "I think you have about the best-gloved congregation in London."

It was at a dinner of ours some years later that Hayward told him a characteristic story of Rogers, to

whom Lord Lonsdale said one day: "I trust, Mr. Rogers, you find everything satisfactory in my house." "Not everything," answered the other. "Oh!" was the rejoinder, "what would you like altered?" "The coffee." "Oh! the coffee, and what would you call that?" "Execrable!"

We talked of Bright, now a Canon of Christchurch, who wrote many years ago *Crowned and Discrowned*, some lines from which are quoted in these Notes for 1859. He was, it appears, one of the authors of the Latin translation of the prayer book from which Boyle quoted the happy rendering of "Whose service is perfect freedom": "Cui servire est regnare."

30. I have had read to me in these last days nearly the whole of a very curious book, *The Letters and Journals of Mr. Cory*, better known as William Johnson, of Eton, a man of whom I used often to hear from Maine and others, but never saw. It is the most singular compound of genius and silliness, insight and simplicity, knowledge of books, ignorance of the world, amiability, prejudice, and craze.

October

8. Wilfrid Ward has sent me a most interesting description of the Catholic Congress at Fribourg:—

“It was,” he says, “an exact reproduction of a mediæval disputation, with all the freedom of debate which the scholastics indulged in, and with the romantic enthusiasm for the patron saint of the town which survives in few towns, though it is to be seen in many villages—Swiss and Italian. Strange to say, in the midst of all this, Frederick Von Hügel’s Scriptural Essay adopting much of the modern criticism was applauded to the echo, and Cardinal Jacobini’s invitation to come another year to Rome was unanimously declined, because they wished to be free. One orator remarked amidst general approval that Rome was the centre of authority but not a centre of light.”

10. Tyrrell told me to-day that Odo Russell had been startled by Lord Beaconsfield telling him that he intended to address the diplomatists assembled at Berlin in a French speech.

Knowing that the Premier’s acquaintance with the tongue of the Gaul was very imperfect, he was in despair, but, as usual, proved equal to the occasion.

“It will,” he said, “be a very great disappointment.”

"Why?" said Lord Beaconsfield.

"Because," answered Odo, "knowing that you are a great master of English eloquence they have been looking forward to your addressing them in English as to a great intellectual treat."

"You don't say so," was the rejoinder, and the French speech was torn up.

11. The house has been pretty full for the last few days, but most of our guests left us this morning. George Trevelyan's youngest son, who was one of them, mentioned a remark made by a son of Mr. George Darwin's, a mere child, about eight years old, he thought, which was simply astounding. "What are metaphysics?" he asked. Some one answered jestingly: "It is what you take after physic." The child was not satisfied with that answer, but in a few minutes rejoined: "I see what it is: you think, and you think, and you think, and then you say that two and two are *about* five!"

13. Dr. Jessopp, who came to stay with us on the 11th, left to-day. Last night he delivered in Colchester a lecture on "Village Life in the 14th Century," at which I took the chair. It contained much matter hitherto unknown to me, and gave a view of the state of English art at that period much more favourable than the one which is usually accepted. He thinks that nearly all the churches, no less than the church ornaments, were

of local manufacture, and by no means the work of travelling masons.

14. Mrs. Locker-Lampson, who is staying with us, gave an amusing account of an old nurse in her family who must be a treasure. She informed her mistress that she was going to the stores to buy "jaguars," the coveted objects being the woollen fabrics known as Jaegers; and on having her attention called to the death of some missionaries in West Africa, thanks to the deadly climate of that region, said: "Yes; I fancy it is caused by the Egyptians who were drowned in the Red Sea."

25. The *Morning Post* announces the death of Frank Palgrave. We were never intimate, but I have known him more or less since I went up to Balliol fifty years ago, and always liked him. Many people found the torrential rush of his talk intolerably tiresome, but I cannot say that that was my experience.

27. I spent some hours at Mr. Shenstone's this afternoon, engaged in learning the method of using borotungstate of cadmium, superior in some respects for testing the specific gravity of stones to methylene iodide, which I have used a good deal for that purpose.

November

1. The Wilfrid Wards are with us. He tells me that Cardinal Vaughan recently received a hint that he would do well to be more polite to the Anglicans, and did his best to be so, understanding their ways, however, so little that he kept treading on their toes at every moment. Ward wrote to Lord Halifax to point out that all this was quite unintentional. "The line he takes reminds me," replied his correspondent, "of the story of the elephant, who, having accidentally trodden on and killed a hen partridge close to her nest, forthwith sat on the eggs in her place, exclaiming, 'I too am a mother.'"

To Ward, too, I owe a saying of Disraeli's which was new to me. Some one urged his claims to a title in a very unblushing way; Disraeli replied that it was true that the Crown was the "Fountain of Honour," but it was equally true that it was not its pump.

The Empress Frederick has sent me a very interesting article extracted from the *Deutsche Revue* and founded on papers in the possession of the Bunsen family. It contains a letter from the Emperor William—then Prince of Prussia—to the Chevalier Bunsen, dated 17th July

1850, from which it is clear that he was heart and soul with the King and Radowitz in their opposition to Austria. He quotes the phrase of the Archduchess Stéphanie: "L'Autriche veut avilir et faire démolir la Prusse."

6. Madame de Grünne and her eldest son, who came to us on the 3rd, left us to-day for Cambridge. I had with her a great deal of talk of the most delightful kind, "en reveillant tant d'anciens et précieux souvenirs" of her father Montalembert, of Mrs. Craven, of all the Lumigny party, of Madame de Dreux Brézé, of Bertrand de Blacas, his mother and sister, etc., etc. She had been once in London since we met at poor Emly's in June 1872, but this was her first visit to an English country house.

She gave me a very amusing account of the difficulties to be encountered in getting to La Roche en Brény in the old diligence days. M. Cochin, who was essentially a man of the town, having been compassionated on his sufferings in making the journey, said that they might really have been greater, adding "en numérotant ses os on les retrouve très-bien."

12. For the first time in her life my wife has been able to indulge her taste for keeping water-fowl, which it was impossible to do at Eden, where there was only an impetuous and open river; at Hampden, where there

was not a spring in the parish; at Guindy, at Madras, at Ootacamund, or at York House; while at Knebworth the piece of water, very pretty when you got to it, was too distant from the house to make it at all convenient for the purpose. Here the garden terraces fall down to the water's edge, and the creatures are perpetually under observation. There are already sheldrakes, Egyptian geese, Mandarin ducks, teal, Carolina ducks, Indian runners, call ducks, mallards, and various hybrids, to say nothing of the aboriginal inhabitants—a large colony of water-hens.

The autumn, as I have already mentioned, has been beyond all praise, and the tints of the trees, which have been very skilfully planted, although the hand of the forester has been for the last few years sadly wanted, are as beautiful as one could desire.

17. Attended the Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of Westminster School, which was celebrated this evening at half-past eight in Westminster Abbey. The service was in Latin. They sang, amongst other things, Psalm 148, *Laudate Dominum de Cælis*, Psalm 149, *Cantate Domino*, and Psalm 150, *Laudate Dominum in sanctis*. The Dean read chapter 44 of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, very fine in the Latin tongue, though not quite so stately as in the English. Then followed the *Te Deum*, and next the names of

benefactors were read by the Head Master. The congregation was very large, and the whole function most impressive.

23. In an extremely pretty little book on his Cathedral, sent by George Boyle to my wife, which was read to me this morning, I came on the following very happy saying of Dean Stanley's:

"You at Salisbury are all glorious without; we at Westminster are glorious within."

At Lady Arthur Russell's to-night, Herschell, who has been travelling in the Caucasus and on the Black Sea, said to me: "I had no idea, till I went there, how entirely right the Russians had been in desiring Batoum, altogether apart from any question as to its warlike importance. It is of the utmost consequence to their commerce. Poti, on which they have spent very large sums, is quite hopeless as a port."

25. My nephew Douglas mentioned to me that his friend Demidoff met recently a Swedish traveller, who having passed through Central Asia arrived at Peking, where Li Hung Chang asked him to dinner. "You come from Sweden," said the great man, "don't you?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what kind of country is Sweden?" rejoined the other; whereupon he received, as was natural, a glowing description of its charms.

"Ah!" he said, "that is very nice, very nice indeed. When I next communicate with the Emperor of Russia I will tell him to take Sweden!"

Amusing, too, was the answer given to Douglas by a French diplomatist, from whom he asked the character of one of the latter's acquaintance. "Ce n'est pas un méchant garçon; il s'est suicidé un peu mais cela n'a pas réussi." The gentleman in question had put a pistol to his skull, but the ball had travelled round it without doing any great mischief.

27. I have been occupied of late a good deal about the affairs of Holloway College, the Principal of which is going to resign, and an opportunity seems to have arisen for, if not initiating, at least smoothing the way for some much needed reforms. Having circulated recently amongst my colleagues two papers upon these, I to-day moved the following resolution, which had been settled between Dr. Roberts, the representative of Cambridge, and myself. It was seconded by Mr. Christie and carried without a dissident:

"That in view of the Founder's intentions, as set out in the Deed of Foundation, to the effect that the College should afford the best education suitable for women of the middle and upper middle classes, should 'not be exclusively regulated by the traditions and methods of former ages,' and should 'neither be considered nor conducted as a mere training college for teachers and governesses,' it is desirable, as occasion

serves, so to develop the policy hitherto pursued, as to carry into effect more completely the expressed wishes of the Founder."

30. Some of us went this evening to see *Hamlet* at the Lyceum. I am not much of a theatre-goer, and my opinion about the stage is of no sort of value; but Mr. Forbes Robertson, who had the principal part, seemed to me the best Hamlet I have chanced to see.

December

1. Took my seat to-day at the Board of the Pelican Life Assurance Company, of which Lubbock is the Chairman. When business was over I walked away with Lord George Hamilton. We went along the Embankment and so to Charles Street, so that we had time for a great deal of Indian talk.

3. My son-in-law dined with us. We talked of the remarkable piece of business which was transacted some months ago by his firm. They received one morning an order from New York to buy wool to the amount of about £120,000, provided it could be forwarded by the steamship leaving Liverpool next morning. It was bought in the course of the day, sent down in special trains, and went out of the Mersey at six A.M.

He told also an excellent American story. A Jew in Chicago had committed a murder. Knowing that another Jew of his acquaintance was to be on the jury which would try the case, he went to him, said that he had no hope of being found "Not Guilty," but that he would pay 1200 dollars if he escaped with only five years' imprisonment. His friend succeeded in getting the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter, which involved only that penalty. Presently, afterwards, he went to see his client in prison, and asked him for the 1200 dollars. The prisoner pleaded poverty and offered 600 dollars, but the juryman would not accept that sum, and he ultimately received an order for 1000. When he had done so: "I don't think," he said, "I have done right to take so small an amount, you can't imagine what trouble I had to do what you wished; the other eleven were exceedingly anxious to let you off altogether, and I had to take no end of pains to persuade them that you were guilty of manslaughter."

4. I sat for two hours this morning to listen to the views of a large number of persons as to the question whether there should or should not be a separate university for women. It has been brought into some prominence in connection with discussions which have taken place at Holloway College. Dr. Roberts and Mr. Strachan-Davidson both read papers of some importance.

5. Sat long in the afternoon with Miss Margaret Elliot. We talked of a common friend, and she said: "He has a great deal of that reticence which is so common amongst people who have lived much at Courts. No one had more of it than Lady Augusta Stanley. The efforts of every member of the family at Alderley to get her to give a direct answer to the question whether she had ever heard the Queen sneeze, were absolutely fruitless!"

6. Dined with the Literary Society. A very large party had assembled to meet Mr. Hay, the American Ambassador, but I found it more agreeable than I usually find large parties, for I was so placed that I could not only talk to my nearest neighbours, Lord Tennyson and Pember, but could hear much that was said by Lyall and Theodore Martin, as well as by Lord Justice Collins, a recently elected member, whom I met for the first time. A remark which he made about *Hamlet* at the Lyceum gave the conversation a dramatic turn. This led to some mention of a new American book on the weary Baconian controversy; Martin took, of course, the view which he maintained in the excellent brochure published by him some years ago about it. He pressed, amongst others, the argument that as the great poet was surrounded by intensely jealous rivals it was inconceivable that not one of his contemporaries should even have

hinted a suspicion of his not having written the plays we accept as his. He pointed out, too, as others have done, that the ideas of Shakespeare and Bacon about love were as different as they well could be, as different as the whole structure of their minds, in so far as it can be judged from their undisputed works. Lord Tennyson mentioned that he was perpetually receiving letters from all the ends of the earth asking him the meaning of this or that line of his father's.

I have been reading Lecky's *Recollections of Tennyson*, and find that the great poet, whose knowledge of the herb of the field has been, I suspect, much exaggerated, reproved him on one occasion, because he mistook an oxlip for a cowslip. I have written to Lecky to say that the chances are about 1000 to 1 that he was the more nearly right of the two, for what he saw was in all probability not an oxlip but a hybrid between a cowslip and a primrose. My pleasant visit to Saffron Walden in 1891 has been recalled to me in these last days by a paper which Mr. Miller Christy has sent me. He represents the primrose in an entirely new character, as a sort of Dane or Saxon driving before it the earlier inhabitants of the land.

"The primrose, unlike the oxlip, is certainly an aggressive and extending species. It readily extends to new plantations, hedgerows, and railway embankments, as may be seen every-

where. May it not be, therefore, that the modest and retiring oxlip is, in this country at least, being gradually hybridized out of existence by the more aggressive primrose — that the oxlip once extended over the whole of the extensive boulder-clay district of Eastern England, but that its area has been, and is being gradually reduced by the primrose advancing on all sides, and even, to some extent, gaining access into its domain by means of the river-valleys — and that the half-vanquished oxlip is now making a last but obstinate stand, entrenched, as it were, upon two of the highest, most impregnable, and most inaccessible portions of its once extensive territory, its forces having been cut in two by the onslaught of the potent primrose, while two small companies are also able to hold their own, though separated from the main body? This seems at least probable, in view of what I have stated."

7. Dined with the Kenelm Digbys, who after a long absence from London returned when he was made Under-Secretary for the Home Department. The house contains various pictures of interest, amongst them one of Milton and an unforgivable portrait of Falkland, who was connected with our host's family, from the hand of Janssens. Another curious relic which the Digbys possess is a volume of Milton bound in red morocco, the binding of which was shattered by a ball on board the *Africa* at Trafalgar. Admiral Wilson, now Comptroller of the Navy, who was one of our fellow-guests, said: "I was in two wars and a shipwreck before I was fifteen, but I have not seen much of either since."

Miss Holland, Lord Knutsford's half-sister, was present.

In the course of my talk with her, something was said about the way in which letters, very wildly directed, often reached their destination. "Mr. Babbage," I remarked, "told me that he once received a letter from a Pole, which was addressed 'Mr. Pepezsch, England.'" "I never met Mr. Babbage but once," she replied; "he took me down to dinner, but I had not caught his name. Something was said about 'squaring words.' 'What does that mean?' I asked. 'I will tell you,' he answered. 'You take a word, for example, like horse. That contains six letters.' 'Six!' said I timidly, 'don't you mean five?' 'No, no,' he rejoined, 'there are six letters in horse.' 'Surely not,' I rejoined, and spelt the word. 'Ah,' replied the great man, 'I never could count: that is why I invented the calculating machine.'"

9. Dined at the Whitehall Rooms, where a very large party met to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the "Pelican," which occurred on the 20th November last. Lubbock, who presided, and on whose left I sat, mentioned to me that the "Pelican" had inhabited the same house, employed the same bankers and the same solicitors, ever since its foundation.

10. Dined with the Murrays. One very rarely goes to that house without seeing something new and interesting. This evening it was of all things in the world the waistcoat in which Byron was married, and which,

strange to say, had previously done duty for his sacred Majesty George II.

19. We went this afternoon to see the clever sketches mostly from Venice and Egypt, of the Russian gentleman who exhibits under the name of Rousof. From these we passed into another room full of the pictures of a painter whose name was absolutely unknown to us, Mr. Wake Cooke, but who seems to me a very delightful artist.

21. The Frederic Harrisons dined with us, and he and I had, after dinner, a very long conversation about his idea of an Alfred Millenary celebration in 1901. At dinner he mentioned that the saying about this being the age of disobedient parents, which has an extremely contemporary ring, is to be found in the *Trinummus* of Plautus, which the Westminster boys are at present acting.

22. My brother dined with us, and told an amusing story of an English girl saying to a French guard: "Conducteur, je n'ai jamais été partie de mon chien."

Who was it who told me the other day the answer given to a scriptural question: "Why was John the Baptist put to death?" "Because he danced with the daughter of Herodotus."

25. In the afternoon I went to Vespers and Benediction at the Oratory, where we had the hymn *Jesu Redemptor*

hominum, which I had not before heard. The music was of course excellent, but Iseult, who was with me, remarked very truly that it was by no means sufficiently exultant for Christmas Day, and would have been more appropriate to a service held in connection with some public calamity.

Mackenzie Wallace dined with us, and we beat over a variety of subjects. He says that while many of the partisans of Don Carlos are anxious to attempt something in Spain now, he himself says that it is not the time—that if he were to succeed at present he would probably have to settle the Cuban question, which is exceedingly likely to upset any Government that may try to settle it.

I have had lately several interesting letters from Hampden, the best under date of 20th October from Hakodate, giving an account of a visit to the Behring Sea in the *Daphne*. Amongst other things he mentions that the scenery of Avatcha Bay, rather south of Petropaulovski, is very fine, "there being six mountains which rise from 7000 to 9000 feet above the foot-hills, all of them active volcanoes."

30. I see I have not noted having gone one day this month to see Mrs. Burrell. Miss Swinburne, who was with her, showed me a *Book of Nonsense* which had belonged to one of her aunts, who died recently at ninety-

one. It was precisely like Lear's, and had quite evidently suggested it. Unluckily the rough usage of the nursery had left it without a title-page, though not without a printer's name, by which perhaps its history might be traced.

1898

January

6. WENT to Brooks's in the afternoon to read a long article by Gladstone on Arthur Hallam, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of yesterday. It was very amiable, highly effusive, and a wonderful performance for a man of his age, but added very little to what is already well known—not nothing, however, for I was surprised to find the elder Milnes-Gaskell figuring as the “enthusiast” of the Eton coterie, to which he, Hallam, and Gladstone belonged. Those who remember him in the House of Commons, grown old and grave, will find it hard to think of him as a vehement and excitable person.

7. Mrs. Harmer spent the morning with me. An acquaintance of hers has a Persian cat. Returning to her house one night after the servants had gone to bed, she let herself in with a latch-key, and not finding her favourite in its usual place went out to look for it,

forgetting her latch-key. Presently she found herself in her dressing-gown out-of-doors and with no means of making her maid-servants, who slept at the top of the house, acquainted with her plight. Looking through the slit of her letter-box she saw two large eyes gazing at her. In about a couple of minutes one of the servants came downstairs. Puss had succeeded in making them understand that their mistress was in difficulties.

In the afternoon I went with Lily to walk over Carlyle's house. The persons responsible for its arrangement have brought together many interesting relics, and they are shown by a very intelligent Scotchwoman, who evidently takes a real pleasure in her charge.

Thence we walked on till we got opposite Turner's old house, and returned past those of Rossetti and George Eliot, which are both in Cheyne Walk, quite close to us.

I have on my table a bouquet of *Petasites fragrans*, sent by Miss Palmer to Mrs. Greg in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and forwarded by her to me. The flowers are still sweet after their long journey. The plant has, it appears, run wild in the neighbourhood of Lyme Regis.

Dined with the Yates-Thompsons, meeting Miss Shaw and others. Colonel Lyttelton, who was Reay's Military Secretary when we were at Poona in 1885, mentioned

that a member had been brought down to vote in the famous division which gave the death-blow to the Melbourne Government, when he was so near his end as to be almost unconscious. I myself remember another man brought down to vote, in the opposite interest, under circumstances, different indeed, for he is still alive, but not less extraordinary.

Conversation strayed to Lord Houghton, and Colonel Lyttelton told us that he had met him at Hawarden after his serious attack at Athens, and found him preparing to go to church on a dreadfully bad winter's day. Lyttelton remonstrated, but Houghton replied: "*The genius loci* requires one to go to church." He did not, however, get further than the door of the house.

12. Returned to 11 Chelsea Embankment, from High Elms, whither I went with Victoria on the 10th, and where we met the Max Müllers, Mr. George Peel, second son of the late Speaker, and others. I asked Müller what had become of the two little Japanese priests mentioned in an earlier volume of this Diary. One of them, he said, had died; but the other was still alive in his own country, where he had become a violent opponent of European influence.

He mentioned also, incidentally, that having once gone under the protection of Alexander von Humboldt to dine with the King at Potsdam, he asked the

philosopher whether he did not find functions of that kind sadly destructive of time. "Yes," he replied, "but the Hohenzollerns have always been very good to me, and I know they like showing me off as a piece of old furniture."

I was under the impression that Humboldt in very advanced life had been able to do with only four hours' sleep, but that he had wanted more when he was young. This was not so, however; when he was young he found two hours enough, but later required four.

Peel recalled one or two things I had heard but had forgotten, as, for instance, that when Gladstone lost, on one occasion, the thread of his discourse, and said, "I have forgotten the connection," Disraeli leant across the table and said, "The last word was Revolution."

The answer of one of the judges to O'Connell, *à propos* of his convenient arrest when he was supposed to be on the way to fight a duel with Sir Robert Peel at Ostend, was quite new to me. O'Connell said: "Do I make my meaning clear?" "Oh yes," said his lordship, "no one is so easily apprehended."

Dr. Thorpe, who was also of the party and who is at the head of the Government laboratories, told me that he and his friends who had gone—I think in the year 1870—to observe an eclipse of the sun near Catania,

had to be protected in their impious enquiries by a company of soldiers.

He, or some other member of our party, described the visit of a German *savant* to Oxford. He was taken to Christchurch and elsewhere without making any remark; but when at last the full glories of Magdalen burst upon him he said: "Now I see why no work is done in Oxford."

21. My wife and I walked, *viâ* the Embankment, to Beaufort Street and the little establishment belonging to the Catholic Brotherhood of Expiation, where we visited a piece of the garden of Sir Thomas More, in which they show an old mulberry tree, with a portion of a wall, which they believe to go back to his time.

More's house passed through the hands of many owners after his death, and received the name of Beaufort House in 1662, when the Duke of Beaufort went to live there. It was bought later by Sir Hans Sloane, who pulled it down in 1740.

22. Our walk took us to-day to the Moravian burial-ground in the King's Road, about as forlorn and uninteresting a place of interment as I have ever seen. The chapel has been turned into a school.

On our way back along the river we stopped to look at Lindsey House, which was built by Sir Christopher

Wren in 1674 for Robert Earl of Lindsey, Lord Great Chamberlain. It was his descendant, the Duke of Ancaster, who sold the house in 1751 to Count Zinzendorf, who lived there while presiding over the Moravian Community which he brought together at Chelsea.

Dined at the St. James's Club with Mackenzie Wallace, meeting Reay and M. Jonesco, ex-Minister of Public Instruction in Roumania, a personage about as thoroughly alive as any one I have come across for a long time. I make some notes of our conversation—if that is a proper name for an entertainment where one person provided nearly the whole of the talk.

We spoke of the relations of King Charles's subjects to the Roumans who belong to the countries of the Hungarian Crown. *À propos* of this he gave a most interesting account of an interview with Baron Banffy, at which they agreed on nothing except in agreeing to differ. The Hungarian Premier belongs to a very ancient, but poor, Transylvanian family, has had little education, speaking even in his own language ill, but is powerfully made both in mind and body.

His visitor suggested that there was no reason why the Magyars should not treat the Roumans as well as they did the Saxons. "There is indeed," said the other

"a very good reason. The Saxons are two hundred thousand, separated by an enormous distance from Germany. Our Roumans are three millions with you close behind them."

M. Jonesco evidently thought that sooner or later the Hungarian Roumans would belong to Roumania, but was averse to any premature attempts to hasten that consummation. He told an amusing story of a Minister for Foreign Affairs at Bucharest, who, having been approached on the subject by the notorious Hitrovo, extricated himself from the difficulties, which attended a conversation on such a subject, by saying: "No doubt there is a great deal in your observations. We have much sympathy for the Roumans in Austria, but we cannot move on all our frontiers at once. It will be time enough to discuss this question when we have reclaimed for Roumania all the Rouman population on the lower Danube." His visitor went away thoroughly mystified, and said to some one whom he met: "Your Minister for Foreign Affairs is stark staring mad. He wants to take Bessarabia from us."

M. Jonesco told us that the Döbrudscha has become the happy hunting-ground of endless queer little sects—Anabaptists and what not. One of these thinks it wicked to learn to read. "What did you do with them in your capacity of Minister of Public Instruction?" said

one of us. "Oh!" was the reply, "I just let them alone. They are not sufficiently numerous to make it worth while troubling them."

Roumania is cursed, as many countries are beginning to be, with a far too large semi-educated population; and M. Jonesco believed that the grave evils resulting from this would ere long lead to a serious reaction there, as elsewhere. On the other hand, he was afraid that if his countrymen ceased to seek for the Higher Instruction at foreign universities, the level of ability in the conduct of public affairs and the other higher branches of national life would perceptibly sink. Incidentally it came out that the Faculty of Law in Paris is at this moment much stronger than it was in the days when our host studied there.

We asked what M. Jonesco thought about the future of Austria. He said that the working of a parliamentary system was becoming impossible, from the deadly hatred with which the different nationalities and parties regarded each other. He gave an illustration of that hatred by his own experience in Prague, where he found that nothing would induce a Czech Professor of his acquaintance, a man of great merit and cultivation, even to enter a German theatre. In the University the Czech and German students go into the building by separate doors, and listen to separate professors, who do not even

acknowledge their colleagues in the street. "What on earth," he said, "are you to make of Bohemia? You have a German ring round the whole of the outside of the country, and a solid Slavonic population in the middle. By what possible system of administration are these populations to be managed? A personal union under an absolutism might be a sort of solution, but the Emperor is old, very tired, and only anxious to end his days in peace." "Yes," said Mackenzie Wallace, as I think very truly, "but he will do his duty steadily to the end."

30. Lunched with Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, to meet Mrs. Benson, widow of the late Archbishop. We talked of confusion of metaphors, and she quoted one which deserves to be remembered with the "Serious Door" of the Treasury, "These are the fundamental features on which the question hinges."

Aubrey de Vere's *Recollections* are full of things worth remembering, like the remark of Coleridge that "Rome condensed ideas into ideals"; or that of Wordsworth, that he loved a country in which God Almighty kept a good deal of the land in His own hands.

No reasonable person could expect that *The Life of Tennyson*, by his son, would have been an actual picture of the man with all his roughnesses and oddities; but I do not think that posterity would have gained anything

by possessing a careful transcript of these. There are many letters to and from Mr. James Spedding, the "J. S." of the early poems, but nothing to explain the extraordinary impression which he made upon those of his contemporaries who knew him best. I found him a sensible, agreeable man, but had to take his greatness altogether on trust; yet he was thought so highly of, by men of such unquestionable power and acuteness as Venables, that I must perforce believe in it, and can only regret that this book throws no light upon the mystery.

In connection with the record of one of Jowett's earlier visits to the poet, there came back to me one of my first conversations with the former, which took place in 1847 at a *tête-à-tête* dinner in Balliol Common-room, when he the host and I the guest were equally shy and panic-stricken by each other. In the course of it I spoke of Tennyson, and Jowett, who was later to know him so well, described him as the poet of "the highly, the almost over-educated."

I did not know that *St. Agnes*, one of the best things Tennyson ever wrote, was published in the *Keepsake* as far back as 1837. In a letter of Monckton Milnes to him about it, the former speaks of Fryston as Freezetown, and uncommonly well did it seem to me to deserve the name, when I was there, for the first time, in December 1870.

Highly amusing is Frederick Tennyson's letter from Florence, written in December, 1854, about Browning:

"Though I have the highest esteem for Browning, and believe him to be a man of infinite learning, jest and bonhomie, and moreover a sterling heart that reverbs no hollowness, I verily believe his school of poetry to be the most grotesque conceivable. With the exception of the *Blot on the Scutcheon*, through which you may possibly grope your way without the aid of an Ariadne, the rest appear to me to be Chinese puzzles, trackless labyrinths, unapproachable nebulosities. Yet he has a very Catholic taste in poetry, doing justice to everything good in all poets past or present, and he is one who has a profound admiration of Alfred."

I observe that the story of the present Lord Tennyson's christening is told in a different way from that in which C. Kegan Paul told it to me, on the authority of Mrs. Cator, Arthur Hallam's sister. I think the version given to me was the more amusing—whether the more true I know not.

The poet was quite capable of having said what Mrs. Cator's version made him say, and I suppose the historian was also capable of having made the remark attributed in Lord Tennyson's book to him, if, at least, the reply of Sydney Smith to the man who first told him of the electric telegraph is correctly reported: "Oh, I see what the use of that will be.

It will enable Hallam in London to contradict a man at Birmingham."

Very interesting is Dean Bradley's account of visits paid in 1841 and 1842 to Park House, and of the impression made upon him by coming into the society of Henry Lushington, Tennyson, Venables, and others, all men of high ability, but forming a circle totally different from that with which the Dean had been familiar at Rugby and Oxford.

I did not know the repartee of Margaret More to Lady Manners. Both having had honours conferred on their families, Lady Manners said: "Honores mutant Mores." Margaret More replied: "That goes better in English, Madam: 'Honores change Manners.'"

31. Although the kind of Spanish which Castelar writes, so much affected by general European influences, is sufficiently easy to me, and I have in former days read much of it, my eyes have always prevented my reading the lighter books which reproduce the talk of everyday life. Happening to hear, accordingly, from the Burrells of a very excellent Spanish Master, I am taking lessons from him, and he is reading to me the stories of Trueba, whom Henry Smith and I called upon at Bilbao in 1864, but did not find at home. They are full of racy idioms and just what I want. Trueba appears to have been one of the first to tap, for

ordinary literary purposes, the vast unwritten literature of tales, grave and gay, which has been handed down for generations amongst the peasantry. To this day it seems that it is quite common in Castile for gatherings to take place amongst them, at which the women work and the men tell stories.

February

5. Mr. Ball, second son of John Ball, who dined with us, told an amusing German story. Some one standing amidst a crowd of sight-seers in Berlin and waiting for the commencement of a review (the Emperor, who was expected, not having yet appeared upon the ground), said to a man who was with him: "Der Esel lässt sich aufwarten," and was immediately arrested. Taken before the Untersuchungs-Richter he was charged with Majestäts Beleidigung. "What have I done?" he asked, and the words he had used were repeated to him. "I only remarked," he replied, "to my companion, that my brother, who was to join us, had not arrived according to promise, Wem haben Sie gemeint?"

It was a pendant to the *ben trovato* story which the

——— Ambassador told me a few weeks ago of the Englishman, who, arrested in a café and charged with a similar offence, declared that he had been speaking of the Emperor of Russia. "No, no," replied the police spy, "that won't do. When any one speaks in Germany of an Emperor as 'a damned fool,' he always means *our* Emperor!"

8. Finished the little sketch of the last days of Bertram Currie, written by his widow and lent me by Florence Bishop. It is strange that so able a man should have adopted, during his active career, the attitude he did adopt towards religion; but not strange that, when he felt himself dying, he should have been dissatisfied with that attitude and amenable to the influence of his surroundings. My wife quoted very appropriately, with reference to the book, Hübner's remark to me after he had recounted his terrible experiences, when *La France* took fire in the mid-Atlantic: "I can tell you that under such circumstances it is very agreeable to be *croyant*!"

12. Breakfasted at Grillion's, where, however, proceedings were cut lamentably short by a Cabinet, to which Balfour of Burleigh, Hicks-Beach and Sir Matthew Ridley had to go, having been summoned for eleven. We elected Lord Loch and Lord Londonderry. Lord Carlisle told me that he had once been asked to deliver to Sir Richard

Wallace a box of papers which had belonged to George Selwyn. George Selwyn was Clerk of the Hanaper, an office now abolished, but these private papers had gone along with his official papers into the custody of some other department of the Government. Lord Carlisle's connection with them arose from the fact that his great-grandfather was George Selwyn's executor; while that of Sir Richard Wallace arose from the fact that George Selwyn left his property to a lady whom he supposed to be his daughter (though the honour of her parentage was disputed by the Duke of Queensberry), and the said lady became the wife of Lord Hertford.

14. Dined at Grillion's, where there was a large party, including Hicks-Beach, who took the chair, Herschell, the Bishop of Winchester, Lansdowne, Ridley, John Morley, Asquith, Lord Norton and Lord Balfour of Burleigh. I sat between the last two and had no talk with any one else. Lord Norton spoke a good deal of Stafford O'Brien, and said that Colonel Taylor knew by heart many of his political squibs, but suspected that no one now remembered them. With Lord Balfour I talked chiefly of current politics and persons now on the scene, matters as to which I make no note.

15. Dined with The Club, a party of eleven. Pember was in the chair, in the room of the Bishop of Oxford, who promised at first to come, but is ill. Acton

mentioned two sayings of Napoleon's to Count Flahault, for both of which he had undoubted authority. When the Guard failed at Waterloo, he said: "Il parait qu'ils sont mêlés"; and as they rode away: "Ça a toujours été ainsi depuis Crécy." Acton asked Lord Lansdowne who sat opposite, if they were amongst his family traditions; but he did not know them. We elected Lord Loch, who has thus had the same good fortune which I had nine years ago, of having become a member of Grillion's on Saturday morning, and a member of The Club the next Tuesday night.

17. Delivered my annual address to the Royal Historical Society. My subject to-day was *Cicero*, and the paper formed the conclusion of the series which I began in 1893. It has included *Thucydides*, *Tacitus*, *Herodotus*, *The Politics of Aristotle*, and *Polybius*—six papers in all.

Who was it who told me the other day that a careful examination had been made of Mr. Bright's speeches, with a view to see from which of Milton's poems he quoted most, with the result that *Comus* headed the list by a long way.

19. The Breakfast Club met here, eight members being present. Trevelyan, who has lately returned from Rome, says that there is not one English visitor for twenty Americans. Some of the latter are rich and live

at the Grand Hotel, but the great majority are very poor, many of them belonging to the class from which school-mistresses are taken.

A very different subject coming up, he said that Governor Pitt's letters, not a few of which have, it seems, been published, show clearly that Chatham's eloquence was hereditary.

Leveson-Gower told me that he had lately come across evidence which seemed to prove that the tragedy of *Werner*, to be found in Byron's Works, was not written by the poet but by his own grandmother, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, who gave it to Lady Caroline Lamb, from whom Byron received it.

Courtney mentioned that St. Evremond had lived at Chelsea, and that his house was still standing in Queen's Road.

Since the Breakfast Club last met, we have lost Carlingford. He was a most kind-hearted and agreeable man, of very enlightened political opinions, the best kind of Liberal, and had a manner which, to me at least, was exceedingly attractive. His abilities were more solid than shining, rather belying his exterior, which would have accorded better with more rhetorical brilliancy. I presume that is what Disraeli had in his mind when, as I mentioned on an earlier page, he said that Dowse was about as like Socrates as Chichester Fortescue was

like Alcibiades. He went abroad a week or two ago, accompanied by his niece, Mrs. Tyrrell, and died at Marseilles. I have only known him personally for about forty years, but he has been an interesting figure to me ever since I heard him read his Oxford English Essay at the Commemoration of 1846.

22. Breakfasted with the Wards to meet Mr. George Wyndham. After breakfast he read some of Browning very finely, better I think than its parenthetic crabbedness deserved. Mr. Gatty, son of the lady who wrote *Parables from Nature*, and whom I remember meeting at Newnham, some forty years ago, was also present. He is a great authority on hymns, and sent me, later in the day, an Italian book called *Salterio Popolare*, containing "Evviva Maria!" which I had a curiosity to see. The words are poor, but the chant, which our host had learnt when he was a student at Rome, is pretty.

24. Dined with the Dutch Minister, taking down Madame Schimmelpenninck, beautiful as ever. M. de Courcel, who is, much to our loss, very little in England, was there and courteous as usual. The Turkish Ambassador, whom I had not met before, told me that my old acquaintance Musurus, had translated the whole of the *Divina Commedia* into mediæval Greek, a fact entirely new to me.

Tried this morning with Victoria the experiment of melting thallium-silver-nitrate — over a water-bath, and seeing spinel, sapphire, and even zircon, the lightest of which would instantly go to the bottom in methylene iodide, float in this extraordinarily heavy liquid.

Sir William Flower, whom I went to see this afternoon, mentioned, when speaking of the under-manning of his department, that no less than 74,000 specimens had arrived, in its zoological section alone, last year, all requiring to be dealt with in one way or another.

Later to the Convent in Kensington Square, where there was a lovely Benediction. Was it not there that some one told me, the other day, the nuns had been studying a novel, which was lately read to me, called *The School for Saints*, under the impression that it was a devotional work?

Dined with the Clays. He took, several years ago, some fishing on the upper waters of the Deveron, and has devoted himself successfully to getting rid of the cruives, an object which was, I recollect, pursued with great zeal some sixty years ago, without anything coming of it.

She told me an excellent answer made by a Scotch-woman of the peasant class, much interested in theological questions. Something was said in her presence about Darwin's negative opinions. "Oh! that will be all

right," she replied; "God Almighty can't afford to do without so good a man."

Another in the same position knew reams of Tennyson by heart, and her great pleasure was to repeat his poetry to a visitor while she herded her cow.

26. Dined with the Moberly Bells. Amongst others there was Mr. Chirol, whom I met at the Legation in Bucharest on my way to Syria in the Autumn of 1887, and who is now filling Mackenzie Wallace's place during his absence abroad.

A gentleman, whose name I did not catch, told a story which might pair off with the one which the Bishop of London told in his speech alluded to in these Notes for June of last year. Three Americans were playing dummy whist, and one of them afterwards described what passed as follows: "Number One held five aces in his hand; Number Two held a revolver; and I held the inquest."

Mr. Bagwell repeated what Coleridge had once told me about the maiden speech of a man, who recently died as a judge in Dublin, and who was formerly, for a time, a Conservative Law Officer. He quoted the line—

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis,"

but quoted it wrong, putting "et" before the "nos." Disraeli said to one of his colleagues who sat near him: "Tell that man never to open his mouth again."

Sir Francis Jeune declared that one of our common friends, the ———, went to Andrew Clark, having taken the precaution carefully to get up his dietetic directions. When he asked her how she lived, she began: "I take a cup of tea for breakfast without any milk, and a piece of bread but no butter." Before she had got to the end of her day the astonished doctor said: "My dear young lady, you will live for ever."

Not less surprised was another of the same craft, who was consulted by a Madras friend of mine but found little or nothing to complain of in his patient's state of health, who, turning to him as he left the room, remarked: "By the way, I forgot to mention that I have lived twenty years in India." "Good God, Sir," was the reply, "you are a miracle!"

March

1. I asked Lubbock, who lunched here, what was the history of the cannon in front of the house he now occupies, No. 2 St. James's Square. "They were taken," he said, "by Admiral Boscawen in the battle with regard to which they tell the story, doubtless only *ben trovato*, that the French Commander, referring to two ships

under his orders which had been taken, said : 'Vous avez vaincu la Gloire et l'Immortalité vous suit.'"

Dined with The Club. We were a party of four, Acton, Trevelyan and Carlisle being the others. I asked the last-named, who is a Trustee of the National Gallery, what had become of the picture by Ghirlandajo mentioned on a previous page; and he replied that, much to the surprise of himself and his colleagues, its owner had reclaimed and sold it.

Trevelyan mentioned that Count Flahault had lived on into the Franco-German War, and that he had himself seen him, wheeled in an invalid chair round the quadrangle of the Legion of Honour, about the time of the great battles near Metz. He had become quite imbecile, and understood nothing of what was going on. Happily his death took place soon afterwards.

4. Dined with the Armine Wodehouses. Mrs. Stewart Hodgson, who was one of the party, mentioned, on the authority of a person who had been told the story by the hero of it himself, that ———, a South African millionaire, having been addressed by the Queen in German with the words, "Sind sie ein Baier?" became confused and replied: "Not at present prices!"

The conversation having turned after dinner, to some extent, upon Lord Lawrence's earlier doings in India, I said to Sir Courtenay Boyle, when he sighed over having

to go down to a seat under the Gallery so as to be present if the Vote for his department came on: "You would like to be as independent as Lawrence was in the Punjaub, would you not?" "Harcourt," he answered, "once said to me: 'If you gentlemen had all your own way, you would govern the country admirably for two years, and then there would be a revolution!'"

I was surprised to find that Lord Kimberley, although believing now that metaphysics lead to nothing, had given so much attention to them when a young man. He was a pupil of Mansel's, and said that he had hardly ever enjoyed anything so much as the reading of Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*.

À propos of the question of the next appointment to the Indian Viceroyalty, he had a great deal that was very interesting to say about the extreme difficulty of filling up the very highest appointments. All below the very highest give no great trouble, but to find the man who is above the ordinary run of able men by a head or so is incredibly hard. Force of character, which enables a man to take his own line, after he has listened intelligently to all that others have to say, was, he thought, what was most wanted for the highest post in India; and I think he is right.

5. The Breakfast Club met at Herschell's. Acton, Trevelyan, Courtney, Frederick Leveson-Gower, Reay

and Dufferin were present. The last-named gave a curious account of his interview with the Pope, after he had laid down his Embassy. Leo XIII., speaking of Ireland, said: "It has always been an unhappy country. but I am very fond of it. Do you not think a little *dîte* might be good for it?" "Your Holiness," he replied, "has evidently no landed property there." "No, but how does that affect my question?" said the other. "Because," answered Dufferin, "if you had, the first thing the little *dîte* would do, would be to confiscate it." The Pope held up his hands in horror.

When Lady Dufferin's audience took place, her husband accompanied her, and they found the Pope sitting on a sort of throne at the end of a long room, quite unattended. When Lady Dufferin, on retiring, got to the door, she could not open it. Lord Dufferin hurried to assist her, but, as he did so, heard a rustle behind him and found that the Head of the Church had come down to contend with the obstinate lock in person.

That will settle the question, I remarked, for the Gate of Paradise. It will only be necessary to inform St. Peter of what occurred at the Vatican. "I don't know," said some one—I think Trevelyan; "the door was opened, not for entry but for exit."

6. One of the people with whom I sat for some time to-day was Dufferin. Conversation turned to Lord

Stratford de Redcliffe, whom he thought, as I do, an altogether overrated man. Strangely enough he had been present in the House of Lords at the catastrophe of both the Cannings. Lord Canning, after uttering two or three sentences in his maiden speech, put his hands before his face and said, "My Lords, I cannot go on," thus ruining his career as a parliamentarian, though not as a public man. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in the heyday of his only half-deserved fame, thought that he would also have a success in the new sphere to which he had been called. Great expectations had been formed. The House and galleries were crowded; for five or six minutes you might have heard a pin drop; but after that people began to talk and the fiasco was complete.

Speaking of the connection of his family with the sea, Dufferin mentioned that his relative, Sir Henry Blackwood, had been one of Nelson's most trusted lieutenants, and gave an interesting account of his exploit in pursuing, with a ship of twenty-eight guns or thereabouts, what he took to be, in the darkness of the night, a French frigate running out of Malta harbour; but which turned out to be a great man-of-war, the *Guillaume Tell*, carrying eighty-four guns. Of the remarkable action which ensued, and which ended, after reinforcements came up, in the Frenchman surrendering his sword to Captain Blackwood, Dufferin intends to publish, ere long, a description

which he received from a warrant-officer who took part in it.

7. Lord Dufferin has sent me the following epigram, about which he talked yesterday :

“À PROPOS DE DREYFUS.

“Ce bon mot de ‘chose jugée’
Devait être perpétué,
Chantons alors en ‘chose jugée’
Jésus bien crucifié,
Socrate bien empoisonné,
Et la Pucelle bien brûlée,
Chantons alors !”

9. I was detained at home throughout the day, but able to go out in the evening to see *Julius Cæsar*, about which people are talking a good deal, not without reason. Mr. Tree, who is the manager of the recently-opened theatre known as Her Majesty's, himself acted the part of Antony, and delivered the famous speech admirably. The surging crowd in the Forum was exceedingly well represented, though I cannot think that a Roman concourse, in the last century before Christ, had anything like so much colour, and I am very sure that the Capitol, at that period, was not nearly so imposing as Alma Tadema's fancy has painted it. I should like to know what authority there is for the extraordinary amount of red introduced into the dresses of the

Senators; but divagations from the reality of things may well be permitted in the rendering of a play in which Brutus figures as a personage conspicuous for his scruples in pecuniary matters! It so happened that this was the fiftieth night since the production of the play, and they gave us as a souvenir of the fact—a really very prettily illustrated book containing comments on and reproductions of scenes in it.

Much more striking than Mrs. Currie's book about her husband, which I noticed a week or two ago, is a chapter of her own history in a book called *Sidelights on the Oxford Movement*, and which she has published under the clever name of *Minima Pars Partis*. Much of it is exceedingly interesting, and it is a real satisfaction to belong to a generation in which young girls read, thought, and wrote as well as she and some of her friends. The book has led, thanks to Miss Bishop, to a renewal of our acquaintance, which is of very ancient date, although we have only met at distant intervals. A long letter received from her the other day, embodying views which are very far from mine, seems to me quite excellently written. Her family owned Hughenden before it came into the hands of the Disraelis. Two of her brothers fell in the Crimean War, and the third, Sir Charles Young, of whom I saw a good deal in and about 1859, is long since dead.

One of Mrs. Currie's correspondents, whom she speaks

of as Milly, whose letters are remarkable, and of whose end there is an account at page 182, was, she tells me, a Miss Bengough; sister, I suppose, of a man whom I dimly remember in Maclaren's fencing rooms nearly fifty years ago. The same bubbles come together again in sufficiently strange ways.

10. Dinner at Eleonora, Lady Trevelyan's, where I took down Mrs. Dundas, a daughter of the last Lord Halifax. When she was in Ireland during the Viceroyalty of her brother-in-law, Lord Zetland, she saw much of Father Healy. A great powder ball was about to be given, and some one in her presence said to him: "Well, Father Healy, are you going to the ball?" It would not have been according to custom for a priest to do so, so he touched his tonsure and said: "First catch your hare."

Lady Trevelyan's party included the Reays, the Balfours of Burleigh, and many others. I asked George Trevelyan whether he could explain the immense amount of colour introduced into *Julius Cæsar* as represented at Her Majesty's Theatre; but he was as much puzzled as I.

I told Mrs. Dundas her brother's excellent remark about Cardinal Vaughan's behaviour to the Anglicans, already mentioned, and she told me that when the Papal decision about Anglican Orders was announced, he had telegraphed to Cardinal Rampolla, "E pur si muove."

12. Dined with the Leckys, meeting the Lovelaces,

Lord and Lady Tennyson, the Thackeray-Ritchies, and others.

I took down Lady Lyttelton, who told me a curious story of a lady who had bought a kitten and taken it home. Soon after she went into the country, leaving the house and the kitten in charge of her servants. Presently they began to write to say that the kitten was growing surprisingly. Shortly after they wrote to say that its growth continued, and they were getting afraid of it. The letter containing this information was soon followed by another to say that they all gave notice. The lady, thinking that everybody had gone mad or that there was some hoax, rushed up to London and found that her purchase was a fine young lynx.

Miss Hester Lyttelton told me that she had lately been spending some time in the Southern States, and had been astonished to find how intense was the hatred still cherished against the victors in the Civil War.

13. Lunched with the Balfours of Burleigh. Some one mentioned that when a rather hare-brained Scotch member asked whether the same facilities for keeping bees, which were given in the congested districts of Ireland, would be extended to those portions of Scotland which were similarly situated, it was suggested that the proper reply would be: "Certainly; if the honourable member would give his bonnet for the purpose."

The phrase "congested districts of Scotland" belongs to a period subsequent to my Parliamentary life, and I asked my host where they were. "They extend," he replied, "over a great deal of the Western Mainland and pretty well over all the islands. A parish is considered to belong to the congested districts if its valuation does not rise above £1 per annum for each inhabitant."

Later in the afternoon I went to see Sir John Strachey, who is now settled on the Anglesea side of the Menai Straits, but is in London for some weeks. We talked of the plague in Bombay, and he said: "It is no new thing in India. I was repeatedly brought into contact with it, when I was a young man, in Kumaon and Gurhwal. My plan of dealing with it was this: as soon as a case appeared in a village, or as soon as the rats began to die, I caused the whole place to be evacuated, which the people, whose habitations were slight, thought no great hardship. Then I burnt to the ground every single house in which any symptom of the disease had appeared, paying the owners for the same. As they got something more than the value, they rather liked this. It would be perfectly out of the question to employ in Northern India the methods which they are employing in Bombay."

14. To see Miss Bishop, to whose house came Lady Turner, Mrs. Sellar, Miss Milman, and others to meet

Mrs. Arthur Severn, the Joanna of Ruskin's *Præterita*, and for these many years the Providence of their author. She gives a very satisfactory account of him. True, he can no longer write, but he can read a great deal to himself, is read to by her, enjoys going out, and although his pictures are not so much to him as they were, is made as happy as ever by a wreath of ivy, a bank of flowers, or any other beautiful natural object. That is not a bad record for seventy-nine.

Dined at Grillion's. Acton was in the chair, and we had Lord Carlisle, Lord Fortescue, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Francis Jeune. Conversation turned to the late Lord Cairns, and one of the party mentioned some of his strange limitations. These were fully admitted by Sir Francis Jeune, who, nevertheless, placed him above all intelligences he had come across. I asked if he thought him superior to Willes. "Oh yes," he said, "Willes was a man of immense ability, enormous knowledge of law, and very accomplished in other ways, a great Spanish scholar for example; but he had not Cairns's legal genius. It was said of him that he was the only man who could speak a Privy Council judgment right off." "Do you put him above Benjamin?" asked some one. "Oh dear! yes," was the reply; "he had all that Benjamin had and a great deal more."

Like Coleridge, Sir Francis spoke with the most profound admiration of Lord Watson. I asked: "How does he compare with——?" mentioning the name of a man, still alive, whom I know to be excessively able. "Oh! there is no comparison at all," was the reply; "no more than there is between an ironclad and a steam-tug close to it."

We talked of coincidences, and I mentioned Paget's remark about the wisdom of keeping a record of them. Acton said: "I have done so for many years. A very strange one once occurred in my own experience. A rumour spread in all directions that my wife had drowned herself. She had done nothing of the kind, but it was quite true that a Baroness Acton had actually drowned herself at Tegern-See, and had drowned herself under our windows." "I must have told you," he said, turning to me, "the strangest of all I ever heard. Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was murdered at the bottom of what is now Primrose, but was then Greenberry, Hill. Three men were hanged for the murder, their names respectively were Green, Berry, and Hill."

15. P. Ralli sent me lately a little book he has translated from the Greek, containing letters written from Paris between 1788-92. Their special importance consists in their bringing before us very vividly the impression which the events of the Revolution produced upon a

"man in the street," a stranger from the Levant quite unacquainted with any persons of influence or importance in Paris. The following, written on 10th November 1792, is one of the strangest passages in the volume :

"There is one very curious rumour afloat, which is, that the whole of the Republican party had intended, if they had failed, to go to the Southern provinces, especially to Marseilles, where the hatred of the king is very great, to seize the fleet at Toulon and sail to Cyprus or to Crete, in order to constitute a French or rather a Græco-French Republic. It was thought very likely that many of the Greeks inhabiting these islands would rise in insurrection, and achieve a real liberty incomparably better than anything they could hope to obtain by the help of Russia."

Mr. Cross, the husband of George Eliot, took me this afternoon to see Miss Swanwick, the translator of *Æschylus* and of *Goethe*. She is half-way between eighty and ninety, but since I came across Mr. Jonesco I have met with no one quite as much alive. She declares that she is young by comparison with James Martineau, who came to see her lately, and is ninety-three. He, however, begins to get very lively at night, and goes on working till one in the morning. Talk of him led on to Crabb Robinson, who reached the same age, and who said to Miss Swanwick that he did not believe that any one could be happier than he was. He died two or three days afterwards.

Miss Swanwick talked much and well about Dante, putting the *Paradiso*, by - the - bye, much above the *Purgatorio*.

Dined with The Club—a party of three—Pember in the chair, and Dufferin, who had not attended one of our dinners for many years, being the third. His deafness has increased much upon him lately, but with only two companions he could get on perfectly. Pember told us that he had been sorely tempted to buy an island on the Lake of Como, but that he had been prudent enough not to do so. That led Dufferin to say that he had been much tempted to perpetrate a similar imprudence, for the sake of possessing a spot closely connected with the history of Swift and his Sheridan ancestor of that day. He would have done so had it not been for the operation of the Land Act, but he discovered that, thanks to it, although the nominal owner of about a hundred acres he would have been the effective possessor of only about five.

The name of the terrible Dean led to many curious bye-paths of talk, about which I make no note, though they were very interesting.

16. Dined with Lord Kimberley. I took down Mrs. Sydney Buxton, bright as usual. Another of the party was Baron Whetnall. I asked him about the Empress of Mexico. He gave me a sad account of her. She is

generally quiet, but sometimes dangerous. One day when the Queen, her sister-in-law, went to see her she said: "I am so fond of you I want to strangle you." "By all means," was the reply; "but wait a moment. I wish to ask a question." The Queen went to the door and summoned assistance.

20. The question, "What is genius?" coming up at breakfast, Lily used a happy phrase: "I mean real genius; not long-haired talent."

In the afternoon, I called, amongst others, upon Mrs. Lecky, who told me an excellent riddle which I had not heard before: "Wie weit ist Frankreich gefallen?—Drei Fuss."

22. I went to see Mrs. Dugdale, to whose house came Mrs. Horner and her children to look at some of the diaries kept by her husband's ancestor, the antiquarian, the same set which is mentioned in the fourth volume of these Notes. The most important entry which I chanced to observe was the brief but significant one: "The K. was defeated at Naseby Field."

Mrs. Dugdale also read to us a letter to Dugdale from Sir S. D'Ewes, written the day after Charles' death, in the expectation that a great many other executions would immediately follow, and saying that he henceforth would communicate with his friend only by means of "the honest Coventry carrier."

25. Dined with Lady Colville, meeting Sir Henry Norman, who, since I last saw him, has refused the Viceroyalty of India, and Sir Allen Johnson. The latter told me a delightful reporter's blunder. Lord Lytton, when Viceroy, made a speech at a Sailors' Home in Bombay, and observed that it was open alike to Viceroy and Jack Tars. His phrase was transformed, by the newspaper which reported it, into eyesores and catarrhs!

That reminds me of a story told me by Peel, when we sat together on the Treasury Bench a quarter of a century ago, of some one who, having made a speech in the House of Commons, found the end of it thus transfigured next morning: "The honourable gentleman concluded by saying that he was very fond of pork, and trusted to do this for a long time."

26. Lily finished reading to me the *Récit d'une Sœur*. The last of all the people who occupied a prominent place in that book, the old Marquis de Mun, died this week. *In pace requiescat!* It so happened that we arrived on the 12th at the death of Eugénie. The *Times* of that morning contained an account of the reception, at the French Academy, of her second son. It fell to him to make the *éloge* of Jules Simon, a man so widely different from himself! Jules Simon said to me in the sixties: "Je ne suis pas Catholique; je ne suis pas même Chrétien;" but when, some ten years

later, Albert de Mun first appeared above the political horizon, I asked Simon about him. He replied, after making the reserves which he naturally would make with regard to the young orator's opinions: "Mais il est rempli du talent et j'aime le talent, même ennemi."

28. Dined at Grillion's. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Spencer, Evelyn Ashley, Sir Thomas Sanderson, and others were present. I was so placed that I had little conversation with any one save Lord Norton and the Bishop of London, who was in the chair. He talked of the great need which Russia still has of foreign assistance in her internal development, and mentioned that he had been much amused by finding two eminently Scotch names over one of the greatest shops in Moscow. I told in consequence the happily invented story of the Turkish and Russian Commanders-in-Chief meeting last century to settle the preliminaries of peace, and of the Great Pacha, as soon as they were left alone, pulling off his turban and saying to his companion: "Eh, Jamie, is that you?"

This led the Bishop to tell a very curious anecdote of a Northumbrian clergyman of Scottish birth, who found himself one day in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the heart of the Kremlin. A magnificent figure was passing through the church sprinkling the crowd. To his extreme astonishment he thought he heard it mutter

the words: "Muckle guid may it dee ye; it'll dee ye nae harm!" He moved to another part of the building which this splendid apparition was likely to pass. It did so, and again he heard the same words. After the service was over he went into the sacristy, and, finding no one else present save his friend, remarked: "I'll be thinkin' ye come frae the same side o' the Border as mysel'." The man stared at him for a minute or two, and then admitted that it was so. His name turned out to be Nicholson, and he was a member of a family imported from Scotland by the Emperor Nicholas to teach agriculture.

Conversation found its way to the Lamport books, and the Bishop asked me if I knew to what some of the more costly of them owed their preservation. Abbott, it appears, made a raid against all works which were, or were supposed to be, of an immoral character. Most people gave up their books of that kind and they were destroyed; but the Isham of that day, being abroad, did not give up his, bequeathing thereby, quite unintentionally, an important inheritance to his remote successors.

Colonel Saunderson told us that he had lately received a letter from an American acquaintance of his, whose fancy it was to sail the seas in a little boat of, I think, some fifteen tons, mainly built by himself. He described a visit which he had recently made to Pretoria.

The person who presented him to Kruger said: "This American gentleman has sailed round the world alone in a boat." Kruger interrupted angrily, saying: "On the world, not round the world." The sect to which he belongs holds it irreligious to believe that the world is round!

We spoke of Cobden. After his great exertions in and previous to 1846 his doctor ordered him to go abroad for a change, and he said to Lord Norton: "I have done with corn and am going to grass."

29. Dined with The Club. As last time, we were only three — Carlisle and Pember being the two others; but we talked without stopping from eight till eleven. Many subjects were discussed: Byron, some aspects of Shakespeare, Peacock, and his son-in-law George Meredith, amongst others. Johnson, if I remember right, when asked if there had been much conversation at The Club, said that there had been talk but not conversation; that there was no conversation without discussion. I do not agree with him, and think that however delightful, at the time, may be the comparing of opinions, and however much it may help to clear one's ideas, the most agreeable conversation is that which brings new grist to the mill of one's intelligence, in the shape of something one did not know before.

April

15. I see I have not noted that Northbrook wrote last month, *à propos* of the story told on page 231 in the first of my recently published volumes, that he found, on looking through Sir George Grey's papers, that in 1855 when Lord John Russell accepted the Colonial Office and went to Vienna for the Conference, Sir George, who was then Home Secretary, took the Colonial business. Lord Palmerston, however, wrote to him to say that he would be glad to see what it was like, and asked that it might be sent to him. This was done. After some weeks, he wrote again to say that he had left no arrears, but that the papers had better go henceforward to Sir George. It was no doubt about this time that the circumstance occurred which Helps mentioned to Froude.

16. Lily's sharp eyes detected, on the short turf of a very dry bank close to the house, a plant which puzzled me much. It seemed to answer to nothing save *Montia fontana*, which I did not dream of finding in such a situation; but *Montia fontana*, sure enough, it turned out to be.

Lord James of Hereford, writing of these Notes for 1880, tells me that, on the night of the 28th August in that year, three of the party who met under the great horse-chestnut at York House on the 29th had been put in very strained relations. A definite resolution had been come to by the Cabinet as to the nature of the service which was to be held at Nonconformist funerals under the Burials Bill. Osborne Morgan, who was in charge of that measure, had accepted it, and all was going quietly when Harcourt, then Home Secretary, suddenly jumped up, repudiated the settlement that had been come to by the Cabinet, to which he himself had been a party, and threw everything into confusion. A suggestion made by a then young member, Henry Fowler, was at length agreed to, but, as may be imagined, the feelings of James, who strongly approved the line which had been adopted in Cabinet, and still more those of Osborne Morgan towards Harcourt, were sufficiently bitter.

Lord Dufferin, also writing about my book, sends the following addition to my stories :

"One day I went to an eminent West End seal engraver with the view of getting the first letters of what was then my double title, D. and C., engraved. But we had difficulty about the 'and,' the accepted sign for which did not combine very well with the mediæval character of the 'D. and C.' which I had suggested. Then we tried the Latin 'et,' but this took

up too much space. At last the light of inventive genius illuminated the engraver's countenance, and he said, 'But your lordship is a Baronet; why should we not unite the two letters with a bloody "and"?'"

19. Returned from Lexden to London. The weather during our stay of just twenty days was for the most part fine, and the spring, though by no means so early a one as it seemed likely to be in the beginning of February, was sufficiently advanced to be very enjoyable. We had a good many with us, amongst others Anthony Henley, Miss Shaw, and Lord Monk Bretton, who succeeded my old comrade of the House of Commons last year. He was at Therapia as Honorary Attaché to our Embassy when the Constantinopolitan massacres took place, and puts the numbers killed at about 6000.

Dined with The Club—a party of twelve, too large for general conversation. Poynter was in the chair, with Lord Loch, our last elected member, on his right, and Lyall on his left. Lord Rathmore, who sat on my left, had been for a week in Egypt in January, and had been present when the Cameron Highlanders came to leave their colours in the keeping of Lady Grenfell before they went to the front. It appears to be the custom now not to take colours into action. It really looks as if the climate of Egypt were changing. Lord Loch found it very cold, and as he came down the Nile towards Cairo

had two days of quite tropical rain, which penetrated his *dahabeeah* in all directions.

Conversation turned at the end of the table, where Asquith and Jebb sat, upon the extreme dullness of the House of Commons at present. "I go down now and then," said Lord Rathmore, "and feel that I am at Madame Tussaud's; there are the old faces, and the dresses are quite right, but no one seems alive."

23. The Breakfast Club met at Courtney's. Lyall, Robert Herbert, Acton, Wolseley attended, and the American Ambassador¹ was present as a guest. Some question arising while we were sitting down, as to whether one side of the table was not likely to be a little too hot, the last-named said to Wolseley: "It must be a novel experience for you to have your back to the fire," and a little later quoted a saying to the effect that an Englishman never turns his back to the fire outside his own house, but inside it never turns anything else to it.

We talked about Lowell's Jewish craze, and the Ambassador told us that not content with making all the Russells Jews and Gladstone a Jew, he had embittered his life by saying that all people of the name of Hay were Jews.

Conversation wandered to Marsh the geologist, and

¹ Mr. Hay.

Mr. Hay quoted an amusing parody of Tennyson's *Break, Break, Break*, written by a young lady with reference to his discovery of the primeval five-toed horse. That led on to the other Marsh often mentioned in earlier volumes of these Notes, and of his Euthanasia at Vallambrosa. With reference to that Mr. Hay mentioned that Garfield wished for quite a different end. He wished to die after a long illness, recovering himself sufficiently towards the end to take leave of his friends. That was exactly what happened to him. Some one enquired whether he had an idea of passing through a purgatorial period in this life. "Oh no," was the answer, "he had no spiritual idea of that kind. What he wanted was to have himself thoroughly discussed and to know what was said of him." "The same feeling," remarked one of the party, "which would induce a man to wish to read his own obituary notice." "Exactly so."

We talked of Moltke, and Acton asked Wolseley if he had known him. "Yes," he answered, "not very well; but I never went to Berlin without paying my respects to him. I once called on him just after being present at a great military spectacle, and congratulated him on the admirable condition of the Army." "Yes," he replied, "it is extremely good, but it is a terrible burden (*fardeau*) on the country." "If you think so,"

he rejoined, "why don't you diminish it?" "How can we diminish it," said the great strategist, "with Russia behind us?" Acton thereupon quoted a saying of Moltke's as containing a very magnificent boast within an expression of self-depreciation. "Oh! don't think of comparing me to Napoleon: I never had to retrieve a disaster;" but Wolseley thought that the simplicity of the man was such that he only meant to disclaim any approach to equality with the great Emperor.

I walked part of the way towards the War Office with Wolseley and Acton. I quoted the story mentioned on a previous page of the Irishman who said to his friend that it would be necessary to bring back Cromwell from Hell to govern their country, and received the reply, "Do you think he'd come? Isn't he aisier where he is?" Acton said: "I heard Archbishop Magee tell that story to Gladstone at Grillion's;" and Wolseley added: "I never heard the last part of it, but the first belongs to the days of Charles II." One of his servants — Wolseley thought Killigrew — came to him one day and said: "I am going on a long journey." "Where can you possibly be going?" asked the King. "I am going to Hell," answered the other. "What for?" said the Monarch. "What for? to bring back Cromwell to govern Ireland, for Your Majesty certainly can't do it."

Miss Soulsby sends an admirable epitaph, quite new to me. It is in San Gregorio at Rome :

"Here lies Robert Peacham, an English Catholic, who after the disruption of England and the Church, quitted his country, unable to endure life there without the faith, and who, coming to Rome, died, unable to endure life here, without his country."

24. Miss Swanwick told me that—I forget whether in her presence or in that of one of her friends, but I think in her's—Tennyson had been asked to read aloud Cowper's *Lines on his Mother's Picture*, and had replied : "I will if you insist upon it, but I very much fear I shall break down." He nearly did so at the same time in reading the verses to Mrs. Unwin, the same about which Sainte-Beuve wrote so wisely in his paper on the poet in the *Causeries de Lundi*.

25. Dined at Grillion's—a large party—Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the chair. We had, amongst others, Lord Fortescue, Robert Herbert, Lord Grey (recently returned from Rhodesia), Arthur and Gerald Balfour, Sir T. Sanderson, and Sir Edward Grey. I sat between John Morley, who was on the right of the chairman, and Lord George Hamilton. With the former, whom I so rarely see now, I talked chiefly of old friends and acquaintances. While speaking of his Machiavelli Lecture, he expressed the opinion that people were no better now

than they were in the sixteenth century. I dissented, and quoted against him Turgot's remark about the "gens corrompus" of his time, who would, he said, a hundred years before have passed for very Capuchins. The unscrupulous people are, I dare say, just as unscrupulous as ever, but the virtuous people have much increased in number and influence. Morley paid incidentally a high and, I should think, deserved compliment to Lord Balfour. "You must excuse my telling you," he said, "that when Harcourt and I passed you in the street, he remarked to me, 'There is a man who is fit for any office;' do you remember our agreeing about Campbell-Bannerman, who belongs to the same category, that he would do for Home Secretary, or War Secretary, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, or anything else?"

With Hamilton I had much interesting talk about India, of which I make no note; but he told me one thing that ought to be recorded for the honour of Grillion's, which was founded for the express purpose of preventing the political differences between the leading men of the two parties resulting in permanent social estrangement. On the night on which Lord Salisbury so far forgot himself and the dignity of the House of Peers as to compare the last Lord Derby to Titus Oates, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Morley went together to dine at Grillion's. When they entered the room

they found only two people, standing at a distance from each other. They were the antagonists of an hour before. An agreeable quartette it must have been, and very dry I think, must the champagne have tasted. During the earlier part of dinner, conversation was carried on by Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby respectively addressing the two others, but ere it was over the *ethos* of Grillion's asserted itself, and they spoke to each other.

28. To Madame Koch's, where Agnes and Violet Freeman acted delightfully in the little French plays *Eux* and *Comme Elles sont Toutes*.

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